THE GREEN BOOK

Two Exceptional Serials

Seven Worth-While Short Stories

And—

THE STORY-PRESS CORPORATION, Publisher, North American Bldg., CHICAGO
LOUIS ECKSTEIN, President CHARLES M. RICHTER, Business Manager

RALPH K. STRASSMAN, Advertising Manager, 1172 Fifth Avenue Bldg., New York
R. M. PURVES, New England Representative, 201 Devonshire St., Boston LONDON OFFICES, 5 Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C.
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MAGAZINE MAY 1916

Timely Articles

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Rose Hargrave, the heroine of the story, who decided that Ladislav, the musician, was so far from being her destiny, or she his, that he was in fact only a hypnotist and his concerts a dissipation.

"Sandalwood when bruised, gives forth sweet scent,
Perfuming even the axe that wounds it."

Sandalwood

A Novel Which Tells the Love Story of a Musical Genius

By Rupert Hughes

Author of "What Will People Say?" "Empty Pockets," "The Thirteenth Commandment," "Clipped Wings," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. F. JAMES

CHAPTER I

The huge and thoughtful night,
The night in silence under many a star,
Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves and ways.
—WALT WHITMAN.

FINALLY—in sheer despair of sleep—he rose, went to his window and looked out, all lonely, into the lonelier night of the strange city.

To him, a foreigner, every contour, every surface, every commonplace detail of New York, was a curious, exotic thing. Chimneys, cornices, tall buildings and short, windows, finials, gables, roofs, doors, wagons, lamp-posts, street-cars, moneys, hats, shoes, people—everything had proved different from the rest of the world that he had known.

And the soul of the place had not seemed to understand him. He had brought his art like a precious ware across the ocean; and the New Worldlings had heard him play, had quivered with a little patter of applause, and had gone home to bed. The critics of the next day's papers had written: "He plays fairly well; he has had a good schooling."

And it was for this that he had studied the piano since babyhood! It was for this that his hands had traveled ten thousand miles up and down the little black-and-white way of the keyboard! It was for this that he had postponed everything else, even youth's privilege of ardent love, till he should have first won glory! It was for this that his heart had spun visions of world-conquest with the gleaming weapons of beauty, the sounding bugles of tone!

He had played and played; his fingers had sung, like a chorus, the immortal tunes of the master-composers; he had flung about the heads of the people a flying fire of harmony; he had filled the air with the very perfume and attar of music. But the people had not gone frantic with delight as he had dreamed. They had left his presence unamazed and had returned to their accustomed pillows; and now they were sleeping—sleeping all about him, while his eyes ached with dissatisfaction. He and his ambition were alone together once more, on a lofty eyrie, and once more ravenous, distraught.

He was young and poor and unappeased, and so lonely that he could have cried aloud across the dumb roofs to waken the inhospitable town.

In the night sky alone he found an

old friend. The stars; the tangled constellations; the nebulæ, like puffs of lingering smoke; the frosty shimmer of the silent Milky Way—those were neither strange nor new nor provincial. He leaned on his elbow, chin in palm, and gazed up at that ancient army which, a few hours ago, had gone marching silently over his own Poland. The sight was a consolation, and yet it was the consolation of belittlement. It was such a solace as that in the Hungarian folk-song, where the man whose horse the sheriff has seized, whose house the fire has levied on, and whose sweetheart is sheltered by another's thatch, has yet the philosophy to remember the infinite griefs that radiate from a great battle-ground and to say: "No matter for my woes—more was lost on Mohács field."

What were a young musician's unfed longings in the presence of the things the heavens had covered in their long day? His own ambitions looked petty, and his failure, or his own half-success, meaningless here beneath Orion and the Pleiad choir, Saturn in his silver hoops and Jupiter among his moons. For they had seen Alexander cry out for yet more empires as he died in his youth. They had watched John Sobieski surrender to old age, and Ivan the Terrible, now weeping for his slain son, now cringing from the challenge of the scornful Polish king; they had seen in equal calm the kingless Poland with the Russian spurs in her hair. They had seen Napoleon cowering home from Moscow, and Beethoven going deaf as Bach had gone blind. These hoary planets had seen unwieldy shapes floundering in primeval ooze, had watched the fiery moon freeze, had taken part in cosmic disasters, had blinked at the cave-dwellers' prayers and had perused Nineveh as she grew from a village to an imperial city and back into a heap of dust.

And still they moved along their inveterate ways, as still they would move whether this man or that man played a piano or dug a ditch. The thought crushed, yet soothed, the fever of unrest, till Ladislav smiled and turned away from his own grief.

HE could not know that, at the very moment, in the window of one of the marble palaces, stood a young girl, a stranger to him, yet of close kin in spirit, and now sleepless, like him, with a vague unrest born of his own music and its wizardry.

Rose Hargrave had gone to Ladislav's first concert in New York, and had been swept away by the current of his genius. Her breeding, her traditions, the presence of her father and many personages of her high world, had kept her from yielding the mere musician any further tribute than a certain formal applause. But her heart had cried aloud in the spell of his music, and now the very memory of the harmonies and melodies he had woven with swift-shuttling fingers, and most of all the personality imbuing them, kept her awake. Her enthusiasm was as a debt of gratitude—of homage.

But she did not know him. There was no fairy power, no telepathy, to carry her message across the tree-tops of his soul, famishing for just such praise as she longed to pay him.

So they turned away from their remote windows, in mutual need and mutual isolation, both quick with youth and its untamed hope, both children of the fire that is called music.

CHAPTER II

La vertue calcule aussi bien que le vice.
—BALZAC, "Eugénie Grandet."

NOT being an American wife, Zofia had long ago adopted the policy of non-resistance to Casimir's whims. She managed her husband best, if at all, by appealing diplomacy and adroit suggestion. Being eager to get Ladislav away from the piano, where he was chained like a galley-slave the second morning after his American début, she did not make her prayer in her son's name, but said in the soft tones of her caressing Polish:

"Casimir, my dear, you look pale and fatigued. You should take the air. It would be so good if you should take a long walk in the park."

"It's not air I need, but something to drink," he snarled. "How that infernal piano hurts my head! It is driving me mad."

"Yes, you are right. I will tell Ladislav to stop."

"No, no; let him work. He must practice. What is my pain to his success? I have made myself a martyr all my life to his career. I can stand it a little longer. Where have you hidden the decanter?"

"Ah, no! Drink no more, now, but walk!"

"I'm too tired."

"Then drive. It would do Ladislav so much good."

"Ladislav, eh? It is for him you plead, then. Let him practice. He needs it. The critics are not yet conquered. He must appal them with technic. That means practice—always practice."

"But he is killing himself! See how pale he is—how haggard!"

Then the telephone-bell rang.

Zofia started toward it, but Casimir roared: "Let it ring! It's only somebody complaining of the piano. Let it ring, I say! The neighbors can stand it if I can!"

Still the telephone clamored for attention, and at length Casimir went to it, shook his fist in its face and roared:

"*Kto tam?* Who iss? Hallow! hallow! Vell, vat iss it? Yes, here is Mr. Moniuszko vat speak."

His knotted features relaxed into a smile of beatitude, and now he roared as gentle as a sucking dove:

"Oh, Meesis Emery? Ah, to see us? . . . . . Oh, yes — of coorse . . . . . Certainly, indeed . . . . . Ah, delight'! Ask her to be so good to vait few moments, pleass . . . . . Goo'-by — all right!"

HE hung up the receiver and whirled round in a tumult of excitement, crying in Polish: "Zofia! Ladislav! be quick! Mrs. Emery is here. She is then in this country. Quick! clear up the room. The disorder is atrocious!"

The piano ceased to clatter, and Ladislav began feverishly to straighten the music scattered like the autumn leaves of Vallambrosa.

"I heard that she had lost her husband and came over to bury him," said Zofia as she ran hither and yon, turning débris into partial array.

"She will not miss him," said Casimir. "He cannot bother her much less below the sod than he did when he was alive. She is free now. She would make a good match for you—eh, Ladislav?"

"No rich elderly woman for me," said Ladislav. "When I marry, I shall marry for love."

"Why must an artist always be a fool?" snarled Casimir.

"Quick! get out of here. None of us is dressed for guests. Quick!"

And the three scurried off like rats, leaving the room only a little more emphatically disheveled from the evident attempts to straighten a few things.

Downstairs Mrs. Emery, having received the message to wait, sauntered into the reception-room. After her dawdled the Duke of Surrey. He was handsome, well-shaped, big and likable. There was no sign of degenerate aristocracy about him—except, perhaps, that he seemed to have been born tired. But this was due simply to the fact that he had always lacked the necessity to toil. He was born in the Lotus-eaters' island of Don't-have-to. He did not even have to wear a monocle.

MRS. EMERY was nearly old enough to be the Duke's mother, and yet in spirit and manner she was far the younger of the two. Life was one long joke to her, while to the Duke it had been only a stupid witticism that had no point, or one that he was most Englishly unable to see. So now he complained: "Do you know, I'm not used to taggin' round after musicians in this manner. Great compliment, that I let you drag me about like a poodle on a string. I feel rather embarrassed—really."

"Why be embarrassed at anything?" smiled Mrs. Emery. "You'll like Ladislav. You aristocrats ought to know each other. He's of a noble Polish family."

"Not much passion here," he thought. "Her music will be rather prim. I wonder what sort of eyes she has."
To end the awkward silence, he asked

Poor girl, not beautiful, not even rich, and needing to make a living by an art that is not even a passion with her!" her if she would play something for him.

"Indeed!" said the Duke. "But that doesn't keep him from being a bore, does it? And besides, he's in trade—of course, most of our English peers and peeresses are going in for that sort of thing nowadays; but—well, I'd rather marry one of these catapult American women than to do that. And music's such a ghastly bore to an outsider like me. And the musicians will talk shop."

"Oh, but Mr. Moniuszko is a dear!" urged the *semper*-rapturous Mrs. Emery; and then, knowing that nothing so disgusts a man as to have another man called handsome, she said in a spirit of pure malice: "And he's so handsome! Such lovely eyes! Such glorious hair!"

"Fancy!" grunted the Duke. "I had to sit through his stupid concert night before last, with the Hargraves. I didn't notice his—I believe you called them lovely eyes. But I saw his hair. No end of that!"

"'Stupid concert!'" gasped Mrs. Emery. "You don't think much of music, then?"

"No, nor of musicians. 'Fraid I'm rather matter-of-fact. Never could understand what music is all about. Never saw anyone who could tell me. Ghastly nonsense, I say, getting all wrought up and not knowing why. Silly rot, isn't it?"

"No, that's the beauty of it. Why get wrought up about a matter of plain fact? Now, I go into raptures over music; you go into agonies over meeting musicians. Why? They're so picturesque!"

"Leave picturesque people to picture-books, say I. Give me club fellows and cricketers and men of the world. Besides, these musicians are nothing more or less than acrobats and jugglers and sleight-of-hand sharps. They should keep with their class."

"Hush, boy! You are sacrilegious. Ladislav Moniuszko is a great poet, a great composer, a genius."

"Well, all I can say is I'm jolly well glad that none of my family ever had genius. We've all had the measles, and we all get the gout, and all our women acquire red noses as they grow old; but, thank God, none of 'em ever had what they call 'temperament.' We inoculate 'em early in our family, and we're all stupid, disagreeable, solid, stolid, odiously respectable English thoroughbreds."

Mrs. Emery's face took on a look of enormous concern.

"Then what will your people say if you marry Rose Hargrave? Wont she be a sort of bombshell in the castle? She's mad over music, and she has studied it like a German, and she plays like a professional. She'd have had a big career if she hadn't been cursed with wealth."

"As fire drives out fire, so one curse takes the curse off another," said the Duke. "The shame of being well-born and equipped with no end of money takes away the disgrace of having talent—eh, what? Once I can get her safely married, I'll lock the piano and lose the key. That's the best way—isn't it?"

"Don't tell her that!"

"I wont—till afterwards."

"You'll have a pretty time, then."

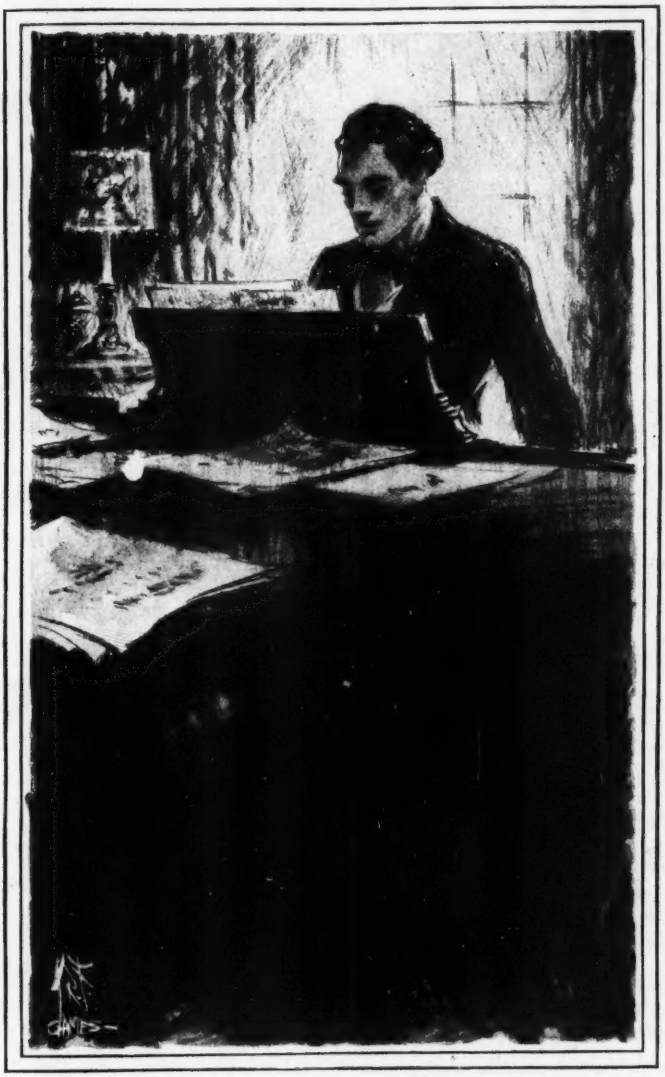
"Oh, all girls play the piano. England owes her success to being the most unmusical nation on earth; but even over there all our girls hammer away, you know. Still, once they're married, a divine providence makes 'em forget it. Otherwise, home would be even a deadlier bore than it is now, wouldn't it?"

HE had been pacing the floor like a caged tiger of a rather harmless sort. His perambulations had brought him to the window looking out on the street. A motor-car had just drawn up at the curb. Surrey regarded it languidly; then suddenly he exclaimed:

"Speaking of the dev—of angels, would you believe it? here are the Hargraves themselves!"

"Really! Now whom can they want to see here? Rose told me she didn't know the Moniuszkos."

In her frank and mischief-loving way, Mrs. Emery waylaid the Hargraves as they entered the wrought-iron and glass door of the apartment-hotel, and confronted them with a sudden: "Caught in the act! What are you people doing in this place?"



Ladislav took her place at the piano. Under his fingers the short, frail lyric quivered with timidity of earnestness, then broke out into fierce demands, then sank again to an intense hush that seemed to yearn and appeal.

Her idle curiosity was a hand-grenade in the ranks of the Hargraves; for all three,—father, mother, and daughter,—on recognizing her and her tantalizing grin, stopped short with the guilty expression of burglars caught before an exploded safe.

Mrs. Emery, glowing with joy at their discomfiture, made known the presence of the Duke, who stood awkwardly ill at ease. At sight of him the Hargraves seemed to want to faint or fly.

"You didn't come to see the Moniuszkos, did you?" said Mrs. Emery.

"Yes," confessed Mrs. Hargrave—then wished that she had not.

"Didn't know you knew them," said Mrs. Emery.

"Don't," said Rose Hargrave bluntly.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Emery, puzzled and looking it.

"You see," growled Hargrave, wroth at his own chagrin and at the awkward pause, "—you see, Rose is bent on taking some lessons, and she—we—well, that's all there is to it."

BUT there seemed to be something more to it, for Rose, asking pardon of the others, took her father to one side and with much whispering began to browbeat him after the manner of American children; she finally made him understand that he was to take the Duke away to some club or other—anything to lose him.

This he did with the least possible tact, which Surrey canceled by letting himself be dragged off the scene with the least possible grace.

When the three women were rid of the bothersome men, Mrs. Emery surveyed them with triumphant pity:

"Now, tell me the truth. What's all this conspiracy about?"

"Conspiracy? Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Hargrave, who, in her vast white hat and her yellow lace fallals, looked like nothing so much as a great baked apple smothered in cream and sugar.

"This story of lessons wont do," said Mrs. Emery. "You must know that Ladis—that Monsieur Moniuszko doesn't give lessons!"

"But sometimes these great virtuosos give advice," Mrs. Hargrave protested; "and sometimes they take a pupil or two who can pay a handsome enough price. Rose here is mad to have him teach her. Her father and I said that if she hadn't learned enough by now, she might as well—"

"What I really want, Mrs. Emery," Rose said calmly and seriously, "is simply his opinion of my ability. I want him to give an unprejudiced verdict on my real merit. I've studied an awfully long while, and anyone can see that my hands go fairly fast; but that is a long way from being an artist. I want some lessons in the higher branches of interpretation, and I want his true opinion of—"

"Oh, I see!" beamed Mrs. Emery. "Well, when he learns that you are the great Hargrave heiress, you'll get compliments enough."

"That was what I was afraid of," said Rose.

"A young woman afraid of a compliment! What are we coming to?" gasped Mrs. Emery.

"So—if you must know the truth—I thought I'd pretend to be a poor music-student," Rose explained, "who is very ambitious, but can't pay much for lessons; and then if he—"

"Oh, now the cat's out of the bag! Well, if they think you are poor, you'll get frankness enough—brutality, perhaps."

"I want the truth," Rose said, "if it kills me." And there was the firmness of a martyr in her eyes.

"I wanted the truth when I was your age, too," moaned Mrs. Emery; "but now I'm on the hunt for pretty lies, illusions—anything that is—"

"Will you keep our secret, then?" said Mrs. Hargrave.

"And perhaps aid us?" Rose asked.

"Oh, I love a conspiracy! But look at those furs and those rings! They go as well with your story as the diamond earrings of the starving actress in the paper snowstorm."

THEN Mrs. Emery commanded: "Off with those things at once—leave your furs at the desk and put

your rings in your pockets. Your names haven't been sent up yet. Wait here till I call you. I'll introduce Rose as a protégée of mine."

She had hardly persuaded the Hargraves to agree to the deception when the hall-boy appeared, to say that Mrs. Emery was asked to come up; and as she went to the elevator, she turned to wink solemnly at Rose.

The elaborate toilet of Zofia and Casimir explained the long delay in receiving her; and they were lavish with most courtly apologies, which Mrs. Emery accepted with good grace.

The three talked in French, which the Poles spoke with Slavonic ease. Mrs. Emery carried a heavy accent, but it did not slacken her speed. The rules of grammar were only hurdles which she oversoared, dodged round or upset.

As the Moniuszkos were apologizing for Ladislav's delay he came in, most proper and radiant. He kissed Mrs. Emery's hand and set her in such a flutter of rapture as made Casimir eager to cry the banns at once. Ladislav, however, seated himself at a distance and was soon away in a reverie. His eyes kept wandering to the piano; his thoughts were on his interrupted practice, and his fingers played trills and tricky figurations on the arm of his chair.

Mrs. Emery was not long in unearthing the plot.

"I've a great, great favor to ask you."

"It is yours," the two men answered with automatic courtesy.

"I hope you mean that," Mrs. Emery ran on; "but you may regret your promise. You see, I know a charming American girl, and—"

Father and son leaned forward with some quickening of interest.

"She is a very talented pianist, finished in the best schools, plays everything, reads like a clairvoyant—and all that. But she's very poor."

CASIMIR sank back in his chair. Already the subject wearied him. Poor Americans were monstrosities that did not interest him. Ladislav was still politely attentive.

"I have met her in my charity work. Really, she plays wonderfully—temperament, poetry—all that sort of thing. But her parents lost what little money they once had, and I'm afraid her art must become her livelihood."

"God help her!" sighed Ladislav, for he knew what it meant to sell the soul for the body's sake.

"But how can we help?—I beg your pardon! Go on, please!" Casimir exclaimed, checking his impatience.

"The girl wants advice as to her career, and perhaps a few lessons from Ladislav—but she can pay next to nothing. *Voilà tout!*" Mrs. Emery finished with a shrug of the shoulders.

Casimir was up and pacing the floor in a rage only half hidden under his suavity of manner.

"Dear Madame Emeree, it's too bad that anybody should be poor. But she is not the only artiste who is that. My son and I have all we can do making his career; we cannot give our time and our strength to charity work. When we are old and rich and an abbé like Liszt, perhaps—but now?—oh, no, no, no! It is impossible! Surely you understand."

Mrs. Emery felt crestfallen, and she was about to retire gracefully when Ladislav began to speak in the soft and dreamy voice that expressed his soul's own self.

"My father speaks from his kindness to me, and his desire to spare me any fatigue."

There was sarcasm neither in his tone nor in his heart, but Zofia felt the tears leaping to her eyelids as she thought of her son's unwitting irony. Ladislav went on, a poet unashamed of his poetic thought, not even ashamed to speak in metaphor.

"But my father forgets that if I have been given any little talent, it is—only a loan, a responsibility. If I have any little gift, it is to me as a torch to light dark places. If anyone has a lamp that wants only the touch of my flame to set it burning—oh, how I should thank God to send that lamp to me, to let me feel that I had helped not only my sacred art, but that of some other soul! So, if this young lady you speak of is

In all that audience there had been no heart that had surrendered itself with so little resistance, that had followed
His eyes never met hers, never sought hers. To him she was an unknown among other unknowns, simply blurred
the music ran. She felt a sudden friend-

so gladly each new leap of emotion, answered each outcry with its very echo so instantly, as Rose Hargrave's. in the conglomerate of the crowd. But she sat where she could see his face, read in it every fleeting whimsy as ship for him, a yearning to help him.

truly an artist, the fact that she is poor makes it all the more my solemn duty, all the more a great pleasure. Will you send her here some day?"

"She is downstairs now—waiting," said Mrs. Emery, purring with triumph. Ladislav was on his feet instantly.

"Oh, she must not stand outside like a beggar!"

He telephoned down that Mrs. and Miss Hargrave should be sent up, and waited impatiently. When the bell rang, he hastened to the door and opened it with a sweeping bow as to a queen.

CHAPTER III

Les yeux de la femme et les siens se rencontrérent et demeurérent fixes, mêlés, comme si les regards se fussent accrochés.

—GUY DE MAUPASSANT, "Le Retour."

MRS. HARGRAVE entered, followed by Rose, whose heart was pounding her breast like a little piano-hammer.

She was well versed in the social usages, had been presented at the English court, had held her head high before royalty and nobility in the pride of her American equality and her family lineage and power. But when she came into the presence of this young Polish musician she felt humbled as a schoolgirl. Now she was but a suppliant for his judgment. He was not, indeed, a man greatly celebrated; yet his reputation was solid, and she, hearing him play, had, woman-wise, accorded him fame in her own heart, had learned to feel awe of him as of a lofty genius above whose head hovered a tongue of fire.

It angered her to feel afraid of any man, but when she heard Mrs. Emery make the presentations, and Ladislav came forward, her gaze still kept to the floor, and all she saw of him was that his instep was high.

Ladislav was a rhapsodist of beauty, in whatever form it came; and of all forms of beauty he revered woman as the highest.

The pianist's mind is trained, as no other mind, to seize many things at a glance, analyze, synthesize, proportion, interpret and express them all fleetly and emotionally. Ladislav had a learned way of reading a woman at first sight, as if she were some brilliant bit of music. And as he was most moved by those compositions in which the exactitudes of form are freely altered and concealed, so he was less moved by a perfectly beautiful woman than by one more human, one in whom certain beauties are dramatically emphasized at the cost of others.

"A sonata by Hummel," he would say, "is as perfectly formed as can be—and as perfectly dull. Where is there another bust so faultless as the Ludovisi Juno, and where is there another so unattractive?"

WHEN Rose Hargrave stood before Ladislav, he had a long moment for reading her. She kept her eyes cast down, and he could, without impertinence, study her from tip to toe. His first surprise was at the beauty of her costume. He had expected a combination of poverty and of musical temperament, the latter hardly less friendly to the tailor than the former.

He was pleased to see that she was not tall, for like all men who lack grandeur of stature, he felt grateful to any woman who did not affect height. He glanced at her face and sighed to himself: "She is not even pretty!"

Nor was her figure heroic even in a small way. As she stood half turning from him in her brief embarrassment, he saw that the tailor's fascinating frankness in revealing a really excellent shoulder-line had not availed to conceal the girlish penury of bust and hip.

"Ah, well," thought Ladislav, "all in God's good time." Her shoulders drooped slightly.

"Too much bending over the piano," he thought. "I must give her a lower chair and make her sit up higher."

Her arms seemed round in their sleeves, but her hands in their gloves looked too small as they gripped the music-roll.

"She's not one of those American Amazons," he decided. "Her only ex-

ercise is the piano—and perhaps the kitchen, poor thing!"

He looked again at her face, and was surprised to find it more nearly pretty than he had thought.

Her hat was a work of art, showing a sense of form and a touch of poetry in its simple twist of thorny brier with a few green leaves. Her coiffure was strangely graceful for that of a *musicienne;* and, half hiding, it disclosed a forehead that had a certain nobility.

Her brows were bent into an earnest little frown, partly explained; for she wore glasses, and their lenses were so splashed with light that he could not see her eyes; but her nose was straight. Her cheeks, however, were not so full as they should have been, and they had the American pallor. Her chin, though, was a tiny triumph, and the line beneath it to her throat was a beautiful curve.

"Not much passion here," he thought. "Her music will be rather prim. I wonder what sort of eyes she has. Poor girl, not beautiful, not even rich, and needing to make a living by an art that is not even a passion with her!"

To end the awkward silence, he asked her if she would play something for him, and reached to take from her the music-roll she carried; his right hand passed before her downcast eyes. She saw its shapeliness in its largeness, its cunning and its strength; and when it touched her hand it was so firm, and yet so gentle and so warm, that it thrilled her.

She raised her eyes swiftly and looked into his. His soul seemed to be leaning out as on the sill of a window. Its look was both a welcome and a word of sympathy. Her meekness fell from her as a sackcloth robe. Relieved of embarrassment, her lips had lost their straightness, and he saw that they were very red and very full.

He could not reconcile her with herself. Her brow, her cheeks, her form, described her as an athletic, vigorous Puritan, whom the very word *voluptuous* would shock; and yet what else was the epithet for those desireful eyes, those tremulous lips, that exquisite throat?

The woman puzzled Ladislav; she impressed him, engaged him. As for her, she had already studied him at his first concert and in the photographs she had bought.

They were man and woman meeting in the Eden of first acquaintance. They gazed and gazed. As in a sudden modulation to a far-off and unforeseen harmony, years of acquaintance were overleaped. Before either had strength to look away, they were old friends, comrades in art, with a fearsome omen of something more.

CHAPTER IV

And thine the arts of song and pipe and string
That teach the Soul the ways of dreams to go,
The rapturous pathways winding to and fro
Between Forgetting and Remembering.
—FREDERICK PETERSON, "A Song of the Latter Day."

LADISLAV was unrolling the music Rose had brought. He looked away from her to the pages, and spoke in his timidly cautious English, eager to exploit and practice his new language, and not stopping to inquire of Rose if she spoke French. She had, indeed, excellent command of the Gallic idiom, but she so enjoyed hearing his exotic speech that she was careful not to undeceive him.

Ladislav's English was a curious and individual property. The quirks of his dialect can only be hinted in spelling, and there is no way even of hinting the peculiar Polish grace of his intonations. A French word came in now and then; and the impersonal Polish *pan, panna,* and *pani,* used with formal courtesy like the French *monsieur, madame* and *mademoiselle,* slipped in also.

So now, looking over the music Rose had brought, he said: "If—if mademoiselle knows to play so vell as she knows to choose, she is already artiste. It is harth for me to say veech of those *morceaux* I shall to prefaire, so pairhaps the feerst one of all is besth begeening. Vill you do me *honneur* to play some of the 'Davidsbündlertänze,'

vere Schumann show so many moods of love for his Clara? It vill show if your soul fly so 'igh and more sweefthly as your fingers."

He bowed and offered her his arm. She took it, and with a courtier's formality he led her to the alcove where the piano stood. Through his sleeve she felt a forearm and a biceps like marble under silk. He was a man, then, as well as a musician. This, strangely, gave her more courage. Women have usually felt more at ease with a strong than with a weak man. As Rose stood taking off her gloves with gracile dexterity, to which he was not blind, the tactful homage of Ladislav's manner was further assurance.

SHE seated herself and dashed off for prelude a strong, clear arpeggio of great speed and strength and evenness. Mrs. Emery sat more erect, in the pride of commendations proved true. But Ladislav lifted his hand, and said with a certain firmness delicately tempered:

"A one moment's pardon, please, Mees—Hairgrev? I see already that you 'ave moch technic and moch power. But pairmeet that I say in advance—and I shall be vair' frank vit you: Anybothy can play sweefthly and powairfully who vill practice enoof; but onless there is also, above zat and beyond any idea of physical force and *vélocité*, great fire of passion, a elevated musical idea, and a—I may almost say ferocious hungaire for to speak,—*férocité* to express musical soul, or an musical tormenth,—then all the technic in the worl' is awnly a vanithy; it is—how to say?—velvet on a beggar. So, onless I shall feel that *moozyka*—music—is not only your abeelity, your ambeetion, but also your necessity, your very *individualité*—onless I shall feel that vitout music you shall be silent, dumb—I shall say to you, Mees Hairgrev, choose some awther life, I beg you; teach school, marry bookkeepaire, grocery-man—anybothy; bot do not try to be pooblic *musicienne*. It is to make a profession of to be a martyr. For even if the pooblic applaud, he applaud alvays by the wrong place in the wrong piece. The creetic he praise you for vot you are ashame', and blame you vere you say to yourself: 'That is good! that satisfy my soul!'

"Ah, it is 'orrible, Mees Hairgrev, to airn your leeving by to tear your heart out of your breasth and to hold it up to the people and to cry: 'See it beat, feel it throb! Come, pay your money and I vill mek it to bleed for you!' That is vat museecian must do. So if, ven you have play, I shall to say, 'Go home, mademoiselle, and lock your piano and forget music,' it vill not be because I vould insolt you, and think you cannot to play vell enoof, nor yet because I think you could not live by your music, bot because I think you could live vitout it, that you *could* stop playing, that you could live and not live in and of and by music. If I say, 'Vell done,' it is to say, 'I am sorry for you. I am sorry for your sake.' For the life of a museecian, Mees Hairgrev, is tairrible, tairrible life!"

HIS outpouring had wrought Ladislav to a high pitch of excitement; his eyes were keen, his muscles taut. Now the reaction was complete. He felt humbled by such an outburst, especially before an American heart schooled to repression.

He stood shamefaced before the girl whose presence had somehow moved him to such revelation of his soul. He looked at her in amazement and chagrin, and murmured:

"Forgeeve me! I am mat to talk so to you. How it is droll that I should feel so earnest, so excite' before a"—he was going to call her a stranger, but somehow the word was already an anachronism; so he said—"before—you!" Then he felt afraid of that little word *you*, so direct, so big in its loneliness. He laughed uneasily and said: "Pleass to play now. And if you do not play too vell, I shall be vair' glad. I shall mek my compliments for every one meestake."

Rose found herself very serious, yet smiling. His long tirade should have put her so ill at ease that she could not have played at all, but there was a curious comfort in his presence; while his words said, "Beware!" his heart seemed

to say, "Be brave." Yet, after his words, Rose felt that any technical display would be out of place.

She laid aside the music before her and began from memory a little poem empty of difficulty for the fingers, but a shibboleth for the musical soul. Before the first measure was over, Ladislav exclaimed delightedly: "Ah, the 'Aveu' of Schumann!"

Her fingers intoned it with tenderness, and the voices of the duet were singingly expressed; yet when she finished it and nervously looked up at him for approval, he said:

"You have play' vit moch discretion; but permeet, pleass, that I show you how I should to play it, *moi.*"

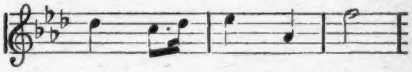
SHE rose, and he took her place. Under his fingers the short, frail lyric quivered with the timidity of earnestness, then broke out into fierce demands, then sank again to an intense hush that seemed to yearn and appeal. Rose was hurt at first at his action; but as she listened, her pique vanished and the tears came rushing to the call of his art. The upper voice of the duet seemed to be her own; the yearning, climbing appeal of the undersong was—whose? The two crept closer and closer together in the music. Her heart inclined likewise to his; she bent nearer to him, and he leaned upward toward her till her hair touched his cheek, thrillingly. A silence followed, but the throb of the rhythm went on in the silence till he rose and said:

"Pani play beautiful, beautiful—most beautiful, but vit—pardon that I think—vit too moch restraint. Is it not that one ancesthor of yours was perhaps—vat you call Peelgrim Father?"

Rose nodded.

"Ah, I thought so. Those Peelgrims, they tell me, did believe all musical instruments to be sacrilege. They had intellect and courage, but not art. You have also, I think, some blood that is not Peelgrim—yes? It is that vich give you the feelings you have. Could you but forget that Puritan, you could—Vitout doubt, mademoiselle play also Schumann's 'Warum?'"

He motioned her again to the piano. Now Rose gave herself forth with ardor. Each melody in the web was a lyric voice, and she let it sing its heart almost out from its first winsome appeal:



AFTER she finished there was again a silence. A clock ticked somewhere; it emphasized the hush. When Rose at length looked up at Ladislav, she found that his eyes were glistening. He studied her through a mist. He said with a softness hardly to be heard:

"Poor big soul, I am vair' sorry for you; for you are—*hélas,* you are *musicienne!*"

His sad eyes roved to her hands still lingering on the keyboard. He bent and took them in his, looked at them finger by finger, then raised them and touched them to his lips and said:

"Ah, these 'ands—how beautiful! Mother, come—see these beautiful hands."

Madame Moniuszko rose and came to the piano, took the hands of Rose in her own and cried: *"Comme elles sont belles!"*

Then she petted them affectionately with her own soft palms. Rose looked into Zofia's eyes and found there the same needlessness of long acquaintanceship that had surprised her in Ladislav's. She rose impulsively, and the Polish woman took her in her arms. They were artists in the Utopia of music.

Mrs. Emery was enraptured, Mrs. Hargrave blissfully amazed, Casimir disgusted.

As Ladislav was studying the graces of Rose's hands, a puzzled look came to his brows. He said:

"Pani is poor, Mrs. Emery has telled me, but her hands so dainty and her perfect nails do not tell me she has done moch labor by the kitchen."

A guilty blush tinged Rose's cheeks, but Ladislav found for her the explanation she herself sought vainly.

"I onderstan'," he said. "It is your mother, no doubt, who do soch things for you. How good these mother-peo-

ple are!" He turned to Mrs. Hargrave. "Madame, you are most good; you do vair' right to save these pretty hands of your daughter. She could not play beautifully if you did not yourself do for her all the cooking and scrobbing and awther soch tairrible things."

MRS. HARGRAVE stared at him in dumb stupefaction. She could not have spoken had she known what to say. She was on the verge of suffocation. But Ladislav did not see her; he was still regarding that master-mechanism, the human hand, and as he blandly perused Rose's soft fingers one by one he said: "Playing piano is also hard labor—harder as to scrob floor. But these precious hands shall yet make moch money."

Rose sank back weakly on the piano-bench and said timidly: "Then you think I could be a musician?"

"But you are it—now!" Ladislav exclaimed.

"Yet, monsieur, you have heard me try nothing difficult."

"Anawther time mademoiselle shall make me the honor to play me a concerto—yes?"

"But the lessons?"

"Mademoiselle has not anything to learn from me, except, perhaps, a leetla less of the restraint. Ve shall not have of lessons, but—shall we say—*conférences.* Monsieur Brunetière, I think it was, say that a critic should not be an enemy, but a collaborator with the creator of the beauty. Perhaps mademoiselle vill pairmeet that I try to be that manner of critic—yes?"

Rose was still afraid that his praise had some alloy of gallantry; she could not help asking anxiously: "But if I could not pay much money—?"

"Man does not live by money awnly," said Ladislav. "I should be honor', delight', if you let me to teach you for awnly the privilege of—to hear you play. Ven you are a leetla more—how to say?—*dé-Puritanisée*—you go to be one perfect artiste."

"But, monsieur, I couldn't think of taking your time for nothing."

Ladislav raised forbidding hands.

"Pleass! You vould not mean to offended me, but—pleass let us not to speak of money.. If Pani vill not consenth that I teach her for nawthing, I vill not—pardon!—but I vill not teach her at all."

Rose felt most uncomfortable at this situation, but she was desperately hungry for the musical feast these meetings promised her; so she said, with eyes that could not meet his for shame in her deception: "You are most generous."

"Oh, là, là!" cried Ladislav. "And ven, then, vill you to come again, or shall I come to your home?"

Casimir shuddered at the thought of Ladislav going about like an itinerant teacher. Rose shuddered to think of the palatial home he would find her in. She was first to speak.

"No, no! I must come to you. And only when you have perfect leisure. Is next week too soon?"

"To-morrow is hardly soon enoof," Ladislav exclaimed.

Such precipitance alarmed himself and all the rest; so, for formality's sake, the day after was chosen.

"Good-by," said Rose.

"No, it is not gooda-by, but au revoir; or, as ve say it in Poland, *Do vidzenia.*"

"*Do vidzenia,* then," said Rose, smiling back into Ladislav's smile.

ON the way home they took Mrs. Emery in their automobile. Rose sat between the two elder women, her eyes still full of the last look of the musician, her mind a-shuttle with vague fantasies.

Behind her back, Mrs. Emery was murmuring to Mrs. Hargrave: "It was a great triumph for Rose, but—be careful, dear; musicians are dangerous."

"Rose always has her own way—and what power has a mere parent in these days?" said Mrs. Hargrave, comfortably shrugging the blame from her own broad shoulders to the broader back of Providence.

"But," Mrs. Emery went on, "there might be a romance—and then what of your plans of a conventional marriage?"

"Oh, I suppose the novels I've read are to blame," sighed Mrs. Hargrave. "Rose never would make so coarse a

mistake as to marry a musician. But I've always thought a girl should have at least one good love-affair before she gets married. If the men must sow their wild oats, why not let the women sow a few wild roses?"

Her daughter was looking so far into the heart of space that she saw neither paved streets, nor walls, nor people, not even her father and the Duke of Surrey, who had lingered in the environs. She simply heard the words "wild roses."

The very name seemed to fume up a sudden fragrance so sweet that she turned her head in an ecstatic movement. Her nostrils and her drowsed eyes found themselves almost upon an American Beauty whose long stem was pinned to Mrs. Emery's seal coat. The girl stared into the core of the rose, and saw how complexly it was empetaled, how sophisticated in its velvet luxury.

She remembered how unlike was the simple wild rose she had once stumbled across at the farthest edge of a golf-links. She remembered keenly now its simple pink frock, its open-heartedness, the frank, perfumed gracefulness, the sincerity, the unlearned "How-d'ye-do?" the welcome and trustfulness of that flower, and she wondered if there could be by any chance at the edge of her life a waiting wild rose.

The dream so veiled her eyes that she did not see her father and the Duke, or know that they had called a hansom and were following, like a realism lackeying a romance.

CHAPTER V

> He was a very gallant and proper man of his person, only that he was naturally subject to a kind of disease which at that time they called lack of money—it is an incomparable grief; yet, notwithstanding, he had three score and three tricks to come by it at his need. . . . . But he had two hundred and fourteen to spend it, besides his drinking.
>
> —RABELAIS, "Pantagruel."

THEY say that France has forgotten all about her old friend Poland except the proverb of her drunkenness, in which she almost rivals besotted Albion in French obloquy. Casimir seemed to have sacrificed himself to the one great determination that while he could escape sobriety, the old expression *"soûl comme un Polonais"* should not die.

To this end he devoted his coin, time, energy and his own better qualities as well as the happiness of his wife and his son and all sense of his duty to them. Out of his cups, Casimir (or Kazimierz) Moniuszko was a Polish gentleman, with all that implies of tact, polish, versatility, volatility, nobility, futility. An ancestor of his had been a private soldier in a regiment which had won so glorious a victory that its commander had ennobled it *en masse*. Casimir belonged, therefore, to one of the hundred and twenty thousand noble families of Poland, and no member of the *Szlachta* held his head higher—this in spite of the fact that his was one of the twenty-five thousand noble families that wore no specific title.

Casimir, born in Lithuania, was a kinsman of the bard of all Poland, Mickievicz, and of the national opera-composer Moniuszko. He had come as a youth to Warsaw (or Varszava, as they call it), and had loved the beautiful daughter of the Sulkovski family.

Zosia Sulkovska they called her as a girl; Zochna as a child; and after her marriage, by her proper name of Zofia. For she had been named for the popular and typical Polish heroine Zofia Chrzanovska. She, as you may have forgotten, was the wife of a Polish soldier. In a war with the Turks in the seventeenth century he went plodding off with troops, leaving her and their only child living under the shadow of the great frontier castle Trembovla.

One day Turkish scouts invaded the environs and stole Zofia's child. Knowing that the enemy were about to make an assault on the unguarded castle, messengers were sent scurrying to recall the troops. The people of the region hastened into the castle. The garrison was only old men, boys and women. But the key-fortress to the frontier must be held. The Turks arrived in force the next day, but their first onslaughts were repulsed. Zofia

herself served one of the cannon. Now she saw the baffled enemy marching toward her barbette and carrying in the front rank her own baby.

She hesitated, as who would not? Then, with absolute fealty to her country, she applied the match; the cannon blazed; she saw her child mangled in the arms of the mangled Turks. Before such desperation the enemy recoiled. In a few hours they were beaten off by the feeble warfare of old men and boys, by Zofia's fanatic cannonry, by the zeal of other women hurling down stones and boiling water. The army arrived in time to finish the Turkish force and crush the invasion. And Zofia was enshrined forever among the saints of Poland.

Zofia Sulkovska, the pretty little nineteenth-century woman whom Casimir won and made a mother, used to look at the precious only son at her breast and wonder why she should have been named after so absolute a patriot. She wondered if even Zofia the Great would have sacrificed her child to her country if that child had been so beautiful as this of hers. She thought not. It was not that she loved Poland less, but her baby more.

PRETTY had been the wooing whereby Casimir had won her. In that day Casimir was young, handsome, high-spirited; his qualities had yet to reveal their defects, yet to veer to the wrong side. He was then a fiery duelist, and three Russians, two Germans and one Austrian bore to their graves the scars his skill had dealt them. Nor had he himself escaped a slash or two about the brow, where it did not mar his handsomeness.

But a good fiancé is not always a good husband. The Russians who had confiscated Casimir's father's wealth had not taken with it the bad habits it had sown. Casimir was the victim of all the innate, invincible idleness of a youth spent in anticipation of a great inheritance. Casimir's hands were as a sieve wherein money could not rest; and how could the hands that could not hold money hold any implement of toil?

After a few years his wife had borne him a boy. Ladislav (or *Wladyslaw*) they had named him. From the earliest the babe had taken heed when music was played. When he could crawl, he crawled to the piano. When he could stand on his feet he had to be leaned against the piano or there was a riot. He pounded it with as much disregard of the usual twelve keys as a latter-day composer. Then in time, like Mozart, he discovered the harmony of thirds, which old-school theorists declared discordant. As his hands grew, he played whatever he could reach, and he loved consecutive fifths until he could stretch sixths; these gave place to the consecutive sevenths dear to Wagner. Finally he could manage octaves, but with more difficulty than in his later years he made those astonishing runs in tenths, and those octaves *glissandi,* which at first gave his little finger many a bleeding wound.

CASIMIR took pleasure in teaching the child the rudiments and the first steps in the theory of music, that he might find it easier to read and remember. For the first few minutes of each lesson the child's mind was alive with enthusiasm, but it quickly wearied and longed for a change of subject, for a new toy. At first Casimir accepted each babyish whim as a ukase from the Czar.

Then he grew autocratic: an idea entered his head that he could make a great performer of the child. This was at first a mere ambition for the family glory and the child's own success. He coaxed and bribed and cajoled the boy into practicing longer and longer.

Gradually the thought grew like a toadstool in the cellar of Casimir's soul, that if Ladislav should become a famous musician, he would earn sums large enough to keep the whole family in its appropriate elegance and ease.

From now on, Ladislav was no longer persuaded with a kiss or a kickshaw to hammer away at his sonatinas and simplified mazurkas. He was commanded, stormed at, threatened. When orders, oaths and threats could no longer spur his fatigue, he was beaten, starved, shut in dark closets filled with Russian

imps. The mother protested, pleaded, wept for her child, but in vain.

THE result was that Ladislav was old before his time. His joys were in the future, if anywhere. He used to vow that when he was grown to manhood's independence he would never listen to music. But gradually it became as much a part of him as his daily food: it was blood of his blood, sinew of his sinew, the heart of his existence. By seven he was playing with a brilliance and speed that had something uncanny. When he was eight he had published his fifth opus.

Casimir had always before rejoiced that his aristocratic lineage had been a perfect excuse for his failure to take up some means of earning money to pay his debts. Better bankruptcy with honor than wealth by a dishonoring toil. But now Casimir was vexed to find that the same rule applied to his son. Much as he longed to make the boy earn money for him, it would have outraged the *Szlachta* had he put the boy forth as a teacher, as a church organist, or as a member of a theater orchestra. The best he could do was to inveigle some of his richer kinsmen into giving receptions or charity concerts where Ladislav's appearance was rewarded with a surreptitious fee.

In this way Ladislav was garnering a little fame among connoisseurs. But bravely as Ladislav was trudging into glory, Casimir was eating his own heart out because the fortune he had dreamed of was not yet earned, because the great thirst he had been cultivating for *szampan* had still to be assuaged or deadened with the cheap *pivo*.

A concert tour by "the world's greatest infant prodigy" was planned. Casimir had set the clock of Ladislav's age back two years, long ago; for Casimir had shrewdly calculated that what was wonderful in a lad of nine was more wonderful in a child of seven. So completely was the deception kept up that Ladislav was a grown man and a made man before he learned his true age.

But, even as a seven-year-old wonder, managers were loath to venture money on the boy.

"It has been raining infant prodigies for years," one said, "and people would rather see a pack of trained dogs than hear a new-born babe play a Bach pedal-fugue on a cathedral organ."

"Managers are fools," was Casimir's wise comment. The statement is true enough, but it is too specific: for the same remark applies to all of us, as Casimir found when he pawned the family jewels and started Ladislav on a tour of his own. It was a splendid idea, for there were no leeches to divide profits with. But neither were there any leeches to share the losses. And Casimir came home doubly bankrupt in purse and hope, with nothing left to redeem the failure or the family jewels.

MEANWHILE the child went solemnly on, deepening and broadening his soul and his technic. As a mere youth he began to take an important place in the musical life of Warsaw. Finally, the Russian governor-general invited him to play at his palace. Ladislav excused himself on the grounds of illness. Instantly he became a national hero, and the most noble of the numberless Polish nobles took him up and asked him to play at their homes. When he accepted, the Russian tyrant took umbrage at the open insult and ordered him and his family into exile. Things looked blacker than ever for the Moniuszko trio, but the Poles rallied to their support. Count Potocki became Ladislav's patron and sent him to Paris to study and teach. Before he arrived in the Polish colony he had already become famous for his snub to the Russian oppressors, who forbade the national language and made the home-land unendurable. So he found speedy welcome, even in the distinguished Polish center of the Hôtel Lambert, the renowned residence of the Princess Czartoryska (*née* Bourbon).

From Paris, where his occasional concerts in the Salle Erard became social events patronized by the European royals in exile, he eventually succeeded in gaining a foothold across the Channel, and went a few times to London, where, at Queen's Hall, he gave

such a thoroughly charming concert that even the critic of *The Saturday Review* found a good word for him, and at Berlin he revealed such a substantial art that he did not have to bribe a single critic.

Plainly, all he needed was a skillful manager to turn his name into fame. People began to talk of Eldorado—Yankeeland, Dollaria. At last an American manager called on him, promised to make him a sensation, get a cigar named after him and devise a new cocktail to immortalize him. All he asked in return was an advance of two thousand dollars, to be repaid from the first profits, and a clause in the contract that would prevent Ladislav from cutting his hair.

"Barbers have ruined many a budding genius," he explained. "In America hair and press-work count more than temperament or technic."

Casimir embraced the newcomer. Ladislav politely bowed and said with gentle dignity:

"If monsieur will forgive me, I must decline the honor. In the first place, I have not the ten thousand francs. In the second, I am trying to be an artiste, not a clown; a musician, not a noise."

Casimir wept as he saw the Yankee Aladdin disappear. But Ladislav resumed his labor on his art.

So success came instead of triumph—instead of flamboyance, glow. Ladislav grew upon the world like a dawn, not like a lightning-thrust. He toured the Continent again and again, and the professors and students in many a conservatory of Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, France and England followed his every note and marked their pianoscores with his readings as with oracles on doubtful points or genius-flashes on dark riddles.

IN Paris Casimir took to that nepenthe of self-elected geniuses, the muse of absinthe. In his reveries, as he watched the water drip through the sugar, he saw always in the glass the gold of America. A double dream obsessed him. Ladislav should gain American money by a marriage as well as by his music. *"L'Almighty Dollar"* and *"Les Misses Yankées"* were the theme and countertheme of all his meditations.

So Casimir cultivated the American colony and dragged Ladislav with him. The Moniuszkos especially haunted the home of a Mrs. Emery, who, after the manner of American wives, had left her hard-working, money-coining husband across the ocean, though she loved him dearly—after the manner of American wives.

Ladislav was not hard to drag into the American circle. He loved beauty in women no less than in music, and he found a rare charm in the American women's triumphs of face, figure, costume, independence and intelligence.

A rival of Mozart and Liszt in precocity of technic, he rivaled them also in the velocity with which he could fall in love, the warmr harmonies he could build up on the light melody of a tiny flirtation, and the graceful felicity with which he could modulate from one amour into another and out of it again to a third. But as he always was waiting for that one great word of praise which should satisfy his inner soul, and as he always was waiting for that one theme and that one overwhelming mood which should bring him his masterpiece composition, so in all his flirtations, in all his almost love-affairs, his true heart kept a little aloof, still unsatisfied, still expectant of the something behind the screen of the future.

MRS. EMERY was greatly amused at the solemnity with which Ladislav took up the study of the American woman, her theory and composition. She gave him lessons in English, maliciously teaching him ardent expressions which he used with startling effect on young women he met for the first time. But they always forgave him. Women always forgave Ladislav anything—anything—even his fickleness.

Casimir frankly told Mrs. Emery that he hoped she would find Ladislav a rich American girl to wed. And she promised she would. Mrs. Emery always promised anybody anything. And usually, in her plump, sugary way, she tried to carry out her promises.

At Casimir's urgent request, one day

she introduced Ladislav to an especially handsome American girl, a Miss Winthrop, over whose vivacity and splendid beauty Ladislav had shown some distraction. Casimir chuckled to think that Ladislav might marry her.

As father and son walked home that day, Ladislav did the steering, since Casimir had been experimenting in American liquid institutions a trifle too studiously.

"How did you find Mees Veentrop, *cette Diane Américaine?*" Casimir asked in Polish.

"Divine!" said Ladislav. "She has the independence of an Emilia Plater and the beauty of a Countess Potocka."

"I agree with you abso-solutely," hiccoughed the father.

"There is something about these American women that gives me a strange thrill," rhapsodized the son.

"Me too," said the father.

"What do you suppose it is," asked Ladislav, "their high-spirited independence and sense of equality with men?"

"No," said the father, bulging his lips alcoholically and yet judicially, "it's their remarkable habit of being rich."

"Not at all, Father," said Ladislav, who abhorred iconoclasm; "that is not what fascinated me in Mees Veentrop. She is very poor, and she is studying sculpture, and she lives in the Quartier, up five flights of stairs. She doesn't even pay for her lessons."

"Then waste no more time on her!" moaned Casimir. And presently the liquor he had drunk went to his eyes, and he began to weep so violently that Ladislav hissed for a cab and took him home in state.

ONE day Mrs. Emery, laying aside for the moment her match-making schemes, arranged a meeting with an American concert-director, a Mr. Ludwig Geisenheimer, who was stopping in Paris. After endless details of arranging terms, a contract was signed and the Moniuszkos came to discover America.

Mr. Geisenheimer felt disinclined to spend much money on a campaign of publicity. He tried in vain to get one of the large piano-manufacturers to back the enterprise in return for a testimonial in which he promised that Ladislav should proclaim whichever piano befriended him to be the one he had always used, which alone he could enjoy, which alone improved on usage, and which alone satisfied both the ear and the intelligence with its unequaled tone-quality, surpassing all rivals in the esteem of all true artists and crowned heads, etc., etc., etc.

The best that any piano-maker would do was to offer to furnish an instrument free for the concerts, on condition that full credit should be given on the program and a large signboard affixed prominently to the piano itself.

It was under such chilling auspices that Ladislav entered the New World. And when he made his first appearance at Mendelssohn Hall, his only heralding had been a few lithographs, a frontispiece in a musical weekly, a small advertisement in the daily papers, and the limited amount of "reading matter" that such parsimony could purchase.

"It's up to you," was Mr. Geisenheimer's laconic summing-up of the situation on the critical night, when he looked out at the small audience. But among that audience was Rose Hargrave.

CHAPTER VI

> There are myriad paths of deathless song for whoso has received gifts from the Pierian Muses, and whose hymns are clothed with splendor by the violet-eyed, wreath-dispensing Graces . . . . Grant, O golden-spindled Graces, persuasive splendor to the lay which the violet-crowned Muses' inspired priest prepares.
>
> —E. Poste's "Bacchylides."

IN every audience, the audience itself is a company of players, all masked, costumed, waiting a cue, entangled in situation, impatient with suspense, quivering with comedy, or calm for a tragic curtain.

When a musician plays to such a troupe, if he is a mere juggler of tones, he but irritates or interrupts the progress of the scene, like a smirking acrobat interpolated among momentous events.

But if he has real music to give forth, the dreams go on as he plays: he is the melodrama, the incidental accompaniment, the obbligato. If he is a true musician, his music is more than that: it is the voice, the priest, the seer, the evocate and advocate of everyone.

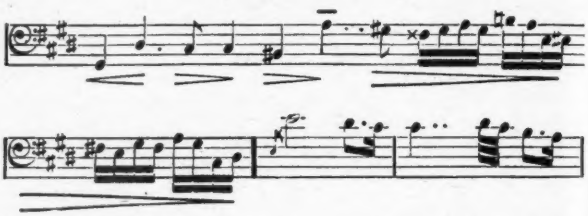
So, this night of Ladislav's début in New York, there was but a tiny audience in Mendelssohn Hall. Yet drama was permeant. Shakespeare's soil and soul might have been found in this small room. Here was *Macbeth's* ambition or the jealousy of an *Othello;* there, an *Iago*-heart; next it, a musing *Jaques;* a brooding *Hamlet* beyond. If an embittered *Timon* filled that seat, or if an aged *Lear* sat thinking on his daughter's ingratitude, near was a *Romeo* craning his neck to drink in *Juliet* leaning on the balcony-rail.

Rose Hargrave never forgot that evening among all the more eventful occasions that Ladislav Moniuszko was fated to bring into her previously halcyon life.

It was her first sight of Ladislav. She had dined late. Her father was indifferent to music and despised musicians; her suitor, the Duke of Surrey, hated the art and its artists alike. Her mother claimed to be "passionately fond of music," but always avoided concerts, generally professing an illness; she usually had a contrapuntal problem in solitaire to work out in her own room.

Worst of all, on this night Henry Van Tassell had dropped in to dinner, carrying a budget of Wall Street affairs to discuss with his brother-in-law Hargrave. Rose, being unable to shake him off, had bullied him into promising to come along. But the men lingered over their cigars till Rose grew frantic. It seemed they would never have done with responding to encores in liqueurs.

THE concert was half over when Rose got them to their seats. Just as they entered, a ripple of applause quivered up, cheerful with that gratitude which is an experienced sense of benefits to come. From the narrow door in the semicircular stage of Mendelssohn Hall, a slender young man came forth in nervous pride, faced the grateful ovation with twinkling eyes, laid one hand on the corner of the piano, bowed low with a foreign grace, turned, seated himself, rose, shifted the stool, sat down again, passed through his hands a handkerchief, tucked it into his sleeve, cast a tentative look upward as if appealing to his muse to attend him, swept his hands like fluttering wings along the keyboard in a preluding arpeggio of ravishing omen, dropped his hands a moment, settled himself into position, looked upward again, and, after a pause, began with reverential solemnity to play:



The auditors exchanged looks of wise expectancy, and then each soul withdrew from the crowd and became a soul apart, in a new world. To some, the music brought up memories, and associations forgot or thought to belong to the great unremembered; the melodies lifted layer after layer from palimpsests of old meetings, partings, desires, despairs. To others, the harmonies painted new scenes, told strange tales; the arabesques were narratives; the themes, legends. To yet others, there was but an ear-tickling, a sensuous delight as in venerable wines, lush fruits, or cushions pleasant to the cheek, or dear fingers running through the hair; their very nostrils swelled as over the fragrances of a skillfully fashioned bouquet. To a few, the music was just music—an unexplainable witchery of emotion and form, of fire and fuel; an intellectual exercise; an argument; an arrangement; an oration; an appeal; a protest—for what? against what?

But to each and every, the music was something intimate, direct, searching, as it came flowing forth from the swift hands of young Ladislav Moniuszko.

Compelled to listen in spite of himself, the world-weary young Duke of Surrey found his eyes filled with a vision of his first love—a barmaid whom he'd adored as a boy at Eton.

The girl's father, the grim old finance-monarch heaping up wealth as a Cheops building his pyramid for a monument—he, the hard old Hargrave, who had come to the concert only because his daughter, the one person on earth he obeyed, had commanded his presence—even he lost clutch on the fiscal web he was weaving; he found himself, somehow, a young poet drifting along the Grand Canal of a June moonnight.

Next to Hargrave was his brother-in-law Henry Van Tassell, fat, mellow, rosy. He was reveling in the music as if it were a twelve-course dinner composed by a *cordon bleu* and washed down by a congress of old vintages. The volatile arpeggios were as savory incense from terrapin à la Maryland; the cadenzas were like amontillado gurgling down his throat.

To the trained musicians there, Ladislav's playing was a thing almost altogether mental. They were quarreling at his reading of a certain subject, approving his punctuation of a certain section. They were amazed at a new accent he gave in violation of all the traditions, at the disregard of the phrase-marks of the best editors of the sacred texts. Their fingers twitched at his airy juggling with a famously tricky passage—they had heard Rubinstein make a blunder in it.

The critics, who had come with the reluctance of the farm-laborer taking up his dismal hoe, found themselves challenged, defied, compelled. Moniuszko's playing delighted them because it gave them something new to say; it suggested epigrams to the cynics, adjectives to the rhapsodists. To the veterans it suggested scholarly comparisons with the men whose whole lives they loved to squeeze into an epithet—the lyric Thalberg, the wizard Liszt, the volcanic Rubinstein, the scholarly von Bülow, the Chopinzee Pachmann, the eloquent Paderewski.

But these critics one and all forgot their enthusiasms when they left the hall, and as they met in the night air outside, each was afraid to confess how deeply he had been moved. Mutually chilled, they went their ways to write caution instead of truth.

IN all that audience there had been no heart that had surrendered itself with so little resistance, that had followed so gladly each new leap of emotion, answered each outcry with its very echo so instantly, as Rose Hargrave's. She had studied the piano since she was a little girl. She knew from her own hours of toil just how much every triumph of warm hand over cold ivory had meant to that young Ladislav. She knew by heart almost every note of his program. She felt all the different delights his music had brought to all those different sorts of listeners. She felt as much of the physical thrill of sense before honeyed chords and voluptuous meters as a wholesome yet ardent woman should know. And besides, she was greatly puzzled to feel a strange impulsion toward the personality of the musician himself. She, the American, daughter of power and place, seemed to hear a courtship in the music of this alien minstrel who had crossed the seas to earn his bread in an uncongenial exile.

His eyes never met hers, never sought hers. To him she was an unknown among other unknowns, simply blurred in the conglomerate of the crowd. But she sat where she could see his face, read in it every fleeting whimsy as the music ran.

She felt a sudden friendship for him, a yearning to help him. It suddenly seemed to be her duty to rise and command the audience to throw off its stubborn calm and pay full homage to his genius. The incessant chords hammered so ecstatically at her heart, the runs and trills purled so deliciously, that she felt commanded to join her soul with his in this combat for the cause of beauty and of fire. At length

she must even turn away lest she cry out.

HER eyes went to the long mural painting on the wall opposite—that superb Greek processional which Robert Blum evoked from the past for the future's sake. In the calm and stately manner of the women who lead the way, Rose seemed to see herself as she had faced life before this night. But there was a frigid austerity about their procedure that she no longer liked. Her gaze moved to the bevy of girls circling in the dance. The thin, old, silent music of the painted tamborines and pipes was filled out with the wealth of Ladislav's harmonies, and she seemed in soul, if not in flesh, to join the bacchantes whirling in the ankle-deep grass sprinkled with daisies. She seemed to be that very mænad who flings her head far back in a frenzied joy of living. She too—Rose Hargrave—must live life. She must no longer primly sip at its brim, but she must drain the fiery cup to the—

"Come, Rose; he wont play any more."

It was her father's voice. The concert was over. Two encores had been demanded and granted. Ladislav was gone. The audience was tugging at its wraps, jostling for the doors.

When Rose was in the carriage, her soul took wing again, and she failed to hear the commonplaces the Duke was uttering. Next she found herself seated at a table under the gorgeous timbered ceiling of the Savoy. She saw people nodding to her. She woke as from a trance, and realized that life was, after all, not a matter of bacchanals and of empyrean flights, but a matter of ordering things to eat, of bowing to acquaintances, of answering small talk with smaller.

She laughed at herself, shrugged her shoulders, enjoyed what the Duke and her father elected for her, and decided that Ladislav was so far from being her destiny, or she his, that he was in fact only a hypnotist and his concerts a dissipation. They tended to make one ridiculous where one most hates to be ridiculous—in one's own opinion.

CHAPTER VII

"Musitions, oh Musitions,
Heart's ease, heart's ease,
O, and you will haue me liue, play heart's ease."
"Why heart's ease?"
"O Musitions,
Because my heart itselfe plaies, My heart is full."

—SHAKESPEARE,
"Romo and Juliet" (1597).

MEANWHILE the musician was undergoing congratulation. He was in the stuffy little cubby-hole off the stage. His manager had given him his first hand-shake, a fishy, flabby fist that left him a sense of disgust. Mr. Geisenheimer had been sickened by the paucity of the audience. During the concert he had been compelled to yield to the influence of the music, but he had speedily returned to reason. Somehow he had hoped for a miracle of excitement among the audience at Ladislav's début. Then he had watched the critics drifting out. He could see by their very walk how they resisted enthusiasm and feared to betray an ingenuous interest.

Ladislav, still aglow with the thrill of the music, felt instantly the disappointment of his manager's manner. It hurt him, brought him toppling from the zenith of art to the nadir of reality. His waxen wings had melted.

His mother had whispered her adoration—but he had been sure of that. He had listened to the raptures of others without happiness. Women crowded about him, some of them gushing, some of them patronizing, some of them flirtatious—even at such a moment!

Ladislav was no more of an egotist than an artist must needs be: but he had not crossed the ocean simply to hear ill-balanced praises that echoed the old adjectives he had heard as a child.

Among all the compliments, he listened in vain for the one high praise. There were epithets enough and highly enough colored, but he listened in vain for the one big word. He had no theory of what it would be, but he felt that he would know it when he heard it. It would be neither a superlative nor a comparative, but one ringing positive.

HE did not hear it. He could not know that the one soul that felt the word was a girl seated even now in far-away splendor, trying to shake off the very homage he had inspired, trying to convince herself that life is something more material than the intoxicants of emotion which he had spent his life in learning to brew.

So Ladislav must stand crowded into the corner of so small a room that even the few who had remained to meet him made a crowd. He must shake hands with Mr. Samuel Pinto, an ancient snob who affected to understand music and was famous for his magnificent way of permitting artists to play and sing for nothing at his receptions. Next is Mrs. Leffingwell Ortgies, who repays her entertainers with strong adjectives and weak punch. And here is Miss Elise Postly, who pays her musicians cash, but insults them by the smallness of her fees and the exorbitance of her demands.

This is Herr Sigmund Fetretch, who teaches the piano and wants Ladislav to give a free recital at his conservatory so that later he can tell his pupils how bad a method the foreigner has. Next is J. Carroll Mallory, whose hands dangle daintily from his limp wrists; he is a composer of trite little ballads which he considers passionate because he is so enamored of them. With him is his crony, Miss Jane Jones, a masculine woman of waistcoats and cigarette-yellow fingers; she writes symphonies all brass and bass, and she never plays the piano without dislocating a key. Here is the gushing and nasal widow Gibney, with her three daughters, all gushing at once like a quartet of oboes. Next is James Moister, a turpentine manufacturer, who has poetical theories as to what music means and loves to get pianists in a corner and tell them how their work suggests moonlit lakes and mysterious horsemen, haunted castles and the like.

Ladislav's head was splitting with the effort to understand all this foreign gabble. He excused himself from three or four invitations to supper, though his father winked at him to accept. His heart was aching at not hearing the praise he wanted. He made several enemies and gained the reputation of conceit by deciding that unless he got away he would go mad. He unloaded his hungry father on his parsimonious manager, and giving his mother a look she well understood, made hasty excuses and escaped.

Tucking his mother under his arm, he set out to find some hidden corner in the strange town, with its glare of lights, its pounding noises, its rack and bustle even at this hour. The better restaurants were crowded, and each had its little band of music. Ladislav had had enough of mobs and tunes. He must be alone.

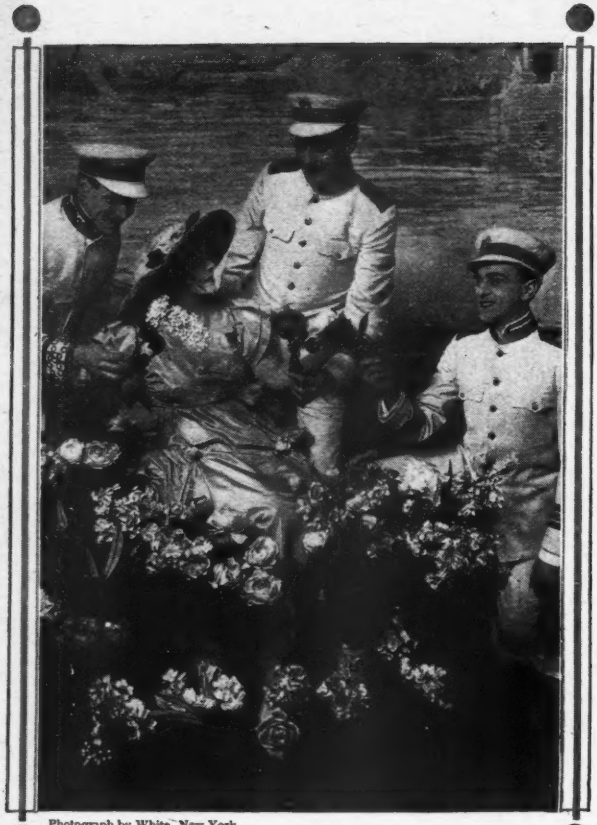
At length he found a small restaurant practically deserted. He soon knew why it was not crowded. But he had little appetite. His mother wanted but a nibble of salad and an ice. For himself he called for the winecard. The prices appalled him. He said in Polish:

"Too bad, little mother! After my début in America, I had hoped to order champagne, but I don't believe I have earned it."

"You have earned a milliard of gold louis," explained his mother.

"If only all my audiences were like you, *Mateczko* (little mother)," he smiled.

He ended by taking coffee and a long cigar. He sipped and puffed in taciturnity, puzzling over fate. He had played well; he knew he had played almost his best. There had been much applause, several encores, and yet his manager gave him formal praise. He could only say his *"Veni, vidi,"* not yet his *"vici."* But why? But why? As he mused, he only half heard the praises his mother was pouring out to soothe him, though she too had felt the rebuff. He had had only success, and he had dreamed of triumph.



Photograph by White, New York

John Roberts, Hazel Kirke, Frank Pollock and Stanley Ridges in "The Road to Mandalay."

Taking Stock of Stock

"'The Road to Mandalay,'" according to Mr. Pollock, "should do very well on the road to Chicago." It has a good score, it seems, but a book that "is quite too awful for words."

I MET an old friend last week. The acquaintance dates from "1492"—not from the year 1492, though my friend may have been in existence then, but from the extravaganza of that name by R. A. Barnet.

"The island was inhabited by a race of wild women who had no tongues."

"No tongues! How could they talk?"

"They couldn't! That's what made 'em wild!"

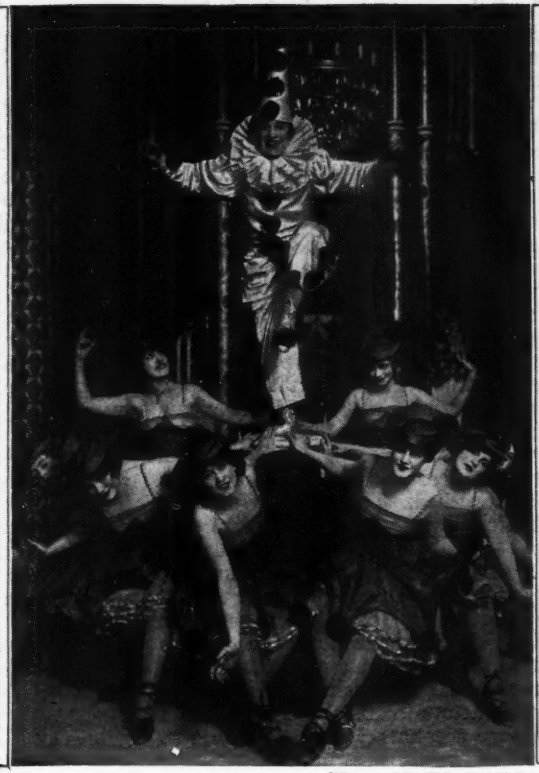
Since "1492" I've run across this venerable "gag" once or twice in musical comedies, and last week it stared at me from the page of a program. There's nothing like a joke to make one believe in immortality!

Reading and rereading these lines, as the guest of one of those managers who get you downtown at eight-fifteen for a play that begins at eight-forty-five, I thought of their application to the swelling breed that prattles about The Art of the Theater. If their tongues were removed—wouldn't it make 'em wild? Slowly but surely the drama is being talked to death. Playwrights, near-playwrights, critics, actors, clergymen, politicians and women-who-live-in-flats are doing the deed before theater clubs, after dinners, at teas, luncheons and receptions, in books and magazines.

More than anyone else, the "highbrow" discourages the production of good plays. He does it by making good

Channing Pollock's Review of the New Plays

"'Mitzi,'" says Mr. Pollock, "keeps 'Pom-Pom' from being altogether dreary, but one swallow cannot make a show any more than it can make a summer."



Photograph by White, New York

Mitzi Hajos and girls in "Pom-Pom."

plays seem so recondite and forbidding that nobody dares go near 'em. "All professions," says George Bernard Shaw, "are a conspiracy against the laity;" and when doctors or lawyers or critics make a mystery of a carbuncle, a contract or a comedy, they impress you with their understanding at the expense of your own. Any good play, of course, must be a simple play; Shakespeare's drama was written for the entertainment of tired business men in an age when only great scholars knew what every high-school-boy knows to-day; yet expositors, expounders, commentators and pedagogic poll-parrots generally, have covered these light comedies and melodramas with so heavy a blanket that the average amusement-seeker would as soon think of attending a lecture on the Nebular Hypothesis.

Grace George begins to be in danger of this kind of bombast. Drama Leaguers and magazine critics are discussing her "experiment" at the Playhouse, her "revolutionary management" and her "rehabilitation of the stock company." Miss George's "experiment," as a matter of fact, differs from the "experiment" of any other producer only in that when she has about exhausted the possibilities of one play, she puts on another, instead of taking its predecessor on the road. Her company is a stock company by virtue of the retention of six actors through three

changes of bill. Of the cast of her introductory offering, "The New York Idea," the present organization includes Conway Tearle, Ernest Lawford, John Cromwell, G. Guthrie McClintic, Richard Clarke and Norah Lamison. A greater nucleus remains year after year with the Ziegfeld "Follies," but no one speaks of this aggregation of dress- and drama-uplifters as a "stock company."

Miss George has not rehabilitated the stock company, for the simple reason that no one can rehabilitate the stock company. Theater-goers nowadays know too much about acting. The stock company was a device for training performers at the expense of the public. Impressively as we deplore the modern demand for "types," a part is filled most satisfyingly by a player of its type, and the average actor no more can change his semblance by changing his wig than a cat can become a giraffe by having its neck stretched. The best way to make a chair is by assembling the parts of a chair—not by sawing up a bureau; and it is not true, and never was true, that any cast can play any play. In the old days of "stock," the play was not the thing; it was modeled to suit the organization that was to interpret it, which is a method far less desirable than that of getting actors to suit the play, and in a measure accounts for the fact that so little of value was produced in the middle of the last century. Mary Nash, whose telephone girl in "The Woman" remains a pleasant memory, was ludicrously bad as *Vida Phillimore* in "The New York Idea," and to have chosen anybody in "The Liars" for the rôle of *Undershaft* in "Major Barbara" would have been even greater folly than it was to thrust John Cromwell, a matter-of-fact, middle-aged American, into the boots of the young English ass, *Charles Lomax,* in the same comedy.

The important thing about Miss George's "experiment" is her promise, partly fulfilled, to do ten pieces this season at the Playhouse. This announcement obviates the necessity of attempting long runs, and so makes possible the presentation of works of a better sort than might be undertaken otherwise. "The higher the fewer" is one of the immutable rules of art; the higher the grade of any work, the fewer its patrons. The repertory theater and the little theater are the only possible homes of plays that cannot be expected to make a wide and general appeal. Of these two, the first is the more useful, because the same number of people that would keep a piece going a hundred nights in a very small house constitutes only twenty audiences in a house of average size, and so, inevitably, that small part of the public that wants intelligent drama gets a greater amount and variety of it.

Up to date, Miss George has offered four productions at the Playhouse. None of these pieces was new, but two of them were new to New York, and probably never would have been done by a management that hoped to break box-office records. It remains to be seen, of course, whether Miss George can select untried plays as wisely as she has selected from the store of those previously presented, but whether she does or not, the community is richer for an enterprise independent of that great majority whose idea of poetry is "I know a fine way to play a Steinway," and whose idea of drama is a girl-spy hiding in a cellar and scaring away the German army with a pocket searchlight.

"THE EARTH"

"THE EARTH," by James Bernard Fagan, who dramatized "Bella Donna" and wrote "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," was acted originally by Lena Ashwell in 1909 at the Kingsway Theater, London, and afterward by Helen Ware and Edmund Breese, in Chicago. Without being radical or remarkable, the play indicates its author's courage in daring to attack a powerful and pestiferous type of journalism, and in ignoring popular prejudice against marital infidelity, except when undertaken in the lightest and most jocose spirit. Newspaper-baiting is a dangerous sport, especially in the theater, and a heroine whose lover is not her husband, or in immediate danger of being, flies in the face of our racial faith that marriage is the greatest of institutions and that no home should be without it.

Mr. Fagan is not feather-fingered in his chastisement of the sensational press. *Sir Felix Janion,* whose name evidently is meant to suggest the two-faced Janus, owns eighty publications, one of which, *The Earth,* has a circulation of two millions, and conducts them without the faintest regard for truth, decency, fine sensibilities or fair play. "I am a merchant," says *Janion,* "and the public comes to my shop because I give 'em what they want. . . . . You can't afford to turn up your nose at the gutter. You've got to write for the man in the street—if he isn't in the gutter, he's pretty near it." The power gained by giving 'em what they want—mostly "dirt,"—the power generated by "the most skillfully organized engine of misrepresentation in the world," this man employs to mold public opinion to his liking. Any means to an end, and the end usually a selfish one! The portrait must seem fairly recognizable to an Englishman, but of course we have no *Janion* in America!

Sir Felix' concern, in the play, is to use his "effective handle on the national thinking apparatus" to kill a popular semi-socialistic Wages Bill, introduced by the *Right Honorable Denzil Trevena.* Here the ordinary journalistic methods fail, but unfortunately *Trevena,* like many a bigger and better man, has a hole in his armor, right over his heart. *Janion,* whom he has just defied, returns unexpectedly to find the Cabinet minister kissing the wife of a wretched little bounder, the *Earl of Killone.* Immediately, *Janion* sets at work his "army of Paul Prys and Peeping Toms," with the result that, in the third act, at the end of what so unmoral an old party as myself could not help regarding as an affecting scene between the lovers, and just as *Trevena* is about to repeat his speech to *Lady Killone, Sir Felix* arrives with apodictic evidence which he proposes to lay before *Killone* unless *Trevena* withdraws the Wages Bill. *Trevena,* unwilling to sacrifice the woman he loves, consents; and Big Ben is tolling the knell of his great work when *Kitty* emerges from her hiding-place to beg that he will let her hear his address in support of it.

"I couldn't say it now, dear," replies *Trevena;* "it's too late."

In the last act, the weakest of the four, *Lady Killone,* aware of the price asked for her good name, refuses to pay it. To *Janion,* in his office, in the presence of *Trevena,* she threatens to go to the Press Association with "the entire story of this . . . . . blackmail," which will mean "ruin for me—but *you'll share in it!*" *Janion* immediately capitulates. This is a "happy ending" in which it is not easy to take much stock. True, with *Trevena* converted to *Lady Killone,* the iron molder of opinion might not have prevented introduction of the Bill, but it is hard to believe that he could not have beaten it before an Anglo-Saxonism prone to judge public men by their private lives.

In spite of this dwindling conclusion, "The Earth" is an interesting and well-written play. Its dialogue is bright and amusing, and at least three of its principal persons are drawn with consummate skill. *Trevena* is merely a *jeune premier,* and *Lady Killone* a mechanical figure; but *Janion,* sketched with strong strokes and a searching sense of humor, stands out only a little less brilliantly than the same character in Arnold Bennett's comedy of the same theme, "What the Public Wants." Mr. Fagan repeatedly achieves that finest of dramatic situations, the situation dramatized by the auditor—notably when *Janion,* unseen, sees the embrace of the lovers, when he interrupts their tête-à-tête in *Trevena's* study—and when *Kitty* insists upon hearing the speech whose knell is tolling. The conflict between *Janion* and *Trevena,* as the former discloses his proofs, is intensely suspensive, and sympathy with the illicit lovers, diplomatically made possible by a brief and early glimpse of the husband, is maintained by purity, tenderness and reserve in the various conversations between them.

The piece is beautifully acted. Grace George, very arch and charming in lighter scenes, voices her desolate and forbidden love with eloquent pathos. "Our home is in the air, Kitty," says *Trevena,* and it is not easy to forget the tremulous wistfulness with which Miss

George replies: "In the air—a castle in the air." Her appeal to *Janion* is vibrant, pitiful, compelling, until it reaches a splendid climax of steely determination.

Barring his usual uncertainty as to lines, Louis Calvert gives a magnificent performance of *Janion*—coarse, brutal, overwhelming. The subtle difference in his manner when he comes to *Trevena,* in the third act, master of the situation, indicates the intelligence back of this portrayal. Conway Tearle, at home again in evening clothes, is an ingratiating *Trevena;* Clarence Derwent, who played *Stephen Undershaft* in "Major Barbara," contributes a graphic picture of *The Earl* with "artistic tastes," one of whom "has beautiful eyes;" and Ernest Lawford's comprehensive impersonation of *Janion's* Irish business manager *Dickson* left me uncertain of the actor's identity for ten minutes after his entrance. John Cromwell is wooden as an unsatisfactory editor, and Charlotte Granville unctuous as one of those cynical matrons manufactured in dozen-lots by every British dramatist since Oscar Wilde.

"The Earth" will interest any theater-goer who doesn't check his brains with his coat.

Photograph by White, New York

Conway Tearle and Grace George in "The Earth"—concerning which Mr. Pollock comments: "'The Earth' will interest any theater-goer who doesn't check his brains with his coat."

"THE HEART OF WETONA"

LO, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind, interpreted by the pale-face playwright, becomes a repository of romance, ethical exactness, moral punctilio and familiar quotations! None of our authors seems to have got nearer the heart of the aborigine than his undershirt, and many have been content to wrap blankets about motives and situations traditional in drama of the most effete civilization. There was the savage bride who blushed at the mere mention of babies in Mary Austin's "The Arrow Maker," and the squaw who was compromised by being found in a brave's tepee at midnight in Donald MacLaren's "The Redskin."

Rumor has it that the characters in George Scarborough's "The Heart of Wetona," a Frohman-Belasco production at the Lyceum, originally resided in New England. However preposterous the story may have been in that environment, it is hardly less so as a tale of life among the Comanches of Oklahoma. Poetry and Pears' Soap are equally foreign to the North American Indian, and it is hard to believe in a Big Chief who spouts sentimentalities about strangling his babe at her mother's breast, tearing her from his heart and trusting that her lover is "a man of honor." The spectacle of a Pompeiian-red papa gum-shoeing through three acts to compel the betrayer to marry his daughter prompts us to say, with *John Hardin,* "You Indians *are* getting civilized!" Civilized, and acquainted with W. Somerset Maugham!

For the rest, "The Heart of Wetona" is frank, ingenious and rather effective melodrama, somewhat marred by one or two structural mistakes and by the fact that its whites are hardly more credible than its Indians. Never before was virtue so shining and vice so black! Two minutes after the curtain rises, everybody south of the footlights knows of the villainy of *Anthony Wells;* and in real life, a man with half *John Hardin's* faith in the harmlessness of guns and girls would have been shot twenty times and deceived a thousand before he attained his majority. *Hardin* loved the halfbreed *Wetona,* and when she was about to have her nose slit, and to suffer other indignities, because she would not tell the name of the man responsible for her ruin, he confessed to being that man, and married the *Madame Butterfly* of the Reservation. *Wetona* went right on believing in *Anthony Wells,* until *Hardin,* whose marriage never had been consummated, invited the seducer to his house and then sat down to watch through the night in a room between those occupied by his wife and her former lover. The result of this vigil was that *Tony* showed himself in his true colors to *Wetona,* and then, known at last to the tribe, was compelled to run the gantlet of waiting braves, whose shots, followed by the wail of death, brought the news of a happy ending to the audience at the Lyceum. *Hardin* told *Wetona* that she was to remain with him, and upon her plaintive "Oh, I am much obliged," the curtain fell.

It would be idle and unfair to pretend that this story, extravagant as it is, and unrepresentative of aboriginal feeling, lacks thrill or suspense. Peering eyes seen through windows, fingers always on the trigger, the ever-present menace of vengeful savages, keep the spectator in a highly desirable state of expectfulness, while sympathy is won largely through the admirable acting of John Miltern as *Hardin* and of Lenore Ulrich as *Wetona.* The device of having an innocent man, in love with a girl who has been betrayed, confess his guilt and marry that girl to protect her, is an excellent one, reaching its climax in the effective scene of the ceremony, to which the seducer is a complacent witness. *Hardin's* vigil should have topped this climax, and would have done so had the playwright been sufficiently expert to prevent his hero's informing the couple that they were being tested.

Miss Ulrich, new to us and known to the road chiefly through having followed Laurette Taylor in "The Bird of Paradise," acts with that simplicity and complete self-effacement that so rarely survives success on Broadway. There are real tears in her voice; no one could have depicted more truly the utter weariness and despair back of *Wetona's*

stubborn refusal to answer the questions of *Quannah.* Mr. Miltern, who first flashed across our vision in "The Queen of the White Slaves," must be at home in the rôle of *Hardin,* to which he brings quiet self-confidence, conviction and unsuspected feeling. William Courtleigh, who served an apprenticeship at Indians in "Northern Lights," is impressive as *Quannah;* Lowell Sherman, seen earlier in the season as the newspaper man in "The Eternal Magdalene," makes a very human scoundrel, and Curtis Cooksey scores in the rôle of a bluff but sentimental cowboy.

"The Heart of Wetona" is an absorbing story—not of the foothills, but of the footlights.

"THE MELODY OF YOUTH"

IN their instinct for dramatic effect, the Indians at the Lyceum are not an inch behind the Irish at the Fulton. Brandon Tynan's "The Melody of Youth," a hit at the latter house, is a thing of pipes and harps, birds off stage, trees laden with blossoms and lovers, theatrical motives, trumped-up obstacles, broad humor and gelatinous sentimentality. Of subtlety, verisimilitude and genuine poetry there is not enough to keep a dollar out of the box-office.

Cathleen Linnett, who lives with the *Powers* and *Pastor Paul Knox* in Dublin, is a saucy baggage, not overly burdened with respect for her elders, and capable of winning a bet of garters and silk stockings by attending a masquerade ball in the tights of *Rosalind.* This escapade, which certainly was "going some" for 1830, not only shocks the family, but worries even *Anthony Beresford,* her young guardian, who has left his studies in Rome and come home to get his ward married to some good lad. *Cathleen,* whose idea of single blessedness is that "you must be blessed, indeed, to put up with it," has no trouble getting around her guardian, who, pretending to himself that he wants to take her from the gay blades of Dublin, in general, and from a divorced suitor, *Lord Kiltartan,* in particular, packs his lady off to the country—where, in the second act, he is discovered desperately reading Seneca's "The Control of the Human Affections."

In the garden of "The Little House on the Top of the Hill," the two young people play at hide and seek among the trees, and are busy falling in love, until *Mrs. Elizabeth Hilperty,* a distant connection of the *Powers,* writes all the men in Dublin, and brings them once more to the feet of *Cathleen. Anthony,* his jealousy and anger aroused by a newspaper paragraph connecting his ward with the nobleman, strikes *Lord Kiltartan,* and the result is humorous preparation for a duel not the less amusing because it practically duplicates a scene in "The Rivals." *Phil O'Grady,* sighing for the days "when no head that went out in the morning could rest easy at night without a crack in it," eggs on the reluctant knight, and *Cathleen* attempts to dissuade him by the creaking stage device of pretending love for his rival, and extracting his promise not to hurt *Lord Kiltartan.* Apparently it does not occur to *Cathleen,* a good girl but dense, that in the process of sparing *Lord Kiltartan,* the man she wants to save is likely to get very badly hurt indeed.

However, he doesn't. The duel ends without bloodshed, and gathering his ward in his arms, *Anthony* observes that "Love is the religion of young hearts; it is the melody of youth."

For all its obviousness, and the fact that it is played in a sort of ecstatic fervor, this comedy has the appeal of sunshine and high spirits. Its dialogue, essentially of the stage, is bright and entertaining, and its characters winning and amusing. Mr. Tynan himself plays *Anthony* with great charm, and Lily Cahill, though her performance is boisterously void of light and shade, and though she consistently addresses her audience, is an attractive *Cathleen.* William J. Kelly, commendable for keeping his villain likable, and William Harrigan present *Kiltartan* and *O'Grady* with appropriate flourish, and in *Mrs. Hilperty,* the busybody with a keen interest in funerals, Florine Arnold finds opportunity for the best

Photograph by White, New York

William Courtleigh, John Miltern and Lenore Ulrich in the Frohman-Belasco joint production, "The Heart of Wetona." "An absorbing story," our critic remarks of this play,"—not of the foothills but of the footlights."

work she has done since she appeared as *"Ma"* in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh." George Giddens is rather too amiably Dickensy for the part of the Calvinistic *Pastor Knox*, and little Eva Le Gallienne, fresh from "Bunny," contributes youth and prettiness to the part of *Mary Powers*.

"The Melody of Youth" is played by a theater orchestra, but it is a lively tune, notwithstanding.

Photograph by White, New York

"'The Melody of Youth,'" says Mr. Pollock, "is played by the theater orchestra, but it is a lively tune, notwithstanding." Above are Lily Cahill, Brandon Tynan (the author of the play) and William J. Kelly in an interesting scene.

"PAY-DAY"

THE theater is a land of surprises, but even in this happy hunting-ground of the chance-takers, it is not often that one shoots an eagle when one aimed at an ox. The Messrs. Shubert find themselves in this pleasant situation. They produced "Pay-Day," "a thrilling drama of New York life," by Oliver D. Bailey and Lottie Meaney, at the Cort. The first-night audience refused to take the play seriously. "Very good!" said its managers. "Any play that cannot be taken seriously is farce; ergo, 'Pay-Day' is farce."

So without any more ado, down came the bills announcing "thrilling drama;" up went others proclaiming "a screaming farce;" onto the programs hurried a parenthetical explanation—"A satire of a moving-picture scenario;" and "Pay-Day," crowded out of the Cort, proceeded on its way rejoicing at the Booth.

As a matter of fact, if the Bailey-Meaney collaboration is satire, so is the work of every amateur, ignorant of life and art, that finds its way to managerial offices. Every bad play is a satire of the good: New York is full of satires; you never can tell when you are going to see one. In spite of the programmed parenthesis, the audience of which I was a part at the Cort didn't know what

to make of the performance. Half of 'em suspected they were witnessing a satire and laughed uproariously; the other half seemed to be distinctly resentful.

The idea of travesty is helped out by a prologue and an epilogue in which an actor and his wife are shown reading the "movie" scenario that becomes the play. Prologue and epilogue are said to have been added quite recently, and

Photograph by White, New York

Herbert Corthell and harem beauties in the tea-house scene in "The Road to Mandalay." Among the interesting musical numbers of this play are "Firefly," "The Ocean of Dreams" and "The Road to Mandalay."

then in imitation of a serious melodrama, written in the form of a motion picture now ready for production.

In "Pay-Day" the loosely connected action is held together by lurid "subtitles,"—palpable satires of Laura Jean Libbey,—and scenes are interrupted on the stage to be finished upon the screen. *Doris Fenton* loves and trusts *Kirke Brentwood,* who, at the same time, loves and trusts half a dozen other women. She steals a thousand dollars from her employer, *Dr. Greyson,* upon *Kirke's* promise to pay back the money. *Kirke* breaks his promise, and *Doris,* after a harrowing scene that sent the audience almost into hysterics, goes to jail.

Released, some years later, *Doris* calls on *Kirke,* arriving just as that adventurous young gentleman has killed his wife. *Kirke* puts the pearls in the girl's pocket, summons the police and accuses her of murder. *Doris* goes back to jail. "Small profits—quick returns." Released again, she is followed to *The Doctor's* office by the relentless sleuth *Caine.* She escapes and makes another call on *Kirke,* who has married again. There, while our hero coyly bites the bedpost, she pleads for an hour of his life. Getting it, she rises at dawn to impart the information—confided under similar circumstances in "The House of Bondage"—that she

has given our hero leprosy . . . . . "Movie fans" may rest in peace. If "Pay-Day" ceases being a satire, and becomes a motion picture, as so many other satirical plays have done, it will never pass the censors.

"POM-POM"

IT is a far cry from "Sari," the expertly-put-together operetta that served her for two seasons, to "Pom-Pom," the clumsy and amateurish con-

Photograph by White, New York

Carl Gantvoort, William Eville, Mitzi Hajos, Tom Walsh and Tom McNaughton in "Pom-Pom." "Two things worth seeing in this performance," says Mr. Pollock, "are little Mitzi herself . . . . . and the scenery by Josef Urban."

Vincent Serrano and Irene Fenwick have the principal rôles in this piece. I don't know whether they are meant to be satires or not, but consciously or unconsciously, they are capital comedians.

And "Pay-Day" is the Cherry Sisters of the Drama.

coction in which Mitzi—erstwhile Mizzi—Hajos is appearing at the George M. Cohan. Two things worth seeing in this performance are little Mitzi herself, dainty and charming as ever, the first successor of our own Lotta, and the scenery by Josef Urban. It would be

hard to imagine a prettier picture than that upon which the initial curtain rises —a group of girls, in white ballet skirts, against a background of green and silver.

Anne Caldwell's lines, however, not only are consummately stupid, without briskness or directness, but they totally lack professional form. Tom McNaughton, with Christie MacDonald in "The Spring Maid" and "Sweethearts," contributes a large collection of characteristic "gags," most of them not strictly fresh, but even these are not greatly leavening. Of situations, humorous or otherwise, there is only the one upon which the plot, adapted from the Hungarian, turns. An actress, made up to play a thief, is arrested in company with a number of real thieves who have invaded her dressing-room. She is taken to prison, escapes and appears at a thieves' club, The Black Elephant, where nothing happens. As a matter of fact, barring the arrest, nothing has happened in the greenroom, which is devoid of character and atmosphere.

The score, by Hugo Felix, is a far cry, too, behind that of "Sari," but it contains three or four whistlable numbers. Chief among these are "Come and Cuddle Me;" "Evelyn;" a waltz-song, "Kiss Me;" and a pretty air, "In the Dark," prettily concluded by Fräulein Hajos, perched atop the jail-yard wall. "Mitzi" keeps "Pom-Pom" from being altogether dreary, but one swallow cannot make a show any more than it can make a summer.

"THE ROAD TO MANDALAY"

AN infinitely fresher and more agreeable score than that of "Pom-Pom" was composed for "The Road to Mandalay," at the Park, by Oreste Vessella, who, however, lost what little claim to consideration was left him as a bandmaster in Atlantic City by being reputed to have had the courage to sponsor his work financially.

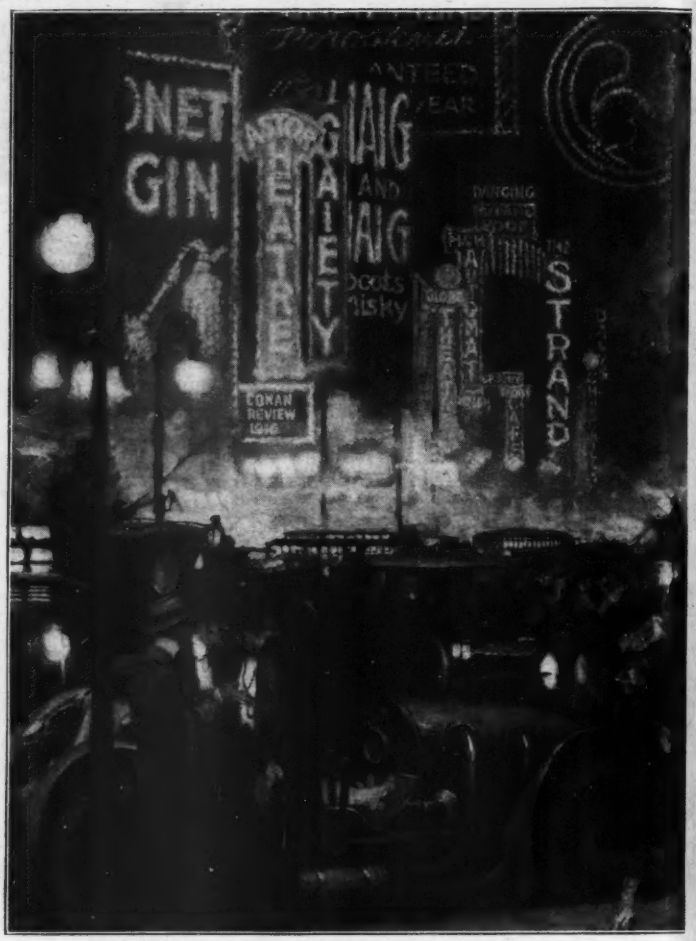
Not that Signor Vessella's music is likely to disturb the laurels of Kalman, or Lehar, or Jacobi, or Leo Fall, or Lionel Monckton, or our own Victor Herbert. It isn't, being more nearly in a class with that of Jean Briquet or Rudolph Friml. But it is an attractive score, nevertheless, with three numbers worth hearing—"Firefly," "The Road to Mandalay" and a waltz called "The Ocean of Dreams."

The book, by William H. Post, who collaborated with William Collier in writing "Never Say Die," is quite too awful for words. Harking back to the day when three-fourths of our navy was in musical comedy, it presents no discoverable plot, except that the two daughters of a retired molasses manufacturer, remarkably well read in the comic weeklies, are wooed and won by an ensign and a lieutenant. Nothing whatever occurs in the course of the wooing. Hackneyed as it has become in the drama, a seduction would have been thrice welcome.

One of the daughters is represented by Leola Lucey, so charming in a wheel chair, to which she was relegated by a sprained ankle, that I hope all prima donnas may take to wheel chairs—as all women took to side-saddles because one of a queen's legs was shorter than the other. Frank Pollock sings very nicely, and a person named Eddie "Cupid" Morris plays a Parisian hotel-keeper with a bad sample of those interchangeable accents, that, on the stage, pass for French, Spanish, Italian or Portuguese. Herbert Corthell is as funny as it is possible for a man to be with nothing to be funny with.

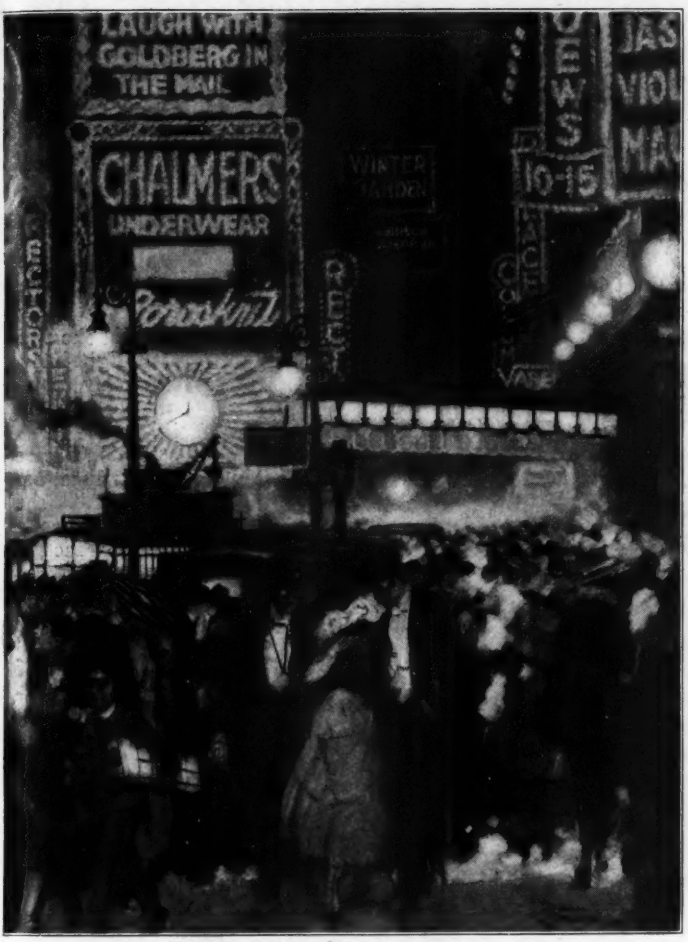
"The Road to Mandalay" should do very well on the road to Chicago.

The Heart of "The Great White Way"



WHEN I left the subway at Times Square and reached the surface, the huge illuminated clock at Forty-seventh Street was nearing eight. This is the time at which Broadway has just breakfasted, thrown aside her paper and begun contemplating her night's day's work. The streets were fairly alive. Beautiful, daringly dressed girls, and women with correctly attired men, moved in torrents along the sidewalks, while hurrying taxies, cabs, motors and four tracks of street-cars formed an inspiring background. The night was halfway between spring and winter, and just damp enough to give the hundreds of electric signs the effect of millions of jewels before a soft plush drop—signs of every size, shape and color, advertising everything from underwear to where to dine.

The east side of the street, between Forty-third and Forty-fourth, gives one about the best possible place to view the nocturnal pageant. One may look up Seventh Avenue as far as the Winter Garden; and on the opposite side, the signs of the Strand, Rector's, and on up past Churchill's to Columbus Circle, distinctly demand your attention. High in the air, through the curling smoke from a boiler of the new subway construction, one sees the immense electric-lighted squirrel of Kelly-Springfield, night



Another Remarkable Painting by Dean Cornwell

after night running around a whirling tire. Over the corner at Forty-fifth, a smiling Highlander untiringly dances the fling.

It doesn't take long to see that Broadway is democratic. There is Loew's New York Theater just above the corner of Forty-fourth, with an evening's entertainment for ten cents, while across the street, a choice seat for "The Cohan Review" from a speculator often costs ten dollars. Then there is Rector's on the east side, and opposite, the Automat, where you can get a five-course meal for less than the average tip.

It is a wonderful sight, and I wanted to stay longer; but my impression was fresh and so I walked up to Forty-sixth and turned east along the dark rows of "brownstone fronts." Just before reaching Sixth Avenue, a man with bleary eyes stopped me and insisted on talking. He had left Broadway—not as I had, but many years ago. He was sentimental, as most of them are, but I am glad that he talked, for his story was different and fitted well with what I had gone for. He insisted that "every light along the lane was a mother's tear." He at least recalled a truth: where there is light, there must be shadow.

Out on Her Own

TWO YEARS—AND ANITA STEWART

By Verne Hardin Porter

Photograph by Apeda Studio, New York

Anita Stewart, in three attractive poses.

IT is interesting to watch the changes in the career of a motion-picture actress. There is, for instance, Anita Stewart, who—though a photoplay success in two short years—isn't twenty years old yet. I met Anita Stewart, for the first time, at the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush two years ago. The first photoplay in which she had had a leading rôle—"The Wood Violet"—was being shown in the theaters, and was proving much more than an ordinary success. She had been elevated to what picturedom calls a star's place, and she was delightfully, girlishly enthusiastic about it.

"I don't care if Mr. Ince *did* help me," she said, "—if, as a matter of fact, I had a pull. I am going to make good and show 'em!"

She was just out of a Brooklyn 'n

high school. Ralph Ince, a director and her brother-in-law, had been using her for small parts. For six months, until he took a betting chance on her in "The Wood Violet," she had been playing minor roles.

She made, in her first leading part, the greatest public impression of her career. Ince's judgment was justified. She was turned over to him as the leading woman in his company. Earle Williams, one of the most popular actors on the screen, was the leading man. During the last year and a half or so the three—Miss Stewart, Williams and Ince—have worked together; and each of their stars has risen. Many movie-fans, seeing them together so much, decided that Mr. Williams and Miss Stewart were married, but theirs has been a purely professional friendship.

Photograph by Apeda Studio, New York

"I'm going to make good and show 'em."

MISS STEWART chafed to climb the ladder of success unaided and has now started toward the accomplishment of her desire, going her separate way under the direction of S. Rankin Drew, a young actor who lately became a film director. Mr. Williams heads another group of players. Ince has a new leading woman—Lucille Lee Stewart, another member of the family.

The combination which has prospered for itself and its company for nearly two years is broken up, and it will be interesting to observe just how each will fare alone. It seems like a fair trial to all of them.

Anita Stewart has never had experience on the speaking stage, having stepped from high school to the films.

"For a long time," she explains, "I didn't take myself seriously. I didn't see how I could possibly become an actress. But Mr. Ince insisted I had dramatic ability. Then—and here's the secret of some of my success—I began going to the ten-cent movie-theaters to watch the effect of my acting upon the audiences. I learned more than three directors could have taught me. If an audience doesn't like a certain thing I do, I never do it again. I think I've learned enough to go out on my own."

Gold of Ophir

A SHORT STORY TOLD TO THE WRITER BY A BUSINESS WOMAN

By Sarah Comstock

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT T REYNARD

THE Hugh Lounsburys had cooed through six years of cozy hardship when prosperity fell upon them. And it was I who felled it. There they were, perfectly happy—she rolling pie-crust with dimpled arms, he relinquishing golf to mow the lawn, both still celebrating what they called their "mutual birthday"—the day of their betrothal—with gifts, ceremonies, and a pink-iced cake with candles. Then what did I do but spoil it!

I had an office position with the W. H. J. Folsom Company, Soaps and Perfumes. Mr. Folsom happened one day to tell me that his chemists were in a rut, that he wanted new blood. At once I thought of Hugh Lounsbury. "He's a professor of chemistry in a small college," I said, "and the most brilliant young man I know. He's going to waste—he ought to be in some line that would give his creative powers scope. Why, his mother was cleaning her husband's tombstone with a compound the boy invented when he was eleven—"

"Have him here to see me on Wednesday at three-fifteen," said Mr. Folsom. "I pay expenses."

That is how the Hugh Lounsburys came to pack their wedding china, tenderly laying little dabs of paper between the plates, and move to New York. If I had guessed then what batteries a touch of mine—

FROM the first, Hugh more than made good, and his salary was more than liberal. In fact, that salary, beside the humble stipend of the professor, was as champagne to a glass of buttermilk. Elise had thrived upon the buttermilk with such modesty and cheerfulness that I was surprised at the effects of the champagne. Even in the beginning her extravagance was alarming.

One Saturday afternoon I was having tea with her in their new apartment. "That's a very expensive block," I had said to Hugh, as an old friend, but when he exclaimed, "Oh, Harriet, if you knew what it means to be able to give her what she wants after she's pretended for six years that peeling potatoes was better sport than tennis!" I hadn't the heart to croak.

We were chatting placidly in the steam of the new silver urn when Hugh entered. His manner always had a firm, sure restraint, the armor forged by temperament and breeding; but I

could see by the pupils of his eyes that he was white-hot with excitement.

"I've been having an interview with Mr. Folsom," he observed, trying not to explode his news.

Elise rang for fresh tea and reached for the rum. "Sit down and tell us, dear," she said. But he was too much wrought up for that. He paced the new six-hundred-dollar rug, then stood looking down at her golden head as if they were still on their wedding journey.

"This is the situation," he said, trying to keep his voice even. "Mr. Folsom's made me a peculiar offer—sort of a prize set to win."

Elise and I were growing quivery. Hugh was adding cream to the lemon, sugar and rum already in his tea, and he swallowed the remarkable beverage without even knowing it.

"It's like this," he explained. "Old W. H. J. wants a new perfume—something that will make the trade sit up and take notice. Anybody can change the proportions of the heliotropin or the terpineol and add a fluffy-ruffles name; but he believes that America can produce something vitally new, something that will mark an epoch. Do you know about Tiemann?"

"No—tell us!" breathed Elise, infected by his suppressed excitement.

"In 1893 Tiemann, in Germany, invented ionone," he stated impressively, "and the world was swept by a wind of violets. That's the biggest chapter so far in the history of modern perfumes. What Mr. Folsom wants is that I should write another chapter like that."

"You can, dear!" cried Elise.

He smiled. "I've been making experiments in a synthetic rose for some time by myself, and to-day he caught me at it in the laboratory, and went off like a bomb. 'My idea is only sketchy, unpractical as yet,' I told him; but 'Man alive,' he said, 'don't you know it's nothing short of inspiration? If you can perfect it, you'll have the cost of manufacture cut in half, and a rose truer to nature than the flower itself! If you—'" Hugh paused.

"Go on," breathed Elise.

"It comes to this. I seem to be on the verge of a wholly original discovery, which will blend the poetry of sweet odor with an unheard-of margin of profit. It would be an innovation to manufacture. So much would it mean that—"

"Yes?" just whispered Elise, her eyes riveted to Hugh's.

"My child, the sum offered me for perfecting that discovery is so staggering that I wont risk striking you with it all at once, but will break it into bits and let you have them one at a time."

"Hugh!" She was panting. She ran to him, flung her arms up over his neck. Some flowers she wore brushed him—her favorite Gold of Ophir roses, the pinkish-gold tint she loved, sent her all the way from California. So faint was the fragrance that some might have called them scentless, but he caught it.

"There, I'd like to give the perfume just that shading!" he exclaimed. "A hint of tea rose, and yet different—"

"Make it that, my favorite flower!" said Elise.

"Good!" he cried. "Gold of Ophir it is!"

I sprang to my feet, cup raised. "A toast!"

We were mad for the moment, as if the wonderful thing were within our grasp. The very name called up shining visions. We held aloft our cups, flushed, throbbing. "To the Gold of Ophir!" we cried, and drank—to what, we little guessed then.

FROM that day Elise's extravagance, which had already surprised me, grew at a frightful pace. The prize which Mr. Folsom had offered Hugh was indeed fabulous; and Elise, with her childlike faith in her husband, felt it as good as won.

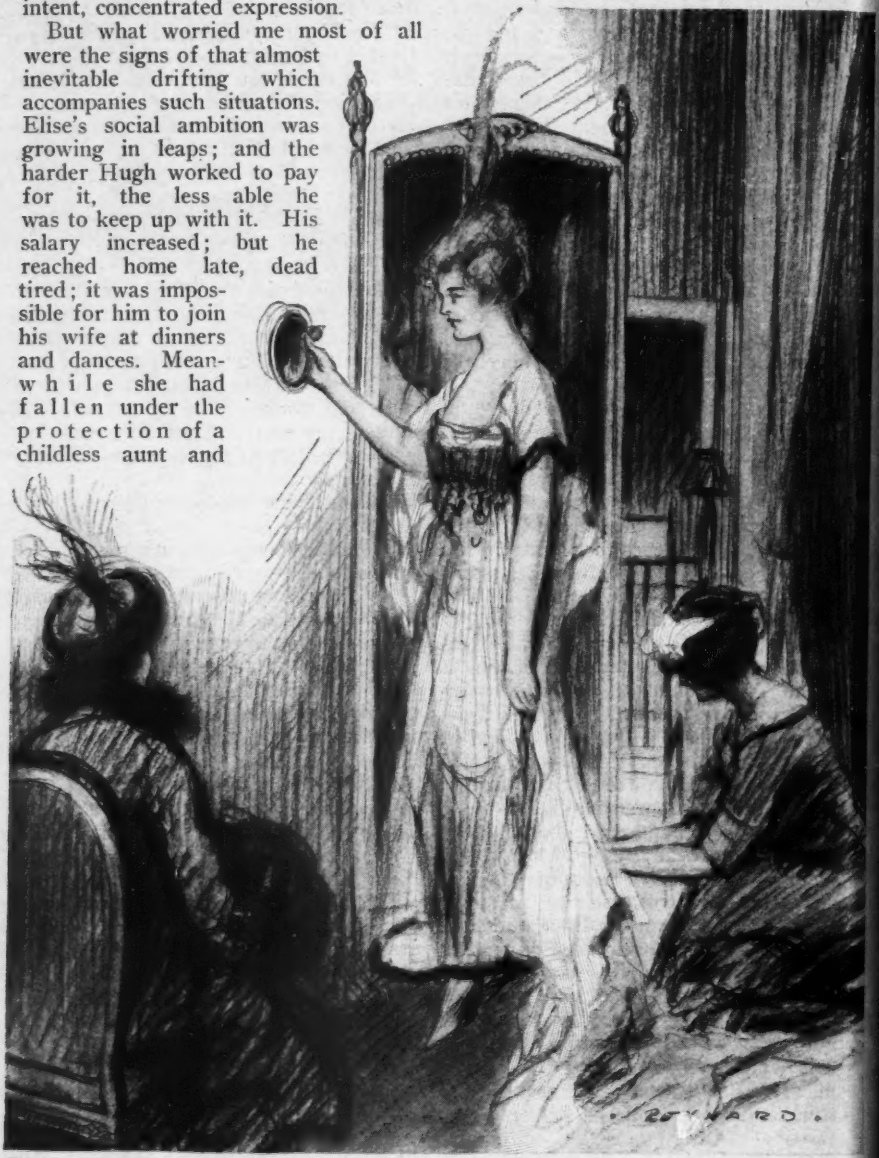
"But Leezy, chemists sometimes work years before they get the magic combination," I said.

"On the other hand, Harriet, he may light on it any minute."

This, too, was true. The history of chemistry is full of maddening delays, of divine surprises. If work could achieve, Hugh must be near success, for he was toiling long over hours, often cutting out lunch, and not leaving the

works until the rest of us had all gone. It was telling on him terribly; lines were sketching themselves into his tired face, there was a muscular sagging all over his body, but no relaxation in his intent, concentrated expression.

But what worried me most of all were the signs of that almost inevitable drifting which accompanies such situations. Elise's social ambition was growing in leaps; and the harder Hugh worked to pay for it, the less able he was to keep up with it. His salary increased; but he reached home late, dead tired; it was impossible for him to join his wife at dinners and dances. Meanwhile she had fallen under the protection of a childless aunt and uncle who were taking delight in promoting her socially. She was radiantly pretty these days, flushed by her new prosperity; and she had a sort of sophisticated childishness which



On the way home I dropped in to watch Elise dress for a dance. . . . . "You're the Gold of Ophir rose, young woman," I said.

made her personally irresistible. The result was a whirl of gayety for her—lonely evenings with pipe, smoking jacket and scientific volume for him.

It was on a frantically busy morning that Hugh came hurrying from the laboratory to my office, apron on, hands stained with chemicals.

"Elise wants us to come at once," he panted.

"What is the matter?" I asked in alarm.

"Can't make out. She 'phoned—seemed terribly excited—Central cut us off, and all I got was that she must have us at once at this address." He showed me a Riverside Drive number.

I dashed for my hat, explaining to Mr. Folsom that an emergency called, and followed Hugh to a taxi. We hardly spoke all the way, both rigid with anxiety, conjuring up every possible calamity.

Elise, rosy and beaming, met us at the entrance of a palatial apartment building.

"I've found it!" she cried. "It's perfect! Tenth floor." Before we could find speech she had piloted us to the elevator, to a front apartment whose windows pompously commanded park and river.

"There!" she murmured, "aren't these rooms perfect for entertaining? It's the one ideal apartment for us!"

There was dead silence, and Hugh's eyes struck me as a trifle dangerous. At last he asked: "Elise, is this what you called us away from vital business for, on a Monday morning?"

For an instant she wilted. Then she ran and put her hands on his shoulders. "Hugh—dear!" she coaxed, "I hated to interrupt—but you just had to see it by daylight! Think of that view! Why, it's worth double the price!"

"And what *is* the price?" he inquired brusquely.

"Hugh, dear—it's more than we're paying, of course, but Auntie says I simply must have a suitable background if I'm to entertain—"

He snatched himself from her hands: "What I want, Elise, is not a background—it's a home," he said, and flung out. As we left her, pouting and petulant, I wondered if this could be the same Elise who had so cheerily bruised her poor little thumb putting up marvelous bookshelves in their cottage living-room—to surprise Hugh.

A week later he said to me bluntly: "We're moving."

I looked up in query.

"Yes," he replied. "It's the Riverside Drive apartment." There was a pause. I thought how unutterably weary he looked. "It's up to me now, to pay for this higher plane of living," he added, with a tired, cornerwise smile. "It's find the Gold of Ophir, or—" He ended by drawing from his pocket a handful of letters. I recognized them as bills.

"Hugh, you mustn't—" I began.

"Harriet, don't! She was so game through all those years!" And, recalling the bruised thumb and the rolling-pin and the songs which had accompanied her baking, sweeping and mending, I retreated into a worried silence. But whither was it all leading?

As soon as they were settled in the new apartment, there began a series of receptions, dinners, lunches and teas which dazed me.

One afternoon Hugh proposed that we should telephone Elise to meet us at a certain restaurant for dinner. "I haven't seen my wife for a week," he said. "The boy has brought me sandwiches so that I could go on working in the laboratory through dinner time, and when I reached home Elise was either out at some party or surrounded by a swarm there—in which case I enter by way of the fire-escape not to risk being seen by guests. I'm too tired, Harriet, to dress and play host. And I have breakfast and leave before Elise is awake. So I'm going to quit early and give myself the treat of dining with my wife, if she's free."

He called her up and found that she happened to have no engagement, by lucky chance. We were to meet at seven-fifteen. We chose a palmy nook in the restaurant and waited. "How late she is!" Hugh began to mutter, as seven-thirty passed. Seven-forty—at seven-forty-five we caught that little flutter near the door which marks an

arrival. We looked; there entered a radiant vision.

We were dazzled, like everyone else. There was the sudden flinging back of a cloak, the revelation of shining, pale-gold draperies, white shoulders, crown of gleaming gold hair piled high and topped by a delicate gold aigrette—

"It's Elise!" I gasped. I glanced at Hugh; he was frowning heavily and his lips tightened. Then, without a word, he went to meet her. Knowing his hatred of display, I realized what his annoyance was at her coming, garbed to attract all eyes, to our quiet little party.

She was chattering, Elise-fashion, as they approached. "So sorry to be late, dearest, but the hair-dresser took so long. Oh, Hugh, I've been looking at the most beautiful chandeliers—when we have a house of our own, near the Avenue—"

"Don't count your house until it is hatched," he said briefly.

"But it's almost hatched, dear—it's breaking through the shell!" She smiled confidently up at him and patted his arm. "Gold of Ophir's the watch-word! Oh, here come Aunt and Uncle —they were delayed outside."

I saw Hugh's face change. He disliked them both and never counted them relatives, although he called me, merely a friend, one of the family. "Do you mean they're dining with us?" he asked sharply, "—our little family reunion?"

"Hush!" she whispered. "They came in for tea after you 'phoned, and I couldn't very well help bringing them along—" They joined us.

A wet blanket had fallen. Hugh barely tried to be civil; Mr. and Mrs. Du Mond were dull; Elise's chatter grew nervous under the strain, and I found myself futile. When at last the demi-tasses were empty I felt a vast relief. Surely, I thought, the elderly couple would have the tact to go their way, and let this man and wife seek a quiet, restoring evening in their own home. But what was Elise saying?

"Is it after nine, Hugh dear? I'll have to go, much as I hate to."

He looked up quickly. "I thought you said you had no engagement."

She showed signs of embarrassment. "I didn't have one—when you telephoned. But Auntie is in town unexpectedly to-night, and she wants to take me to the Sandersons'—"

"It is most important, Mr. Lounsbury," put in Mrs. Du Mond in a deep voice of dominant finality. "The position of the Sandersons is such that Elise cannot afford to miss the opportunity." Elise's splendor was explained now.

"Please be nice about it, there's a dear," his wife wheedled. "And next time we'll have the whole evening just to bill and coo in! Good-by, Hugh boy!" But he stood like wood as the three departed.

He turned to me. "If you're not in a hurry, I'd like a highball," he said in low, repressed tones.

"Nobody but my bulldog waiting for me," I replied.

Diners were drifting away; the music was stopping. Hugh sipped in silence; instinctively I held silence too, feeling that he needed a sympathetic presence more than words. He was watching the amber tremors in his glass; suddenly he set it down with almost a crash.

"My God, Harriet," he said. "Do you know that I love that woman?"

He paused.

"I loved her when I used to pull her yellow curls," he went on; "and later, when I called her 'Miss Stuck-Up,' because she pinned them up; and when she began to bloom out, like something in a garden, and her throat and her arms and her breast and her hips took on the look of a woman. I loved her when her hand lay on that arm and we walked down the little old church aisle, and I've loved her ever since—"

He leaned his elbow on the table and his head sank into his palm.

For seconds I did not speak. Then I said:

"Hugh, I am a woman, which is a handicapped creature to be when it comes to getting off a car in motion. But it involves certain advantages; and one is the knowing more than any man can know about other women."

He looked at me. "Well?" he asked at last.

"This, for one thing, I know: *Your wife loves you.*"

But he sat staring, wordless, at the amber tremors in his glass.

SO matters ran on through the winter. One March evening I left the office so tired that I was temporarily feeble-minded—it was the kind of feeble-mindedness in which one goes back four times to see if she has locked her desk and then comes away leaving her most precious keepsake, a little jade and ivory tablet, gold-mounted and of rare value, hanging on the water-cooler's faucet.

On the way home I dropped in to watch Elise dress for a dance. She was in her gold tint; beneath it was a glow of pink satin which warmed her delicate skin. "You're the Gold of Ophir rose, young woman," I said.

She flushed with the quick, childlike delight which a compliment always roused in her. "Do you like me? Do you think I'll be a success?"

I searched her eyes; then I laid my hands on her beautiful bare shoulders. "The success that counts, is to have Hugh doing the *Romeo* act on bended knees, little girl."

She pulled away petulantly. "All he cares about are those $C H_3$ things," she pouted. "He wont go to parties."

"Do you know where he is to-night, Elise? He was leaving the works to go to his scientific club and thrash out problems with some wonderful European chemists who are in town. He went because it may help him to succeed—for you. And he'll come home pretty soon, tired and—" But I broke off. She still pouted, though absorbed in the cheval glass. "Well—it's home for me," I observed, and just then I missed the tablet which had hung at my belt. "I've got to go straight back for it," I declared.

Of course this was foolish; but it was an invaluable keepsake to me, and I was over-nervous from weariness. The women who cleaned the offices before morning might not be honest. And there was no one to answer the telephone at this hour. Nor could I feel satisfied to trust a messenger.

That is how I came to go alone to the Folsom works between ten and eleven on the night of March sixteenth.

The factory and the adjacent office building were almost dark. I approached the latter, again with that reasonless shudder; the watchman answered my knocking.

IN my office no jade tablet was to be found. Perhaps one of the cleaners had pocketed it for its gold mounting, but I disliked thinking so. It occurred to me that Hugh, who had happened to be there when I left, might have recognized my trinket and taken it.

In that case the matter would be easily settled. I called up the scientific club. But to my astonishment the secretary informed me that Mr. Lounsbury had not been seen that evening.

I was amazed. Hugh was the sort who keeps engagements. And he had counted this most important—what could have prevented him?

Anxious, I crossed the bridge to the other building. Everywhere was dead silence. Along dark corridors I groped my way, past huge copper vats filled with extracts, to Hugh's laboratory.

No light shone above the door. This should have been enough to turn me back. I do not know why I went on; a strange compulsion drove me.

A curious odor, faint, sickening, crawled toward me and licked my face. It was wholly unlike the familiar odors of the factory.

I went straight on past the vats to the black door and put my hand on the knob. It stood to reason that the door would prove locked for the night, and yet I took hold of the knob and rattled it. It gave; the door opened. The long room was black and dead still. The odor, a sickening chemical fume, rushed forth from the darkness—it comes back to me now, suffocating, hideous, whenever I think of that night.

Then I reached, fumbled, found the button—the light flared on.

At the far end of the room Hugh lay crumpled, an unknowing heap upon the floor. We made out afterwards that

he had struck the drop light as he fell, switching it off.

For a moment a foolish human fear seized me—the fear of going to him, the fear of things dead. Then I hated myself, and went. "Hugh!" I said as I touched his hair. But I knew that he could not hear.

Kneeling over him, I stripped off my glove and reached a hand in under his coat. At first I trembled so that I could not tell; but at last, faint almost to extinction though it was, I made out a heart-beat.

It seemed an interminable time before I could find the old watchman, call the nearest hospital, get the ambulance, and see Hugh in doctors' hands. I went along to learn the verdict.

They were ghastly minutes in which I waited for men who knit their brows more and more anxiously as their examination proceeded. My data were enough to show that, although Hugh's burns were not very severe, the shock of a laboratory explosion had caused heart-failure, many months of overstrain having brought him to the brink of it beforehand. Finally, "Bad case," the head physician summed up. "May live—but better send for family."

With these words ringing in my ears I went forth. My heart sank as I approached the telephone and called the house where Elise, that radiant little figure, would be now, in the midst of revelers. While I waited for her to be summoned there came over the wire an uncanny sound—the far-off, etiolated notes of a hesitation waltz.

FOR weeks Hugh hovered in that borderland through which we felt him slipping from us. At times the doctors gave us little hope—indeed there was one day when they despaired utterly. Then there came a rally—a sinking—a stouter rally. Then three days more of suspense, and we were told that Hugh would live.

He was brought home, and now the long, dragging days of convalescence began. So slow was the process that we realized as never before how far he had spent his vital forces. He must have been on the verge of a complete breakdown before the shock came to complete the work. How he had strained, tense, ceaselessly striving, to find the Gold of Ophir secret, the one perfecting link in his chain of discovery! And now, as I watched him creeping back to life, I wondered if he would ever be able to take up his pursuit again.

One day I approached the doctor privately. "How long," I asked, "will it be before Mr. Lounsbury can resume work?"

He shrugged. "You don't suppose, do you, that man will ever see a laboratory again? He's a complete nervous wreck. Lucky if he's able to raise chickens."

For weeks of this torturing convalescence Hugh scarcely spoke. He was entirely conscious, feebly answered our questions, but he appeared in a dreamy detachment from life.

Then something happened.

Elise and I sat embroidering beside his bed one Saturday afternoon. We thought he was asleep; suddenly he started up, his face alive, strained, wild.

"The formula!" he cried. "I found it—the Gold of Ophir!"

Elise was stunned into silence. "All right, old man," I said soothingly, thinking this a vagary of the poor, tired brain.

He brushed me aside. "I'm not crazy. I know what I'm talking about. It struck me—the solution of the problem—that night, just as I was starting for the club. I went back to the laboratory—tried it out—it worked. . . . . I can't remember how it was done—"

His voice tapered off with weakness. Then all at once he started forward again.

"I must have written it down somewhere—I always do!" he cried. "There must be notes! Hunt for them!" With that, exhausted by the violence of his fervor, he fell back, limp and still.

I looked at Elise. She was speechless. But I knew that she realized, as I did, that Hugh's mind was clear, that this was the truth. There was something in his own vivid conviction that told us this.

OUR realization of this grew surer as the days went on. Hugh talked again and again of his discovery, and there was a sureness about his statements which no one could doubt. Obviously, he had found the magic combination. Little by little he gathered up bits of his chain of recollection, which had been shattered by the shock. It was a freakish display; certain trifling details stood out plainly in his memory, while vital points were hopelessly missing. Over and over he traced his return to the laboratory, his opening a bottle of a certain essential oil, fairly trembling with excitement over his promising idea. Then he recalled a certain process of heating—and then followed a blur, until there came a blinding instant in which, alone there in the night stillness, he had shouted "Eureka!"

Further bits were recalled, fitting in, and adding conviction. "A testing slip!" he cried one day, suddenly out of a silence. "When I finished the perfume, I put some drops on a testing slip—it was perfect! Look in my pockets!"

And in the pocket of his working coat we did actually find the perfumer's testing slip of prepared paper; it was faintly fragrant with an exquisite scent of rose!

But there was no way to analyze this elusive fragrance, and the process by which it had been achieved remained a blank. It was as maddening a case of loss of memory as shock ever produced.

He clung to the belief that he must have written down the steps of his process as he went along, a habit of his, and we left no stone unturned in our search for the precious jottings. We went through his notebooks, scrutinized every card and envelope in the coat's pockets. It was like him to scribble his records of time, temperature, amounts, on any stray bit of paper that came to hand—even his cuffs sometimes received valuable formulas. The refuse of the explosion had revealed heaps of broken glass, splintered wood, buttons from Hugh's coat, my jade tablet,—which he had picked up as I guessed,—his pipe (he recalled one day that the absent-minded lighting of this had caused the disaster), and bits of charred cloth and paper. No doubt one of the latter had contained Hugh's priceless notes, rendered illegible.

Although the vain search was discouraging, we all took it as a matter of course that when Hugh should be better he could work out the problem again, having once solved it. We urged him to drive it from his mind for the present; but he could not, and we would come upon him frowning, wrenching his tired brain in the effort to recollect.

"Perhaps it would come back to you in the laboratory," I said.

This struck him as a hopeful thought, and we induced Hugh to be patient until he was well enough to visit the factory.

On the appointed day I went with him. He leaned on my arm as we passed the familiar vats, and entered his laboratory, where he could be in the midst of familiar bottles and purring gas-jets, all associated in his mind with every step of his work. Then I quietly withdrew.

I was cold with excitement when I returned. I expected to be greeted with a repetition of that lost "Eureka!"

Instead, I found a despairing man sitting staring at the apparatus. "A total blank!" he groaned, and his head sank upon the table.

AND so it came to pass that the Hugh Lounsburys gave up their New York life and retired to a cottage in New Jersey. And here began the most astounding chapter in their married life. They were poorer than ever, and the world was rose-colored. I looked on, at first in amazement, then in overwhelming delight. All the tragedy of their prosperity, the threat of a broken tie, had vanished; in its stead was such a reunion as I had never anticipated. Elise was once more singing over a labor-saving dish-mop, was driving her own carpet-sweeper with as much enthusiasm as if it had been an electric runabout. She practised on the cheaper cuts of meat and worked out new puddings for Hugh. He beamed over

every culinary surprise, named his hens for grand-opera singers, and told her that pink gingham made her look like a bouquet. They were absorbed in one another, new lovers all over again. The Gold of Ophir and the fortune it might bring had been consigned to the attic of dreams. And Hugh was really well again, although he might never, perhaps, return to the nerve strain of scientific work. At any rate, not for an indefinite time.

It was wonderful and beautiful. I had suffered torments over the dire prosperity I had brought upon them, but now I took heart. Blissful poverty had triumphed, and they were to live happy ever after and raise chickens.

IT was months after the change in their circumstances that I opened a drawer one day, looking for some ornament to brighten a dark dress. The jade tablet lay there—just the thing, that note of brilliant green! I had not worn it since it had been found in the laboratory débris, I remembered.

Idly toying with it, I turned back the covers from the ivory leaves. I had never used it except as an ornament—a business woman would naturally find it a child's plaything. So when I noticed memoranda upon its first leaf I was puzzled.

Rough, half-faded pencil jottings they were—surely I had never made them. Letters, figures in groups—it was Greek to me, but I recognized the appearance.

It was a chemical formula, with data —*and in Hugh's writing.*

With a queer, faint feeling I sank into my willow chair as the truth rushed in upon me. This trinket of mine, instead of a scrap of paper, had come to Hugh's hand that night when he seized upon something—anything—on which he could jot his priceless notes. What was more natural? He had made similar records in the past on his cuffs, on a pasteboard box, on the telephone book, once on the paper in which his noon sandwiches had been brought—discovered just as it went into the waste basket. And yet I had put away the tablet unopened. In all these months we had never thought of it, and here it had lain in my dresser drawer, guarding its secret. Here in my possession had lain Hugh's wealth all this time—at any moment I could have revealed the lost secret of the Gold of Ophir.

I sat staring at it, trying to collect my senses. Should I run to Hugh and Elise, wave the tablet aloft—should I shout my news over the telephone?

A deadening chill struck me at the thought: prosperity again menaced my friends! It would dash their renewed romance to the ground, would again rouse Elise's worldly ambition, push her from Hugh—

The tablet became suddenly hateful. It compelled me to work ruin once more.

I reached for my telephone. "North Leonia 41—" I began.

"North Leo— Never mind, Central. Not just now, after all."

I set down the telephone heavily. I must think.

Riches again. Elise—a vision of gold satin as of yore—a restless straining pervading her spirit. Hugh, deserted through lonely evenings.

Once more I reached for the telephone to call them. Then a strange impulse possessed me. I cannot explain —it was one of those things that could never be done deliberately—but at that instant I seized a wet desk sponge which lay before me, dashed it over the tablet's ivory face. Not a letter, not a figure remained. The Gold of Ophir had gone forever.

My own act dazed me. I stood there stunned, wondering whether I had been mad or preternaturally sane.

My telephone rang. "Hello, Harriet," said a familiar masculine voice. "Come to dinner to-morrow, can't you? We're going to have Emmy Destinn roasted with giblet gravy. Nothing like it—this simple life, a man's own vine and fig-tree! Believe me, Emmy will make a better dinner than we ever had at the Ritz or the Plaza."

An Idol of the Fillums

LEONARD FORSYTHE (NÉ MC-GARGIGLE), HANDSOME HERO OF THE MOVIES, MAKES A STATEMENT OF FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS

By I. K. Friedman

Author of the "Art Furber" series and other humorous sketches

ILLUSTRATED BY F. FOX

ONLY yesterday the boss calls me off the floor of the studio, and he says to me:

"Forsythe, there's a newspaper cricket in the office which wants to have a talk with you."

"He surely seen my work in 'An Honest Thief,' 'Saved by a Sinner,' 'The Cruel Lites of Broadway,' etc.," I says. "I told you it wouldn't be long before I climbs up to the top of my profession. I defy you to name any actor who's got anything on me except reputashun. You'd better raise my salary," I says, "before I asks you to double me."

The boss frowns when he hears this like always when the toppic of money comes up, and he growls: "Don't kid yourself, McGargigle. If there was a smaller studio than mine anywheres you would be working in it."

Right here I must stop my peace to explain that the boss always calls me McGargigle, which is my real and not my stage name, when he has a grouch or a bun on him. Also I wants to say he most always has a grouch or a bun on him and sometimes generally both.

So, to cross over to where I starts from, when he calls me by my real name in front of everybody, it makes me sore, and I says to him: "You'll be paying me a double salary for this insult—one salary to McGargigle and one to Leonard Forsythe."

"When the two of you together makes one decent actor, I will," he says. "Meantime, take my advise—spit that quid of tobacco so you can keep your tongue between your teeth. We aint started to take no scenes in 'Pirates and Petticoats' yet, so I can get along without McGargigle or Leonard Forsythe, either."

THE "Art Furber" letters formed a series that was one of the most popular humorous features THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE ever published. If anything, "An Idol of the Fillums" is even better. It is the first of a new series by Mr. Friedman.

"All right," I says, for there was no use to argue with the boss. He has no eddication or culture at all. He comes up from the gutter by his own efforts, and I don't think he ever reads no book through in all his life. As for me I was always reading and studying to improve my mind so when my chancet comes to shine in society I can shine there. But I aint the kind of a guy which would blow his own bazoo when all the world, including Europe, will soon be blowing it for me. I aint like some of them cheap actors which has to hire a press-agent to blow their horns. My work before the camera blows its own horn and don't need me or no press-agent to blow the same.

HOWEVER, I can talk all about myself some other time. Just now I must talk about the newspaper guy, which has a gloomy face on him and is a little bit of a man about the size of a watch charm or something even smaller, so a swell judge of human natshure like me knows right away he aint got no sense of humor. So it was no use for me to start off with one of my jokes, which a lot of would-be movie actors is saying I steals off somebody else. All right, I steals them jokes which they aint got brains enough to think up for themselves in ten thousand years. Or even longer. But if they are, in their own estimation only, greater actors than me, why aint they got brains enough to think up them jokes which they says I am stealing off somebody? It is a cinch I never will steal jokes off them, because nothing they got, including jokes, brains, etc., is worth the trouble to steal.

I aint like some people whose names I wont mention out of kindness to 'em. If I was the only actor in the studio they wouldn't need to have locks on the lockers. They could take the locks off the lockers and nothing—no, not even money—would be touched. Of course, all of them skates being jealous of me says if anything is took that I am the man which has tooken it. So I am glad the locks is on the lockers. Now they can't blame me for whatever is swiped, which them skates would do if they wasn't afraid I would punch their heads. Besides also I am glad the locks is on the lockers, because I don't want even to be tempted. I have got principals, and I want to keep my principals. Principals is more than money or what is in them lockers.

HOWEVER, to get back to what I was talking about, the newspaper runt, as I says, was waiting for me in the office, and when I comes into the office he jumps up, shakes me by the hands and says: "Mr. Forsythe, I'm writeing an article for the Sunday papers on 'Home Life of the Favorites of Filmdom' and I didn't want to leave you out of it."

"You couldn't very well," I says, and he looks at me to see if I was in earnest, which I was. "You're the third cub reporter which has been around to get an article off me since I appeared in 'The Cruel Lites of Broadway.' My work was the talk of the moving-picture world. Of course you seen the peace."

"I did," he says. "You was the guy which drove the taxicab over fifty feet of fillum, wasn't you?"

"No, I wasn't," I says, "and if you stick that in the paper about me I'll punch your head."

"Very well," he says, "we'll leave that out. We can spare it. There will be plenty more to say."

"You bet there will be," I agrees. "You can put in the article that Mr. Leonard Forsythe, the handsome leading man of the Crown Multiscope Company, whose work is the talk of the moving-picture world, has been offered ten thousand a year by a Los Angeles manager, but—"

"But what?" asks the runt.

"Now you got me," I says. "I don't want to go it too strong and I'll leave the rest to you. You're writeing the peace anyhow, not me."

"YOUR wishes shall be respected," he smiles. "I will surprise you by what I put in. Now before I goes on to ask you what I want, is there anything else you would like for me to say?"

He chases me a week to hand me back the plugged dollar I slipped to him.

"Yes," I says, "you can write down that my fort is putting over mental stuff. When I thinks, everybody can tell I am thinking. You don't need no cut-in to say: 'Here Leonard Forsythe, the handsome leading man, stops to think awhile.' See? They knows I am thinking just as well as they knows I am handsome.

"Also," I says, "I want that you should come out strong and deny that I am wearing a topee, a wig, etc. It's funny how them stories gets out, but there is plenty of guys around which if they can't put nothing else onto you, they puts false hair on you. Also you can put down that Francis X. Bushman seen me in 'The Cruel Lites of Broadway' and he says to me: 'McGargigle'—I mean Forsythe—'the public don't know it yet but you got it all over me. What I wants to do is to make a clean-up and get out of the business before you gets started. So keep this under your hat,' he says, 'and give me a chancet to crawl from under.'

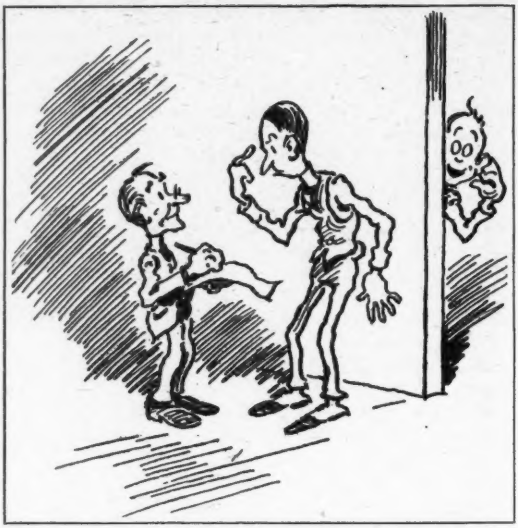
"Since I promised Bushman I wouldn't tell nobody about this, you can say you heard it from Dan Frohman or Bill Brady. I wouldn't go and promise a man something and then break my word! That aint my style. I'm on the level. If the rest in the profession was like me, moving pictures would be elevated to a high moral plane. Most of 'em in the game is so mean that they will borrow a chew of tobacco off you and run off with the plug and never show up no more.

"But," I says, "for Gawd's sake, don't put nothing in the peace about me chewing tobacco. It would kill me with every dame in the land. All the mothers in America would be disappointed if they knowed I was doing something which they didn't want their sons to do. They take their sons to see me in a peace, and they says to 'em: 'That's the kind of a gink I want you to be when you grow old enough to take in the prize-fites, dog-fites and horse races, from which I want you to stay away. Mr. Leonard Forsythe, the handsome leading man, never in all his life went to a prize-fite or a dog-fite. You can bet your life on it, sonny!' So if you put in the peace that I chews tobacco, you might as well stuff the big pay envelopes I am going to get with feathers. See?"

"I see," he says. "I'm glad you told me about the tobacco, because I wants to know all about your personal habits.

What is your favorite form of recreation?"

"I just told you it was prize-fites and dog-fites," I answers, and then seeing I makes a mistake I says: "If you put that in the peace I will punch your head. I was only joking. My favorite form of recreation is reading. I have read all the works of Laura Jean Libby. You can say I reads them for the stile and not the story. She has a grand stile. I have also read 'The Flossy Mill' by George Eliot. He is another grand writer. I wanted the boss to produce 'The Flossy Mill,' but he says to me, 'Forsythe, come down to earth and don't climb over the heads and shoulders of the publick. It will be another ten years before the publick is ready for a peace like "The Flossy Mill." The great publick wants punch; they never will come acrost with a dime for stile!' My wife says the same thing. She says I reads too much. Only the other nite she grabs the works of William Shaksbeer out of my hand and—"



"Also I want that you should come out strong and deny that I am wearing a topee, a wig, etc."

"So you're married?" he interrupts me.

"Yes, I am," I says, "though I was a big fool to get tied up at the beginnin' of my career and a bigger fool to tell you I am trotting double. All the stage-struck single dames in the land would pass me up if they dropped to the fact that I have been hooked in already. My old woman knows it too, and she dassn't show her face even around the studio. So I will 'preciate the favor if you leave out about my being spliced. You might say instead: 'Leonard Forsythe, the handsome and rising young leading man, is rumored to be engaged to Lillian Russell'—or somebody like that. See? Also say: 'He denies this. His ideal being a quiet home life and the joys of the fireside. He gets all the art he wants at the studio, and when he comes home he wants to talk about something else.' This will make all the Molls out in the green hills sit up and take notice, I bet. Do me the favor and get me engaged to Lillian Russell or Olga Nethersole even, and I'll fix it with the boss to slip you in free some time to a moving-picture show."

"You're too kind," he drawls, sarkastick. "Have you any children?"

"Are you kidding me?" I asks. "Look here." And I pulls a pitcher out of my pocket and shows it to him and says: "Here's the bunch. Beat 'em if you can! Five of 'em, and each alone in his class. They're what *I* am to pitchers—billed for first place. The one here on the left, that's Jimmie. He's seven and a born scholar. I'll tell you what kind of a kid he is. The teacher says something to him he didn't like, and he thrung his geeography at her head.

"I told him he ought to be more careful, the book standing me 97 cents. But he says: 'I don't take no sass from nobody. You wouldn't neither, Dad.' 'You bet I wouldn't, Jimmie,' I says, and I gives him the other 3 cents to spend for candy, and he goes and buys cigarettes. That's the kind I'm raising."

And just when I was telling the

newspaper runt about Jimmie, the boss sticks his head through the door and yells: "McGargigle! I want to see you about something!" which makes me so darn mad that when I comes back I forgets all about the photo of the family which I gives the scribe and never asks for it at all. And he never offers to give it back to me of his own free will neither. How many people is there in the world decent and honest enough to give you anything back after you gives it to 'em oncet? In all my life I only meets one, and he chases me a week to hand me back a plugged dollar I slips to him. A square guy like me gets all the worst of it, but I would rather get the worst of it oncet or twicet than go around suspecting everybody of being a thief and a swindler, which they are.

Well, anyhow, after I gets back into the office again, the scribe chews the end of his pencil and he asks me: "Are you religious? Do you go to church on Sundays?"

"Between us strictly," I says, "I don't. When Sunday comes I am glad to sleep until 2 o'clock, which is too late for church. My religion is to give everybody a square deal and to watch everybody close so he can't do to me what I would do to him. This aint just what I want to say, but you knows what I mean. My religion also is not to put up a bluff and pretend to be a lot of things which you aint, but to look everybody straight in the eye and tell them just what you are. See? My religion is not to play the game of life with marked cards or use loaded dice, because them tricks is about as old as Adam, and unless you can spring something new you had better stand to take chancets that the other guy is afraid to use loaded dice and marked cards too. Such is my religious principals, but it wouldn't do, me being in the publick eye, to stick that in the paper. You can say, even after working hard all Saturday and Saturday night, I gets out of bed at 4 o'clock Sunday mornings so as I can attend early mass. See? Lots of your readers go to different churches, too, I suppose, so you'd better say I goes there too. Say I spend Sundays going to all the churches so that will please all your readers. You can also make up a peace about me refusing to play in any pictures which are tooken in a church, because in my opinion this drags pictures and churches down from a high moral plane they should occupy. In my opinion, you can say, churches is too holy to be fillumed to amuse the publick, which can get all the amusement it needs in pool-rooms, etc. This is a excellunt idea because Charlie Gould, who has the swell head, is in a picture called 'Won and Wooed,' the big punch of which takes place in a church, and if we print this it will kill the picture on him. He will have to take out the church scene then, and the picture and him will fall flat. I aint telling you this on account of my being jealous of Charlie at all, but only because his work is rotten anyhow, and if he got the chancet he would pull the church or anything else out on me. In the newspaper game it's different, but in pictures you got to use noodle and brains to get ahead. Also this will give you a chancet to work in a peace on the side, showing how everybody is jealous of me and how I am jealous of nobody. A man which is in his own class all by himself don't need to be jealous of nobody, for there is nobody for him to be jealous about."

When I thinks, everybody can tell I am thinking. You don't need no cut-in to say: "Here Leonard Forsythe, the handsome leading man, stops to think awhile."

"This is a good idea," he says, writing something down.

"YOU bet it's a good idea," I says. "If it wasn't a good idea, you wouldn't be getting it off me. I'm giving you all kinds of good ideas for your peace. Is

there anything else you would be wanting to know about me? About my favorite dish, or how good I am in comedy? If so you would be doing me a favor if you would hurry up to ask it, because my time is money. It is not as much money as it will be when all the managers will break their necks to hire me away from the boss, but I pulls down a nice peace of change a minute. Also it would be another good idea to say this is the first time I would let anybody interview me free of charge. This will be a drawing card for you. You can say it was harder for you to get anything out of me for your paper than it is for me to get more money off the boss. You can say I lets my work before the camera blow its own bazoo for itself.

"You could start off your peace by saying: 'Mr. Leonard Forsythe is the most modest and handsome leading man in the profession.' Play this up strong! It would look good in the paper. You could wring in some big words in on me. You could use the words artistic and soulful often. You could say my work is soulful; that I am an artistic dresser and that I am found of soulful jewelry. Oh, yes, you could say that I have hundreds of canes, necktie-pins, rings, etc., which my admirers is sending to me from everywheres. This would start them rings, canes and pins on their way to me and then I will pick out a big pin for you. Would you like a diamond or a pearl for yourn?"

He stalls and says he don't care for pins, and then he asks me: "What parts do you like to play best?"

"I like to play all parts," I says. "I can eat up any part that was ever given to me. I defy anybody to give me a part that I can't play better than anybody that ever took the part. There is another idea for you. You can say 'Leonard Forsythe offers a prize of $500.00 to any man, woman or child in the U. S. which will send him a part he can't play. This will advertise me. Then you can fix it with a friend of yourn to send me in the part of a wild animal or something and he can win the $500.00, which I can be owing him for a while, until my salary is $1,000.00 a week. See?"

SO he thanks me for giving him all those grand ideas and says he will write an elegant peace about me, and leaves. Then I goes back to the floor and tells everybody there will be a whole page about me in the paper next Sunday. This makes them all feel good, about as good as if the director tells 'em to jump off the ice into the lake, and Bella Belmont, the leading woman, whose real name is Schoenberg, says to me:

"It seems the papers is finding it hard work these days to get enough stuff to print."

"Not hard enough up to print a peace about somebody who thinks she can act," I says.

"The papers will be coming out empty before they prints an interview with her," I says.

"The only interview she will ever get," I says, "is the interview the boss will be giving her when the fillums is developed and he sees how her bum work has ruined my artistic work. This interview," I says, "will last only two minutes. The interview will be: 'G o o d - morning, Miss Schoenberg. Good-by, Miss Schoenberg.' Maybe I will buy a necktie off you when you gets back your department-store job!"

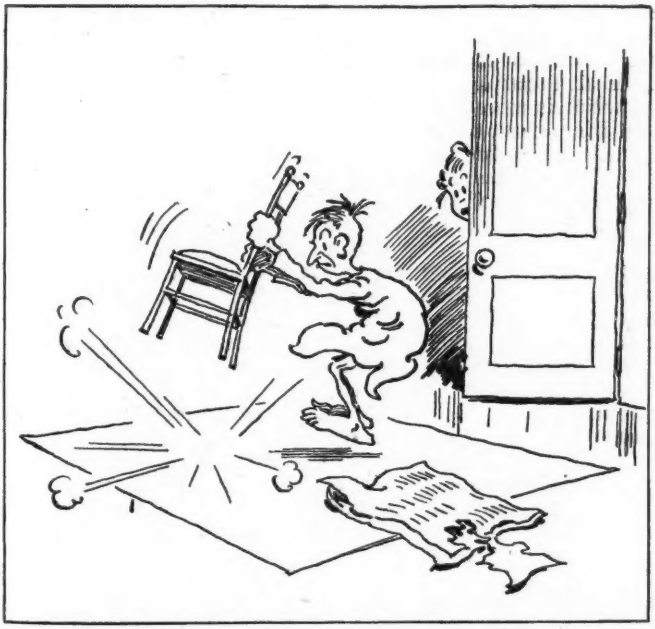
This was immense sarkasm and everybody laughs, and that old hag gets red in the face and she hollers at me: "Well, if you are going to get me fired in your imaginatshun, the best you can do is to pay me back the 50 cents you borrowed off me for lunch yesterday. I will need the ½ dollar and if I don't get it right now I never will be getting it."

Everybody thought this was funny and they laughed, although I could see nothing funny or smart in it. When you come down to it what was there funny about it? There was nothing funny or sarkastic about it. Besides it was all a lie. I never borrowed no money off her. It would be a waist of time only to try. Also it would be a waist of time for her to try to borrow money off me, which she done often.

Anyhow the mean lie which she told made me so mad I couldn't say nothing. Only for that I would have told her something, you can bet. I would have told her: "You got me mixed up with your second husband, which is tending bar around the corner. It took him a whole week to borrow the ½ dollar off you, which is why he don't show up for work," I would have told her. "Or maybe it was your first husband, the waiter in the cheap Chop Suey joint, which gets the ½ dollar off you. The reason why you can't hold no job even as a cook," I would have told her, "is that you got too much imaginatshun and too little memory. This is why you forgets all the money you have had off me and imagines that I has ½ dollar off you." I would have told her—

BUT what is the use anyhow to tell anything to a woman? I have got all I can do to be thinking up sarkasms for my wife and her family, without worrying my head about no other women. Besides, which is a well known fact, wimen has no brains and even good sarkasms is wasted on them. I often wishes I had back the good sarkasms which I has wasted on my wife to spring on the boss. My wife don't care about sarkasms, art, etc. All she cares about is what is in the envelope every week. An envelope full of the finest sarkasms in the world would mean nothing to her.

Just now I must get myself back to this peace which this skate of a runt sticks in his cheap newspaper about me. The peace was to come out Sunday A. M., which means, I guess, after the moon has gone in. So on Saturday nite I sets my alarum clock for 4 A. M. because I wants to see the paper early and read for oncet the truth about myself. All my life I have heard a lot of bum actors tell lies about me, and the truth would be a nice change for me. Also I reads enough of the works of others, Laura Jean Libbey, George Eliot, Shakesbeer, etc., and it is high time I was reading my own works on myself. "There will be some stile to this work in the newspaper about me," I says to myself.



When I seen that, I knew what he done to me in the rest of the peace, and I thrung the vile sheet away from me, and jumps out of bed and seizes a chair and pounds with the same on the floor.

But when my wife sees me set the alarum clock for 4 A. M. she gets mad and she says I could read about myself just as well at 8 o'clock. "I will bet my head on it,"

she says, "that it will be a grand roast on you."

"If you bets your head you wont lose much," I says.

"That's right," she says, "change the toppic of conversation from roasts to heads. But you don't make me change no toppic of conversation. When I starts a toppic of conversation I sticks to the same. And all I got to say is you makes all kinds of a fool of yourself by telling that newspaper reporter you would punch his head, etc. You are always going to punch everybody's head, but the only head I ever seen you punch was mine."

"You shut up," I says. "I don't need you to be telling me whose head I should punch. I got sense, I guess. I have punched as many heads as anybody. I aint like your brother, the cheap prize-fiter, which only lets his own head get punched so his relatives could lose lots of their money on him. He should take up fancy dancing and quit prize-fiting. Your whole family put together aint got enough brains to make one lite weight prize-fiter."

"You leave my family out of it," she says. "My family is all decent honest respectuble people, which is more than I could say, without lying, about somebody else's family. Also if my brother was smart enough to throw the last fite, that is his business. He don't tell you how you should be acting in moving pictures, does he?"

"You bet he don't," I says. "Moving pictures is art and what does anybody in your family know about art? If your father would listen to me, he would rub the word *artistic* out of the sign which says he is an artistic barber. It makes me sick everytime I looks at that sign and thinks what he done to my hair when he cuts it last. Also while we are on this toppic, I wish you would tell him he shouldn't jaw to me so much about how I should act in pictures and how I shouldn't act, or why my work is bum, etc. If he was such a great cricket of pictures he wouldn't be running a barber shop; he would be running a newspaper."

This was red hot sarkasm, but I knowed what she would say in her come-back so I didn't give her no chancet to say it, and I says instead: "If you thought you could get a peace of change off me, you would sit up all night long to get it, but when it comes to getting up at 4 A. M. to fetch me a paper which has a swell write-up on me, you would be mean enough to let me get up and get the same myself. All right, I will get it myself."

She grins to herself and says nothing, which makes me madder than if she had said something, because if she had said something I could have sprung some more sarkasms on her. There is no getting along with her at all. As soon as I am pulling down $1000:00 per week I will show her. I will get a divorce off her. Why should I divide a $1000:00 a week with a wife like her and get for it nothing but her cheap sarkasms? I got enough sarkasms myself without hers.

Only to keep looking at her face is a sarkasm. She has a face on her like an animul cracker, and for $1000:00 a week I could buy barruls of animul crackers.

It is bad atmosphere for art. Also the atmosphere will be made still worse by her family as soon as I gets the $1000:00. The barber and the prize-fiter, which is a fancy team, will be putting up 24 schemes an hour to get money off me. They will say: "There are 7000 ways to borrow money off a man and we knows only 3000. All right, we will sit rite down and learn the other half. We can fix up prize-fites and dog-fites on him and throw the fites. We could rig up a roulette wheel in the house and show him how he can beat the wheel. We can have him meet friends which has inside tips on the races. He thinks he is such a wonder at bridge wiste so we can learn him bridge wiste between times. We can tell him his work is not artistic and that will take his mind off the cards."

THINKING of all them things gives me the headache and it was 3 A. M. before I could get my troubles off my mind and falls asleep. At 10 o'clock my wife wakes me, though I tells her after working hard all week she should

let me sleep, and she says: "Here is the paper with the write-up; it is a grand write-up. After you reads the write-up, you will want to pull the covers over your head to hide your face. Or maybe you will want to crawl under the bed. Or maybe you will want to commit suicide on yourself, so I have hid your razors and—"

"Shut up!" I hollers. "I told you only to bring me the write-up. I can read it for myself."

"If you would only be reading it for yourself," she says, "it would be all right, but the trouble is everybody else will be reading it. The neighbors is all reading it. My brother 'phones he has red it."

"He is a liar!" I says. "What he means is that he has had somebody read the same to him. Your brother which throws prize-fites can't read. He couldn't even read a one cent paper. He couldn't even read the X with which he sines his name."

She can't answer this sarkasm of course, so she slams the door on the middle of it, and I picks up the paper and looks for the write-up. I didn't have to look hard. That runt went and printed the photo of me and my family, and it hits me in the eye. Under the photo was the line: "Puzzle—Find Leonard Forsythe's topee."

When I seen that, I knew what he done to me in the rest of the peace, and I thrung the vile sheet away from me and jumps out of bed and seizes a chair and pounds with the same on the floor. My wife hears the noise, and she comes in and says:

"Well, I sees you are enjoying the grand write-up. If you wait a minute I will bring you another chair to brake, then you can enjoy it some more. When the chairs is gone, I can bring you the kitchen table."

"You had better keep the table," I says. "You will be needing the kitchen table and all the other luxuries you have had off me. I am going to skip this one-horse town and go somewheres where art like mine is apreciated."

"You will be traveling some then," she says. "You will be spending more for R. R. tickets than you draws in salary. If you takes my advise you will stay right here and drive a nail through your job. A roast is better than no write-up at all. Everybody will be talking about you now. You will be the talk of the town."

"For oncet in your life, you are right," I says, "so I guess I will not shoot up that runt. He can thank you for his life. I will write and tell him if it wasn't for you he would be dead."

"Oh, yes," she says sarkastic, "it will throw an awful scare into him! It is a well known fact that people who talk loudest shoot straitest," she says.

"Then your brother the prize-fiter would be a dead shot," I says.

"Now you stop your cheap sarkasms and listen to me," she says, "or I will get a divorce off you. If you are smart you will stick right here and tell everybody the write-up was a funny write-up and that you wanted a funny write-up to boost you in funny plays. You can say—"

"I know what to say," I says, not wanting to give her the satisfactshun of telling her she has a good nut on her shoulders, because if I had of told her she would be claiming she has got as good a nut as me. Then she would be saying she has a better nut on her.

"All right," I thinks, "but I will show her something when I am pulling down my $1000:00 a week. Also when I am getting the $1000:00 I will pay somebody $500:00 to beat up that scribe. Why should I do meanial work when I can afford to have the same done by somebody else? I guess I could even get it done for $250:00, or maybe for $100:00. I could get my wife's brother to do the job for $50:00 because he is cheap. Anyhow I could promise him $50:00 for it so the job would cost me nothing at all, which is all it would be worth. Besides if I paid out my good money to have that scribe beat up there would be no satisfactshun in it for me, there would only be satisfactshun in it for him."

AND while I am thinking of all them things the door of my room opens and the prize-fiter and the barber comes

in. They have not even got manners enough to knock on the door before they kicks it open. And her brother which throws prize-fites grins and he says:

"We thought we would come in to see how you was feeling after that elegant write-up."

"You could save yourself the trouble to ask how I feels," I says. "I am feeling the same as you feels after you was knocked out at the end of only the third round by Jerry McGowan, the kid you said you could whip with your right hand tied behind your back. Now you knows how I feels."

"This is sarkasm, I suppose," her father butts in. "I suppose also it was sarkasm when you says I has a nerve to call myself an artistic barber."

"I never said it was nerve," I says. "I said it was impudence. Besides if my wife sends you two in here to start something, you'd better get right out because I aint in the mood for starting nothing this morning."

"Well, I'm in an elegant mood," says the prize-fiter, "and I guess I will have to slap you on the ankel unless you take back what you said about our family."

"All right," I says, "I will take it back. The old man is an elegant barber. He is an artistic barber. I would rather go without a shave for a year than let anybody else but him cut me. And you never tossed no prize-fite. Also Jerry McGowan never whipped you at the end of the third round because you knocked him out at the end of the first round. Also your sister aint a good wife to me. She is more than a good wife—she is a angel with wings all over her. I am a brute, and she is too good for me. Now are you satisfied?"

"I am more than satisfied," he says. "I am tickled to death with your sarkasm. You can take this for your sarkasm," and he throws out his right to paste me one. I dodges it and starts to come back at him when the old man, fearing I would kill his son, for him, slides between us and holds us apart and says: "Sunday is no time for a rough-house. We might all get pinched. Let's call it off and go out to the park and have a swell time. I will treat."

"All right," I says. "I am the last man which would carry around a grudge in his heart."

So we shakes hands and forgets what the row was about and goes out to the park with all the kids and the angel. We had a fine time and the day ends pleasant after all, only the old man sticks me for the car-fair going and coming. He is liberal only with his mouth. But I expected it and did not feel so bad about the car-fair, because if I don't want to get stuck when I goes out with her family, the only thing for me is to stay at home, and if I stay at home then there is sure to be a card game or a rumpus, which is worse.

What's Going On

UNUSUAL PICTURES OF THE PEOPLE WHO DO THE THINGS YOU HEAR ABOUT

At right is Helen Marie Osborn in the part of a ragged urchin—a rôle to which, by the way, she is not averse. Barefoot parts especially appeal to her.

Below, Henry King, leading man and director, is consulting with his leading lady, Helen Marie Osborn, on a scenario. The camera-man in the background is George Rizard.

The Youngest Leading Lady on the Screen

SHE is three and a half years old, is Helen Marie Osborn, and she's a leading lady—the youngest in motion pictures.

She plays all sorts of child rôles for the Balboa producing organization on the West Coast, boys' parts as well as girls', tragedy as well as comedy. And she has an artistic temperament. Said her director: "Helen, in this scene I shall have to spank you."

"No, thir," said Helen. "I'm going right home to my Mamma. I wont play—so now!" And she went.

As Mr. Morris looks to himself.

Photograph by Alman & Co., New York

Gordon Grant (above and at right), illustrator and contributor to the humorous weeklies.

W. C. Morris, cartoonist for *Harper's Weekly*.

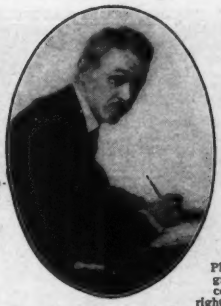
Photograph by Brunel, New York

From a caricature by himself.

A caricature of Donald McKee by Herb Roth.

Donald McKee (above and at left) and R. B. Fuller (at right), regular contributors to the comic weeklies such as *Life*, *Judge* and *Puck*.

Fontaine Fox, magazine and newspaper illustrator and cartoonist, sketched by James Montgomery Flagg.



Photograph copyrighted, 1915, by Moffett Studio, Chicago

A photograph of Fontaine Fox

Ralph Barton, of *Puck's* staff, and (below) "when I was facing the *dangers* in war-ridden France last summer."

Photograph copyrighted by Arthur D. Chapman

A snapshot of Mr. Voight.

C. A. Voight (above at left) and a caricature of him by Kerr. He is a newspaper-syndicate comic artist and a regular contributor to the comic weeklies.

David Warfield in "Van Der Decken," a new play, founded on the legend of the Flying Dutchman, written for him by his manager, David Belasco.

Jane Cooper, David Warfield's new leading woman. She is shown here as she appears in "Van Der Decken."

Photograph copyrighted 1916, by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the theatrical producer, and his wife Billie Burke, the actress, at Palm Beach.

Photographs by White, New York

The three men who made "Katinka" one of the substantial musical-comedy successes of the New York season—Rudolf Friml, the composer; Otto Hauerbach, the author; and Arthur Hammerstein, the producer.

Minnie Dupree (at left), the actress, at home.

Photograph by White, New York

Francine Larrimore (below), a young actress whose work this season seems to have established her on Broadway.

Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

This is Charlotte Greenwood, of the long arms and lower limbs, in "So Long, Letty," the Morosco musical farce that has been enjoying prosperous runs in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Chicago.

Photograph by White, New York

Sybil Carmen as the *Balloon Girl* in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic." She wears a white brocaded satin dress, trimmed in silver, and a silver headdress and silver-toned shoes. The balloons are silver-tinted.

Photograph by Mishkin, New York

Edith Wynne Matthison (above at left), who is Sir Herbert Tree's (above at right) leading woman in the great English actor's production of "Henry VIII," which opened his Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival in New York.

Photograph copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Cecil Lean and his wife Cleo Mayfield, on Fifth Avenue. They are appearing together in "The Blue Paradise." Note Miss Mayfield's Russian boots.

Photograph by Ira L. Hill's Studio, New York

Kitty Gordon and Jack Wilson, in "A World of Pleasure."

Photograph copyrighted by Alice Boughton

Yvette Guilbert, the famous concert singer, who has returned to America for a series of public appearances.

The most recent photograph of Lou-Tellegen, the actor, and his bride Geraldine Farrar, the grand-opera prima donna.

Rex Beach, the author and Fred Stone, the actor, out on a duck-hunting expedition. They are great fellow-sportsmen. Mrs. Beach and Mrs. Stone are sisters.

Frederick Palmer (above), the war correspondent, at the front in France. Mr. Palmer has reported all the great wars of recent years.

Gertrude Atherton (below), the novelist.

Photograph by Rockwood, Jr., New York

Harris Dickson (above), author of "Old Reliable" and other stories.

Avery Hopwood (below) photographed during a recent visit at Nice. He is the author of "Fair and Warmer," "Sadie Love" and other popular farces.

Rupert Hughes (below), the author and playwright, in uniform as a captain in the New York National Guard. It will be observed that the famous Hughes mustache is no more.

Photograph by Cornelia Burbank

Above: Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of the "Penelope" and "Rebecca" stories and other well-known works of fiction.

Photograph by Carpenter, Los Angeles

Kathlyn Williams, the well-known film actress, as she appears as *Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra*, in the Selig photoplay.

Photograph by Hoppé, London

Doris Keane, the American actress, has been London's favorite player during the war-time season. She is shown here in "Romance," which has been given more than two hundred and fifty performances in the English capital.

Florence Rockwell (left), the actress, is combining motion pictures with legitimate-stage work under Morosco direction in Los Angeles.

Margery Maude (right), the actress, daughter of Cyril Maude, the actor, is highly talented.

Photograph by Hartsook, Los Angeles

Photograph copyrighted, 1915, by Victor Georg, Chicago

Photograph by Sarony, New York

Photograph by White, New York

Kay Laurell, in the Ziegfeld "Follies."

Photograph by White, New York

Marion Davies, wearing an unusual costume in the "Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic."

Frances Cameron in "So Long, Letty."

Photograph by Hoover Art Company, Hollywood, Calif.

A striking photograph of Mae Murray, of Lasky films.

Marie Doro and her husband Elliott Dexter (both shown at right) first met last year when they were in the revival of "Diplomacy." Here they are shown in Florida, on their honeymoon, during which both took part in the Famous Players picturization of "Diplomacy"

Above: Mrs. Winchell Smith, wife of the playwright, and Jack Hazzard, the actor, dancing on the lawn of the Smith home near Farmington, Conn.

Photograph by Fraser Studio, San Francisco

Beatriz Michelena, the light-opera star, has gone into motion pictures for good and all—she says.

Photograph copyrighted by Paul Thompson, New York

Ethel Plummer, the artist, in her studio.

Well-Known American Drama-Critics

Laurence Reamer, of *The New York Morning Sun.*

Burns Mantle, dramatic editor of *The New York Evening Mail.*

Amy Leslie, dramatic critic of *The Chicago Daily News.*

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood, New York

Alexander Woollcott (above), critic of *The New York Times.*

Photograph by Sarony, New York

Heywood Brown, dramatic critic of *The New York Tribune.*

Below, at left: Walter Edgar McCann, dramatic editor of *The Baltimore News.*

Frank A. Marshall (below at right), dramatic critic of *The Kansas City Journal.*

J. Willis Sayre (at left), dramatic critic of *The Seattle Times.*

Leone Cass Baer (at right), dramatic editor of *The Portland Oregonian.*

Photograph by Cutherth, Portland, Oregon

DON'T TRUST THE MAN

By George M. Cohan

DON'T trust the man who's finding fault with everything in sight.
Don't trust the man who praises things—says everything is right.
Don't trust the man who never frowns, but's smiling all the while.
Don't trust the man who wears a scowl and never wears a smile.

Don't trust the man who falls in love with every young coquette.
Don't trust the man who says he ne'er loved woman yet.
Don't trust the man who's careless; he's the root of every strife.
Don't trust the man who leads the perfect systematic life.

Don't trust the man who sets his watch an hour ahead each night.
Don't trust his watch—he doesn't trust it, or he'd set it right.
Don't trust the man who says that Shakespeare's plays should rest.
Don't trust the man who says that Shakespeare's plays are best.

Don't trust the man who wishes he were dead, for he's a cad.
Don't trust the man who says I'm glad I'm living; he's as bad.
Don't trust the man who shows his disrespect whene'er he can.
Don't trust the man who tips his hat to every other man.

Don't trust the man who tries to int'rest you in a Trust.
Don't trust the man who says the Trust he's going to try to bust.
Don't trust the man who forgets to answer letters that you wrote.
Don't trust the man who writes the long unnecessary note.

Don't trust the man who wants a contract binding years beyond.
Don't trust the man who wants no contract —says "his word's his bond."
Don't trust the man whose manner changes when he makes a hit.
Don't trust the man who makes a hit and doesn't change a bit.

Don't trust the man who never speaks about his home or wife.
Don't trust the man who confides in you the story of his life.
Don't trust the man who says a glass of wine he never drank.
Don't trust the man who says they ought to hang the temp'rance crank.

Don't trust the man who curses cards for losses he's incurred.
Don't trust the man who'll lose and grit his teeth without a word.
Don't trust the man who studies life beneath the serious cloak.
Don't trust the man who says that life is nothing but a joke.

Don't trust the man who says that it's a coward who will pray.
Don't trust the man who says he goes to church three times a day.
Don't trust the man who slurs each race and creed excepting his.
Don't trust the man who isn't proud to be just what he is.

Don't trust the man who's so and so. I might go on and think,
And tell of men you shouldn't trust, and waste a lot of ink.
Just put your trust in God and put your money in the bank;
Then for what you do or get you'll have none to blame or thank.

A Playwright's Views On:

The Spirit of Modern Drama

DEALING WITH THE SOUL, FOR THE FILMS HAVE ROBBED THE STAGE OF THE PHYSICAL

By Louis K. Anspacher

Author of "The Unchastened Woman," "Our Children" and other plays

DRAMA is the one great democratic art, for people can have in the theater whatever they wish, if by their suffrage in the box-office they only vote early and often. All great drama is hopelessly contemporary, and people to-day desire more than ever that their dramatists shall reveal the spiritual significance of their lives, no matter how commonplace they may be. For the artist, however, nothing is commonplace. He has the magic wand that reveals the spiritual essence of all that *appears* commonplace.

In another sense, drama is also the most democratic art; for dealing as it does with the elemental human emotions, it has somewhat the service of religion in that it ties people together by their common human impulses, their common sympathies, their common joys and their common sorrows. That poet or creator in the theater is the great poet who has the touch of nature in his art that can so democratize an audience as to make the twenty-five-cent boy in the gallery akin to the two-dollar lady in the stalls.

The drama of any period gives the essential spiritual aspirations agitating the souls of the majority of the people of that time. History may present us with the facts, but the drama of the period gives us the inner fountain-sources of motive that make the facts. If you wish to know about the glory that was Greece, you get more of it in the dramatists Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides (the Bernard Shaw of Greece) than you can get in the historian Grote. If you wish to know about the spirit of England in her most expansive and national period, Shakespeare will give you more of Elizabethan England than Greene or Froude or the other historians. If you wish to know about the Jesuitical casuistry behind the political currents of Spain in the fifteenth century, study their dramatists Calderon and Lope de Vega. If you wish to know the fountain sources of German union and solidarity that are so manifest in the present war, study their great dramatist Schiller. Schiller is the spiritual handbook for the ideal of German nationalism. Finally, if you wish to familiarize yourselves with the perplexing and conflicting currents of individualism and social convention in modern life, study the dramas of Ibsen, and his successors Sudermann, Hauptmann, Dumas *Fils*, Rostand, Pinero, Shaw and the others.

WE all know that the essence of drama lies in the conflict of wills; and different periods in dramatic history furnish different motives for that conflict. The dramatist is forced to say to his hero or heroine: "Will *badly* if you must, but *will*. Come into the moral category, at all events." We've got to have some conflict; and in our modern overconscious transitional period, we find the hero or heroine maintaining a conflict against the tradi-

Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

Louis K. Anspacher.

tional social ideals of one kind or another—*e. g.*, Ibsen's *Nora* exclaims: "I must first of all find out which one of us is right, society or myself;" Sudermann's *Magda* exclaims: "I am I. I am myself, and I must not lose myself!" and she says, further, to the pastor who is the depository of all the traditional ideals of self-sacrifice: "To grow greater than one's sins is worth all the purity you preach." Shaw maintains, in almost every controversial play he writes, that in a society organized as our society is to-day, it is impossible for one man by himself to be moral. I could go through many of the other modern dramatists and indicate the serious psychological and ethical concerns that provide the elements of conflict on the modern stage.

The coming of the moving picture has contributed a tremendous impetus toward the new kind of play. The old-fashioned plays of hair-breadth escape in the imminent deadly breach, the plays where the indomitable hero held up the broken bridge while the train with the heroine in it passes over his straining shoulders, the plays with the muscular punch—the plays of physical melodrama—seem to have had their place usurped by the moving pictures, for there seems nothing in any of them that cannot equally well, or perhaps even better, be done by the films than by actors. You will recollect that in that excellent melodrama "Within the Law" we had the nucleus of the future possibility of dramatic effect for the "movies;" for in that play even the pistol was noiseless—they used a Maxim silencer.

Now, with this growing monopoly of physical action usurped by the "movies," what is left for the real theater? Since the Temple fell in Jerusalem, the world is full of poor prophets; but it does not take much oracular divination to foresee what is already present. At its peril the legitimate drama to-day must be different from what the screen provides. We demand of our dramatists more than ever to-day that we shall have more drama and less play-writing, more internal action and less hair-breadth escape, more mental punch and less physical punch, more thought and idea and less blood and brawn—or if we have blood, it must at any rate be blood that has circulated above the collar. At its peril the legitimate drama of to-day must be more legitimate than it ever was, or leave the field; for we cannot expect people to pay two dollars for the same kind of thing that they can see in the "movies" for ten cents.

In other words, audiences demand to-day of the legitimate dramatist that with his additional vehicle of dialogue he shall do more than the "movie" man can do with his inserts. At his peril he must give us ideas; and conformable to this tendency, modern legitimate drama is dealing more and more with internal action and less and less with external. We are interested more and more in the states of people's souls, and are not so concerned with the position of their bodies with reference to the other members of the cast.

After this mention of all the Titans it seems a far cry to any discussion of my own work. I only make bold to deal with my own plays because, firstly, I have been asked to, and in courtesy I ought to comply with that request, secondly, because I presume to know something about my own work, and lastly, because the smaller the boat, the more likely is it to be dragged in the wake and the tide of the big ships going out to sea.

CONFORMABLE to these before-mentioned tendencies and perhaps unconsciously influenced by them, my two latest plays, "Our Children" and "The Unchastened Woman," were written. In "Our Children" I attempted to dramatize the most abstract and yet the most august protagonist of the world—namely, Time itself. It is a play of two generations—the one so conservative that it has apparently no need of progress; the other so progressive that it forgets the ladder upon which it has climbed. Time makes the animosities, and the mellowing of time makes the reconcilements in the play. The big movements of the day—economical independence of woman, trade

unionism, the right to individual happiness, the question of how best to educate the next generation—all these things pass with silent footfall across the stage, or tap with ghostly fingers at the windows and are unheeded by the very people in the cast who become tragic figures on account of their obstinate deafness. It is a play on the tragi-comedy of parenthood. We rear our children to be independent of us; and when they really become independent, they break our hearts.

The serious modern theater has developed also in a direction that is a little amazing and disconcerting to the lovers of the sweet old sympathetic plays. Until a few years ago we were deluged with what, for lack of a better term, I might call the elastic play. This composition discovered to us in the first act a lover and a lass, with a rubber stretched between them. The lover pleads eternal fidelity, and the lass—alas!—accepts him. But we are told that the course of true love never does run smooth. So in the second act we are more or less prepared for some roughing of the amorous waters. The curtain of the second act presents us with strained relations; the rubber is somewhat stretched because, forsooth, the hero has kissed the wrong girl. In the third act the rubber is stretched to the limit of its elasticity because, forsooth, the lover has kissed the wrong girl *twice*. It looks hopeless for the happiness of the ogling, oozy ingénue until in the fourth act an old servant enters and says: "I have been man and boy (or woman and girl) a servant in this house for over forty years, and, my dear heroine, the young lady that you *thought* the hero kissed, was indeed not a young lady but was his grandmother."

The rubber promptly regains its elasticity and snaps them into each other's arms for the final curtain, which is lowered impressively to the cadence of Lohengrin's "Wedding March."

To-day, on the contrary, in serious drama—and by serious drama I mean comedy as well as tragedy, for comedy is serious at least to one person, the author that writes it—we realize the truth that some of us were inclined to forget when we entered the theater—namely, that the altar is not the place where the problem *ends;* it is the place where the problem really *begins*. In other words, our chief actors in the ultra-modern play are quite likely to be married people.

ANOTHER startling thing that confronts us in the modern theater is that the old-fashioned category of sympathy, which was thought so highly necessary to a characterization, may sometimes be abandoned. Shaw at least has taught us that. Old-fashioned sympathy was one of the easiest things in the world to achieve: Enter a workingman with a dinner-pail. He is met at stage center by another workingman. The first workingman is soberly dressed, apparently well fed and informs the audience that he is "steady." The second workingman has no dinner-pail; he is rather blue at the lips, hollow at the eyes and trembling in the hands, and he informs the audience that drink has been his curse and that he is a "bum." He approaches the self-respecting workingman and asks him for a quarter, which the magnanimous hero promptly gives him. Henceforth and forever through the play he is the generous hero. He has given his pal a quarter, and the audience applauds him. They however do not see the family of the self-respecting workingman who needs that quarter far more than the corner barkeep does; but this does not matter. Shaw has pilloried this kind of generous sympathy. In "Major Barbara" a character calls poverty a crime.

The old romantic hero *had* to be handsome. Rostand in "Cyrano" created a new kind of romance—the romance of the spirit, notwithstanding the deformity of the flesh.

There is still another kind of romance that has found its way upon our stage—romance that lies behind sympathy, and might be called, for lack of a better term, the romance of power. You admire *Caroline* in "The Unchastened Woman" for that unscrupulous power that is in her, even when you sympathize with the poor humans

against which this destructive power is discharged. It is no longer a question of sympathy; it is a question of the sheer power of utter egoism. After all, there are only two kinds of strong people in the world: the very good and the very bad; and all the other half-people are more or less their victims.

In "The Unchastened Woman" I attempt to present in terms of comedy a study of the limits to which utter individualism can be driven. *Krellin* is called the anarchist in the play; but it does not take an audience long to discover that *Caroline* is the real anarchist of the most dangerous type. She has all the protections of wealth, convention and society with which to surround herself. *Krellin* has nothing. *Caroline's* husband has sacrificed his right to interfere, because of infidelity; so she holds the whip-hand over him. *Caroline* has never committed the one sin which would sacrifice her power over her husband, and so he must canter to her wish. He says to her: "You have broken all your vows but one; I have kept all my vows but one," and she—laughs.

In the period of the Renaissance, we frequently come across men and women of utter unmorality, but who at the same time are endowed with a great esthetic sense. Ibsen studied such a one and got her characteristics under the skin of *Hedda Gabler*. Strange to say, this type of esthetic egoist is not an uncommon one in America to-day—where the woman has for so long enjoyed the protections with which man surrounded her as the weaker sex, as well as the privileges but none of the responsibilities consequent upon her legal status in marriage. Our social system tends to develop in that kind of woman the utter unscrupulousness that I have tried to put in *Caroline*. However, all these tyrannies create their own Nemesis, and she, who had never cared for her own husband, was doomed to meet the very man whom she could never really get.

"THE STORY OF THE UNCHASTENED WOMAN"

HUBERT KNOLYS, a rich manufacturer, and *Caroline Knolys* have been married for several years, but have drifted apart. She is, at heart, unscrupulous, accustomed to having her own way in spite of everything, tricky, untrustworthy, amusing herself by flirting with other men. But she has never been caught.

Lawrence Sanbury is a young architect, poor but ambitious, married to *Hildegarde Sanbury*, a social worker. They are very happy. But *Sanbury*, studying abroad, meets *Caroline Knolys*, and she falls in love with him, feeling real love for the first time. That he is married makes little difference to her; but to him, in love with his wife, it does.

Caroline has prevented her husband from getting a divorce from her by holding over his head evidence of relations with *Emily Madden*, a newspaper woman, for whom *Knolys* has the greatest respect. He would not expose her to notoriety. *Emily* has now fallen in love with *Michael Krellin*, a newspaper reporter of Socialistic tendencies.

Caroline begins to work upon *Sanbury's* ambitions. She has him remodel her home, which requires that he use a room in it for a studio. And she gets him other commissions. She traps him into kissing her, and then tells his wife. At a dinner at the *Sanburys'* she tells *Krellin* of the past relations between his sweetheart, *Emily*, and her husband.

And then *Knolys* gets evidence, the first he has ever been able to obtain, against his wife—proving her love-making to *Sanbury*. *Sanbury* deserts her in the crisis, and rather than lose his wife, promises to testify against *Caroline*. And she, with hopes of *Sanbury's* love gone and fearing the scandal of a divorce, gives in to her husband's pressure that she sign a statement swearing to the untruth of the charges she made against *Emily Madden*. Having signed the statement, however, she prepares to leave, but at the door she turns and in a concise, smiling speech makes, by inference, poor Emily's case many times worse. The *Sanburys* are reconciled.

Mrs. Murtha is an incidental character, *Mrs. Sanbury's* servant.

ON closer examination, *Caroline* is really not so victorious as she seems. Her husband says of her: "I believe you seriously cared for this young man, and the disillusionment has come and hurt you far more than you will ever confess. Yes, you cared for him." She looks up quickly, and he continues: "Oh, there is hope in that. I did not think that it was in you." And all the time he is saying that, *Caroline* realizes that as far as her young man is concerned, she has been only the golden ladder upon which he climbed to pluck the golden fruit for *another* woman. That is the real secret of *Caroline's* malice. She is unchastened—true enough; but her malice has in it some elements of disillusionment and revenge.

People have remarked at the quietness of the stage management of this play. In the climax of the second act Miss Stevens and Miss Norman stand one on either side of a table and do not move for a long scene. It is excavation technique. They are digging deeper into each other's souls, and running about the room with their bodies would only obscure the issue. I have been told the play is unconventional in many respects. I did not write it with anything in view but the idea which I wished to express; and it seemed natural to me to allow the *idea* to inform the *technique* rather than to impose a traditional technique upon the idea. Consequently I felt no violence to the rules in allowing my least important character to take the most important curtain; because *Mrs. Murtha* in the play represents in idea the large human impulse of forgiveness and tolerance, and after the wound has been made, it is proper that she should be the force to attempt to heal it.

Mrs. Murtha, the old charwoman, is the exact opposite of *Caroline.* She does not take men seriously; she considers that they are all children; but when she projects herself between a husband and a wife, she gets a bruised eye that is in some measure a physical parallel to the wound in the soul of *Caroline,* which has been made vulnerable by her affection for *Lawrence.* In the last act some of my friends had some doubt as to whether or not the play was not over with the exit of the unchastened woman, but the idea that I wish to convey is that she goes on her devastating path and leaves the two people whom she had wronged to assemble the fragments of their lives as best they can.

The play, in other words, does not end with the exit of *Caroline;* so why bring down the conventional curtain on her exit? I have been asked many times why I did not chasten her. Her husband could not—he tried for many years; society could not—she manipulated society so as to be always protected; her friends could not, and her enemies could not—so what chance had I?

HOPE FOR THE FALLEN

CHARLES W. COLLINS, the dramatic critic, who is noted for his footwork in the mazes of the dance and his fine judgment of neckties, appeared recently at the Chicago Art Institute's Mardi Gras. Everyone was in costume; and early in the evening everyone danced with everyone else. Collins, with his usual fine perception, picked out as his partner a dainty young person garbed as a queen of the harem, and danced with her.

"I'm Mr. Collins," he said, in introducing himself during the one-step. "I'm a dramatic critic."

"I don't care if you are," returned the young lady, with charming ingenuousness. "I think you are a perfectly splendid dancer."

Children of the Dust

WHEN SCIENCE EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SCHEME OF LIFE

By Hapsburg Liebe

Author of "God Bless Bill," "The Measure of a Soldier" and other stories

ON the north edge of the Black Cactus Desert, around a little night-fire of catclaw and mesquite, tumbleweed stalks and piñon, sat six of us who hailed from the old Three-Bar-O. There was Lo I Hang, the slant-eyed and pigtailed Chinese idiot, who cooked for us—you'll find out later why I give his name first of all; and Holton, who was as perfect a specimen of manhood as I've ever seen, and who was periodically afflicted with the *Wanderlust* disease; and Day, a youthful Tennessean who had come to the West to be a bold, brave outlaw and had been laughed out of it; and Parham, a bank-clerk who had left his home town back in Vermont for ample reasons; and a bearded fellow from nowhere, whose destination was nowhere, whose real name we had forgotten because the nickname "Glum" suited him so much better; and—me. I have soldiered, newspapered and cowboyed. It was a bunch to bid on!

Holton and Glum wrangled over the long, long questions every evening when the day's work was done. Whatever other failings Holton may have had, he was a firm believer in the existence of a Beyond, and Glum was not. I can't remember exactly what it was that Holton called Glum when he was maddest at him, but I know it was either a damned atheist, agnostic or infidel. Glum held out that man was an animal, pure and simple; he said that we were all children of the dust, and like flies or rabbits or horses, with the exception that we were lots worse than any of them. He had a long line of arguments that satisfied him immensely; and sometimes when I happened to have a fit of blues on, they appealed to me somewhat. But they never, never appealed to Holton.

Close beside Glum sat Lo I Hang, the slant-eyed and pigtailed Chinese idiot, watching and listening. He didn't like the silence. He looked across the fire and to the thoughtful face of Holton, and nodded and winked. Lo I Hang understood a great deal of English, and the chief delight of his narrow existence was to hear Holton and Glum wrangle over the long questions —and the more the swear-words, the better he liked it.

"You makee smart talk, Mist' Holton!" he finally begged.

Both Holton and Glum frowned. Glum took a tumbleweed stalk from the fire and lighted his cob pipe, and began to emit clouds of strong smoke. Day, the youthful Tennessean, winked at me.

"Say, Holt," he said soberly, "if you knowed positive and beyond all possible doubt that we wasn't nothin' but children of the dust, as Glum there says, what would you do?"

HOLTON sat up straight on his soap-box. "If I knew that," he said,—and Lo I Hang bent forward eagerly,—"I would keep it strictly to myself and keep right on talking the other way. Either that, or I'd kill myself to get rid of the possibility of telling the awful truth in my sleep. That knowledge would make humanity so very unhappy. No bigger blow could fall on the world of men than that knowledge."

"Oh, rot! Rotten rot!" suddenly bawled Glum, and the Chinese idiot grinned hopefully. "The most of good people are good because they're afraid to be bad. They've got the inherited fear of the dark and the unknown, and death is to them the dark and the unknown. I tell you, Holton, the smallest thing in the world is the greatest thing in the world in the end. And what is the smallest thing in the world? It is a little, blind worm of the earth, Holton. Now you listen to me.

"A little, blind worm crawls out of its mire to bask in the warm sunlight at the edge of a stream. A frog sees it, and snap! the frog swallows it. Pretty soon a fish comes along, and snap! the fish swallows the frog. Then there comes a man, and he catches and eats the fish. And what is the end of the man? The end of all men: Death the Leveler. He is buried, goes back to the dust whence he sprang—*and the worm eats him!* It is the little, blind worm that is the ultimate victor. It is an endless chain—"

"Hush, Glum," suddenly interrupted the wanderer Holton. "Now *you* listen to *me*. I'm going to tell you a story. It is my own story, and I know that it is true. I lived it, every moment of it. And I'll tell it simply, that you may understand, for you are simple. . . . .

"MEN with big minds have spent the most of their lives and fortunes in an unprejudiced study of these things, and one of these men, I knew, found what he hoped he would find. The task he set for himself was a long one, but he never grew tired of it. His name was Harrold, and he lived on a beautiful little island off the coast of Florida. There was an old black servant named Philip, faithful as the sun, who lived with him; Harrold never married. He didn't mind the isolation, for he was a born student; besides, he had, now and then, other big-minded men as visitors, and they too were interested in his project.

"Now get this, will you? Mr. Harrold adopted a boy from an orphanage and took him to his home on Gull Island. He meant to bring that boy up to manhood without his even hearing that there was such a thing as a God or such a thing as a woman. He wanted to see if the boy would try to find a God for himself; he wanted to study man's psychological —or spiritual, whichever it is—relation to the Supreme Being, if there was a Supreme Being—and there is. He wanted to watch man's proneness to worship something higher, if he really had it innate in him, develop and make itself manifest without the aid of outside influences. Do you get me, Glum? Do you understand me? . . . . . Mr. Harrold had nothing in particular against womankind. He thought that all women were more or less weak and foolish; and in that he was wrong, of course. Any genius is lopsided in one way or in another. Mr. Harrold, you see, feared that if women saw the boy and knew, they would pity him and tell him, and therefore spoil the plan.

"I have said that Gull Island was beautiful, haven't I? It was. There were palms and palmettos, live-oaks and pines, magnolias and jessamines, and smaller blooming things. The house had been built of whole pine logs, bungalow fashion, and it was close to the north shore. There was a sailboat that Mr. Harrold used when he went to the mainland for provisions and his mail. The boy never went with him; the boy remained at home with black Philip, who was very kind. The boy's name was David—David Holton.

"At ten years of age, David was beginning to ask troublesome questions. He could read and write well; he had been educated much as any other boy is educated, with the exception I have already mentioned. One afternoon when David and the man he knew as his father were sitting on the bungalow's veranda, David asked pointedly:

" 'Where did we come from? Who made us? Who made you and me and Philip, and why was Philip made black?'

" 'You see those pines, and that live-oak?' Mr. Harrold pointed with a hand that held an open book in it. 'We grew like them. As the live-oak is

different from the pines, so is Philip different from us.'

"'Did we grow like that, out of the ground?' asked the boy.

"'Think about it, son,' said Mr. Harrold.

"And at other times David would ask who made the sun, the moon and the stars, the sea and the world. These had always been, Mr. Harrold told him, and always would be. Then there came a day when David put this question:

"'When we die, is that the end of us? Is that all?'

"'Think about it, son,' the old man said rather mysteriously.

"David did think about it. He had plenty of time on his hands, having nothing to do but eat and sleep, and study words and figures three hours each day. For years he thought about it, while he wandered alone over the beautiful island like an orphaned boy of the stone age. He felt a great lack, somehow—a great lack. He couldn't have described it in any other words. And sometimes that great lack, that always doing without Something that he wanted and needed and that was a part of him, made him feel strangely afraid; then he would run to the bungalow and to the companionship of Mr. Harrold and black Philip."

HOLTON the wanderer stopped talking and looked hard across the little night-fire to the lowering countenance of the bearded fellow we called Glum. Glum felt the force of that firm, straightforward gaze, and raised his eyes.

"The inherited fear of the dark and the unknown," he growled. "The fear that comes on down to us from the day when we slept in caves and carried clubs to beat out other men's brains. You can't get around it, Holton. The worm is always the victor in the end."

He swore under his breath, and the yellow face of Lo I Hang, the slant-eyed and pigtailed Chinese idiot, cracked open in a pleased grin.

"I'm not through yet," continued Holton. "Listen:

"Mr. Harrold usually went to bed late and rose late. One morning his servant Philip whispered to him this:

"'The boy David,' said Philip, in his quaint dialect, 'gets up at bare daybreak and goes down the eastern shore, and runs like a deer. He is gone just an hour each time, and he does it every day, and he seems pleased when he comes back. I thought you'd like to know it, sir.'

"Mr. Harrold rose before daylight the next morning, and followed the boy. David did run like a deer; he was clean-limbed and strong and healthy; the old man had great difficulty in keeping him in sight.

"He found David in the most beautiful spot on the island, which was at the head of an indenture in the eastern shore. There were pines and palms and magnolias and jessamines, green and flower-starred, on three sides of this spot, and there was the blue-green of the sea on the other. The breath of the morning was sweet with the perfume of hundreds of waxen white blooms, and the golden rim of the sun was just showing itself beyond the dim outline of the mainland. And there, in the pure white sand, the boy David was kneeling. Nobody had taught him to kneel before any great or sacred thing. Nobody had taught him to clasp his hands before any great or sacred thing. And yet his hands were clasped against his breast, and his enraptured face was turned toward the rising king of light and the day.

"Having nothing else to worship, David was worshipping the sun!

"David was trying to find the Almighty in his own primitive way, trying to claim his celestial kinship; he was trying to satisfy the great Need that had gnawed at his soul for years, trying to fill the lack. And the very fact that all mankind except a few smart imbeciles is capable of worshiping presupposes an Object capable of receiving that worship, as a noted professor has said.

"Mr. Harrold was delighted. He had proved something; he had found a God for himself, beyond all doubt. He hastened back to the bungalow,

wrote letters to his scientific friends and went without his breakfast to the mainland to post them. The big-minded men came to Gull Island the following week, and watched David as Mr. Harrold had watched him, and then they rejoiced as all big-minded men rejoice when they have achieved something of moment.

"One morning a month later, Mr. Harrold took a large and beautiful crucifix of gold and silver and ebony, which had come from Mexico years before as a relic, and placed it on the sand at David's shrine. He wanted to see what the boy would do when he found it. You know it has been said that even savages who have never heard a whisper of the Truth invariably show a strange respect for the sign of the cross; and Mr. Harrold wanted to see if David would be affected by it.

"DAVID found the crucifix an hour after it was placed beside the print of his knees in the pure white sand. The next morning Mr. Harrold followed David to see him kneel reverently before a pile of stones as high as your waist, and in the top of that pile of stones set the crucifix of gold and silver and ebony! The boy had discarded the sun for the cross, because the sun had not entirely satisfied. But I am not sure that he was affected by the symbol itself: you see, the crucifix was beautiful and attractive, and the boy had found it at his place of worship, and it was a thing that he could touch with his hands; he couldn't, of course, touch the sun with his hands.

"Of all this David said nothing to Mr. Harrold. Do you know why? It was because he distrusted him!

"The old man had achieved that which he had set himself to achieve, and yet he was loth to tell David all the things he had kept from him for so long. He had come to love the boy, and he feared that, if David knew, he would be angry and leave him. So time ran on, and David was grown, and still he worshiped the crucifix. Then something happened.

"A little town had built itself up over on the mainland where there had been but a post office and a few houses, and this little town was rapidly coming into prominence as a winter resort. One of Harrold's wealthy friends came to spend the winter at this place, and with him came his daughter, a slender, roundish, blue-eyed girl of nineteen. She had heard, through her father, about David; and she, being gifted with the average human's curiosity, wanted to see him. Her father wouldn't permit it; it was impossible. So one day she took a small boat that had been fitted with a gasoline motor and went to Gull Island without anybody's knowing of it.

"She drove her boat aground at the southern end of the island, threw out the little anchor, waded ashore, sat down on the pure white sand and replaced her shoes and stockings, rose and began to walk northward along the beach, looking, looking as she went. David still ran over the island, alone and at his will, much like a person of the stone age would have done, and he saw her before she had walked half a mile. He followed her stealthily, keeping always out of her sight. She stopped at his shrine. When he had come up behind the flower-starred green wall, she was sitting on the pile of stones, beside the crucifix. He marveled at the beauty of her. Then he stepped from his cover, a young giant, bareheaded and barefoot and sunburnt richly, and knelt in the sand before her.

"'You mustn't do that, David!' she said to him gently. Her heart well-nigh broke with pity for him, this man who had been cheated.

"She stepped down from the pile of stones. David rose, took her in his hands, lifted her easily and put her back. He would worship her. She was more beautiful, even, than the crucifix of gold and silver and ebony, and he had found her at his shrine, and he could touch her, too, with his hands. He took the crucifix out of her way and dropped it to the sand. As he had discarded the sun for the cross, so now he discarded the cross for her.

The cross alone had not satisfied the great Need.

"SHE sat still on the pile of stones. She seemed a little afraid of him, but she smiled; and it was a very, very sweet smile. 'How strong you are, and how clean-looking!' she said admiringly. 'But you never drank, or smoked, or kept late hours, or worried your head off about business, as other men do. I'll tell you my name: it's Irma—Irma Du Bois.'

"'Irma Du Bois,' repeated David, 'Irma Du Bois.' It was music.

"Then Irma told him about God, and the Book of books, which tells truthfully of the things that have been and the things that are and the things that will be. David drank it all in. When she had finished telling him, he was not surprised. Then she said to him, impulsively:

"'They have wronged you, those men, those doubters. And it was my father, I regret to say, that was at the bottom of it all; he persuaded Mr. Harrold to do what he did. David, they cheated you out of your childhood, your boyhood, your youth—and it wasn't fair!'

"'No,' agreed David, 'it wasn't fair.'

"He was very angry at Mr. Harrold and Mr. Du Bois and the rest of those men for the cheating they had done in the name of science.

"'But we were not all made of the dust,' he finally said, 'were we? Like that man Adam?' He had seen the birds live their lives; they went by twos; two seemed to belong together.

"'Only Adam was made of the dust,' Irma told him. She stepped down to the sand. 'I must go back,' she said. 'I ran away to come here.'

"'Go back!' muttered David, and something drove itself into his heart like molten iron and stuck there. It is there now. 'No,' he declared, 'I will not let you go back!'

"'But I will come again; to-morrow I will come again, at this same hour; and I will bring you that Book," she promised.

"So David let her go. He walked down the beach with her, and when they came to her boat he picked her up as though she had been a child and carried her out in the water and seated her on the cushions.

"She came back the next day, and the next and the next. Many times she came back, and taught him. . . . . You see, I am telling it simply, Glum, so that you may understand it, for you are a simple man. . . . . There was but one result for this strange comradeship; it was inevitable: they fell strongly in love, everlastingly in love, with each other.

"WELL, one day she failed to meet him at their meeting-place, and he was much worried. He was like a lion in a small cage. He watched and watched the mainland—all that day he watched the mainland—and still she did not come. Another day passed like that. Irma's father had found out. . . . . Then David, angry with the anger of a savage, went to old Harrold in his bungalow, and said in a voice that was little more than a growl:

"'Take me over to the mainland.'

"Mr. Harrold was afraid of that which he saw in David's eyes. He launched his sailboat and took David to the mainland.

"'Now go back to Gull Island,' said David, and Harrold went back.

"For five minutes David stood on the little wooden wharf, where small motor-launches were tied thickly. Then he left the wharf, and found himself on a great hotel's grounds. There were many palms and many shrubs. There were many people in white, men and women and children, moving about, and all of them seemed very happy, for they laughed a great deal. David began to search for Irma, and he found her. He found her in a secluded spot, and with her was a pale and nervous-looking young man who was begging her to marry him.

"There is animal in every man, how much depends largely on what his ancestors and his environment have been. There was much animal in David. In the pale young man he saw a rival for the affections of Irma. Then David,

strong as a Goliath in his uncontrollable rage, fell upon the other man and killed him with his bare hands. . . . . Boys, this is terrible to tell; I must tell it quickly, if I tell it at all. . . . .

"Irma screamed, as any other woman would have done under the circumstances, and people came running to her. Among those who came first was her father, John Du Bois. Irma became suddenly and strangely calm. She pointed to the still figure at her feet.

" 'You killed him, Father,' she accused, 'you and Harrold and the rest of them, you men who doubted. David didn't do it: *you* did it!'

"Her father shrank. Then she caught David by an arm and led him from the spot. The two hastened to a jungle, and they did not stop running until they were well into it. Irma leaned against a great tree that was hidden under wild jessamine vines, and panted:

" 'You must get away! The law will send you to prison for life, or kill you, because you killed Browning!'

" 'Because I killed Browning!' said David.

" 'Yes!' said Irma.

" 'Get away? Where?' asked David.

" 'There'—and she pointed—'lie the Everglades. Go there. Hide yourself. Don't let any man see you. Stay there until this is forgotten.'

" 'Alone?' muttered David. 'Without you?'

"Irma sobbed. Her eyes were full of pain and sorrow and longing. Bitter as death was it to see this man she loved go into exile alone. She mustered her courage.

" 'Alone, yes,' she said weakly. 'It must be so.' And she put her arms about David's neck and kissed him, and David obeyed her and went.

"But he did not go far before he stopped and looked back for a last glimpse of her. Irma still stood beside the vine-hidden tree, and she stood with her arms stretched out toward him. David went back to her, took her up against his breast, and carried her thus many miles into the heart of that tangled wilderness, the Everglades of Florida. . . . . And there they lived, like Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden, for three years. Then Irma sickened—and died. . . . . And this was the way in which the wrath of God spent itself upon the head of John Du Bois, the doubter. . . . . But her going was not the visitation of the Almighty's wrath upon David. It was a chain, fashioned of love and tenderness, a chain sweet as life and sad as death, which God Himself cannot break because to break it would be to break Himself—and at the other end is the golden hope of my life. . . . ."

HOLTON bent his head amid a great silence. His story was told, and now we knew why it was that he wandered and wandered over the face of the earth. The fellow Glum looked up sourly. He was the only one of us who seemed unimpressed. There was not even a look of sympathy on his countenance. I wanted to kill him as Holton had killed Browning.

"Irma died and went back to the dust," said Glum, coldly and unfeelingly, "—went back to the dust like we all do, because we are children of the dust. In the end it is the worm that is the victor."

I heard the youthful Tennessean's revolver click. Then spoke the slant-eyed and pigtailed Chinese idiot, Lo I Hang—and I have often wondered why none of the rest of us thought of it before he did; Lo I Hang put a yellow hand on Glum's shoulder and pulled him slightly backward, while he said in perfectly good English:

"Who made the worm?"

Photograph by White, New York

Lydia Lopoukowa and Helen Westley in the Washington Square Players' production of Alfred de Musset's "Whims."

Bohemia's Adventure In the Theater

WHILE THE TWO-MILLION-DOLLAR CENTURY PROJECT FAILS, THE MONEYLESS WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS PROSPER

By Louis V. De Foe

IN the columns which the New York newspapers devote to the affairs of the theater there appeared during February two brief chronicles published on the same day, followed by a third a few days later, each of which, if it were considered by itself, would be of only trivial interest. Yet regarded in their relation to one another these cursory items in the news acquired a significance which anyone genuinely interested in matters of the stage and its art cannot have failed to appreciate.

The first of these announcements stated that the little coterie of amateur

and semi-amateur actors, playwrights and scene-painters from the Bohemian haunts of Greenwich Village, known as the Washington Square Players, having completed its first year as a definite organization, would celebrate the anniversary with a supper and dance at a modest restaurant close by the tiny, out-of-the-way Bandbox Theater which has been its home.

The second was that the Century Theater, the most beautiful and well-equipped playhouse in America, built at a cost of more than one million dollars and with an endowment of another million dollars, having failed in every dramatic and operatic enterprise attempted within its walls since the day it was opened as a national theater, was again the shuttlecock of fortune and would probably be dedicated to vaudeville shows and spectacles along English music-hall lines.

LOUIS V. DE FOE'S articles on the theater are a regular feature of THE GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE. His intimate acquaintance with his subject and his well-balanced critical faculty give his judgments especial authority; you may depend upon his dicta for accurate and timely information about plays and players.

The third of these items referred to the Washington Square Players again. How widely interest in the unique success of this little company of theatrical revolutionaries has been spreading was made plain by the announcement that at the close of its regular season late in April it would undertake a tour of the leading cities and university towns in response to thousands of requests that the country might become more generally familiar with its peculiar achievements.

In the failure of the Century—a millionaires' plaything, the dream of a national theater, backed with resources of more than two million dollars—and in the success of the Washington Square Players—incubated in the back room of a little book-shop, begun with a guarantee of less than two hundred dollars, directed by a band of enthusiasts without practical knowledge of dramatic art—the persistent paradox of the theater presents itself again. One enterprise, assisted by almost unlimited wealth, but lacking the corner-stone of a clearly defined aim, crumbles to disaster; while another, burdened with poverty, but begun for a definite purpose and inspired with real enthusiasm, struggles to success. The significance of the paradox is that it establishes the priceless value of real ideas in the development and progress of what is best in the theater.

IN spite of the unpretentiousness of the Washington Square Players and in defiance of all the crudities of the performances which they give at the Bandbox, they have asserted their right to serious consideration in the complicated endeavors of the stage in New York. Interest in their ingenious but generally inexpertly produced plays is no longer limited to the dilettante, although their appeal is principally to dilettante taste. Audiences that at first went to the Bandbox out of curiosity found something more than curiosity to lure them back. When the company's second season ends, which will be shortly after the publication of this article, it will have established the unique record of having played before continuously crowded houses. It will also be able to boast that in the comparatively brief time of its existence it will have produced, with no other resources than its own, twenty-three one-act plays and three pantomimes, grouped in six bills and representing the literature of five languages.

The origin of this movement to break away from the commercially managed theater and provide a hearing for plays of special and unusual appeal which by the prevailing standards might be denied acceptance is, like most other lucky accidents, in a high degree romantic. One may find a distant parallel to it in the early beginnings of the Irish Players of the Abbey Theater in Dublin. It has its precedents, too, in some of the various art-theater movements in Paris, where the tendency to experiment with the stage is more general than in America. But as far as the native theater is concerned, there has been no previous instance of an experi-

Photograph by White, New York

Helen Westley and Frank Conroy in "Helena's Husband," by Philip Moeller, of the original Washington Square group—the most successful play the company has given.

ment so spontaneously and recklessly approached, or carried out in such a refreshing spirit of real enthusiasm.

It is an outgrowth of the revolutionary attitude toward all conventional views of art and social philosophy that is so assiduously cultivated, sometimes seriously but more often as a pose, by

the groups of kindred spirits in the Bohemian colony of artists and writers in the locality which is New York's closest approach to the Latin Quarter of Paris—the neighborhood surrounding and adjoining Washington Square. In this district, which harbors a life so apart from the rest of New York that it might belong to another city, are collected not only the hangers-on of artistic life who scorn convention and regard improvidence as a virtue, who dream iridescently yet create nothing themselves, whose fantastic ideas and weird habits make Bohemia ridiculous, but the groups of clear-seeing, industrious, real thinkers whose work with pencil, brush and chisel is counting for something in American art.

The spirit of this interesting oasis in the materialism of rushing metropolitan life, even its outward manifestation, would elude the casual visitor to Washington Square. To find and study one phase of it he must go to the several points at which it focuses. Among such spots there are none more typical of New York's Bohemia than "Polly's"—the dingy yet hospitable restaurant in the stuccoed residence, a faded glory of other days, at No. 147 West Fourth Street—and the Washington Square Book Shop, with its comfortable back room and open fireplaces, a famous browsing place for Bohemian *cognoscenti*, which stands a little apart from the Square itself, at No. 137 MacDougal Street, next door to the Liberal Club—the iconoclastic views of whose members, if they could percolate beyond the walls that contain them and find anyone to listen to them, might reform the universe.

IT was in the back room of the Washington Square Book Shop, among a group of enthusiasts a little more practical and energetic than the rest, that the idea out of which the Washington Square Players developed came to life. Most of them were members of the Socialist Press Club, and with a single exception, their only practical knowledge of the theater had been picked up from staging the Club's occasional amateur entertainments. The exception was Edward Goodman, the present general director of the Washington Square Players, to whose ability and energy the success of the company has in great part been due. He was a magazine writer who had also dabbled in writing for the stage. One, at least, of his little plays, "In Deshabille," had seen the footlights at Holbrook Blinn's now defunct theater of shockers. Mr. Goodman had formed a hazy idea of an "art" theater for the Washington Square region—a place where anyone could produce any kind of a play he wanted, and as he wanted. Bohemia had even aspired to accumulate a fund to try out this catholic morsel of theatrical wisdom, but the money had not been forthcoming.

One night over a year ago the confab over an unshackled art theater was in progress, as usual, in the back room of the Book Shop. The group was composed of Mr. Goodman; Robert E. Jones, the artist, whose impressionistic scenic decorations of Anatole France's "The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife" contributed the most artistic feature to Granville Barker's faddish invasion of New York last season; Samuel Eliot, a grandson of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, who had developed a dilettante interest in dramatic art; Philip Moeller, who has since written three of the most successful short plays that the Washington Square Players have produced; and Helen Wesley and Alice Palmer, who are present members of the company.

Some one suggested that if they were ever going to produce plays, there was no time like the present to make the attempt. The folding doors between the two rooms of the Book Shop were improvised into a proscenium opening, and straightway a performance of Lord Dunsany's "The Glittering Gate" was under way. An open window at the back, through which penetrated the dim illumination of MacDougal Street, served to give an impressionistic suggestion of Heaven. For "properties" Mr. Jones, again with the inspiration of the impressionist, rolled long strips of wrapping paper into wands. Mr. Moeller and Mr. Eliot impersonated the

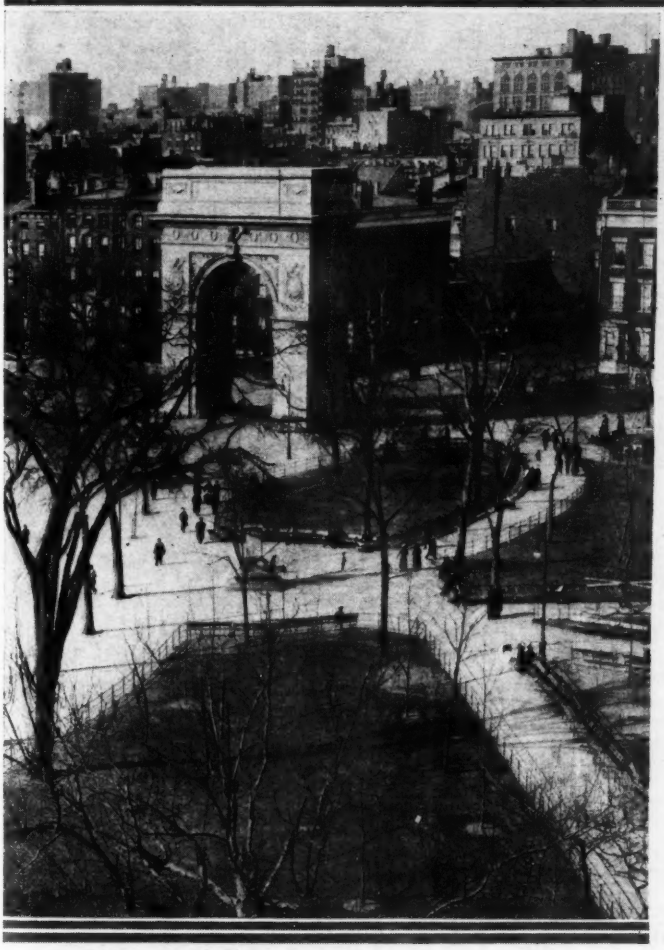
Washington Square looking northwest from the Benedick

mumbling rocks. The other "actors" went through their parts, reading the lines from the printed page. For an audience there were Miss Palmer and Miss Wesley, each of whom paid ten cents for the privilege of their impromptu excursion into the rarified atmosphere of pure art. The total receipts were used to defray the expense of two candles.

When "The Glittering Gate" was ended and the time had come to close the Book Shop for the night, it was agreed by actors and audience alike that never before had there been so ideal a performance of a play. It is the distinguishing symptom of aspiring genius that it is always easily satisfied with itself. The virus of dramatic expression had inoculated the little group, and the movement which resulted in the organizing of a real company had begun.

For a time it was hoped that some philanthropic millionaire might be persuaded to endow an enterprise fraught with so much consequence to the drama of pure art. But there are no millionaires in Bohemia, and the money kings among the outlanders proved reluctant. Then an attempt was made to raise a fund of five hundred dollars by persuading persons interested in the movement to subscribe five dollars each. The subsidy did not grow beyond two hundred dollars.

An artist in Washington Square offered to contribute the rear room of his studio as the auditorium of the new Washington Square Players, but later



Apartments, a famous home of writers and artists.

ABOUT this time an obscure little unused playhouse seating about three hundred people, built by Adolf Philipp for the production of German musical comedies of his own manufacture, remotely situated in East Fifty-seventh Street, was suggested as a possible shrine for the Washington Square Players. The fund of two hundred dollars was sufficient to guarantee its rent two nights a week during two months, and the company found itself thus provided with a home luxurious beyond its most extravagant dreams. Pens and brushes were set to work at once in the studios of Washington Square, preparing for the public début of the company.

How totally unlike any other enterprise of the theater this experiment was to be may be understood only after considering the personnel of the original group when the opportunity came for it to move uptown. Including the five who appeared either as actors or audience when "The Glittering Gate"

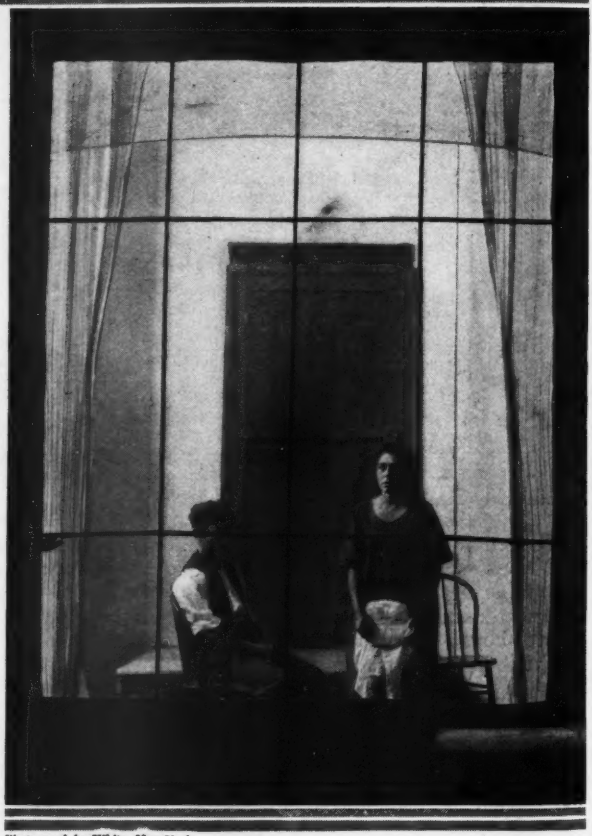
he backed out. Then was proposed the ambitious scheme of converting an old stable adjacent to the Liberal Club into a theater. As it was no longer fit to house livestock, it was being utilized as a storage place for bottles. Its persuasive advantage was that the rent was cheap. But an obdurate metropolitan Fire and Building Department, practical in its views of the theater and with no soul for art, nipped this economical expedient in the bud.

Frank Conroy and Helen Westley in "Literature," by Arthur Schnitzler.

Photograph by White, New York

son, wife of Paul Thompson, an artist, is the proprietor of a gift-shop in the Washington Square district. Walter Frankl is a painter. Griffin Barry is a newspaper correspondent who lately has served with the Belgian Relief Mission. Sally White is a dressmaker who made the costumes for the first pantomime that was produced. Ralph Roeder, who has made the adaptations of some of the foreign plays produced by the company, is a translator and magazine writer. Holland Hudson, Florence Enright and Helen Wesley have

was presented in the back room of the Washington Square Book Shop, the group comprised fifteen people, only three or four of whom had had any previous experience in the theater. William Pennington and Dudley Tucker are employees in a publishing concern. Lawrence Langner, the business director of the Players and the co-author of one of the pantomimes, is a patent lawyer. Lucy Huffaker, the press-representative, is a special writer for newspapers. Josephine Meyer is an illustrator who also has published a book. Albert Boni is the owner of the Washington Square Book Shop. Daisy Thomp-



Photograph by White, New York

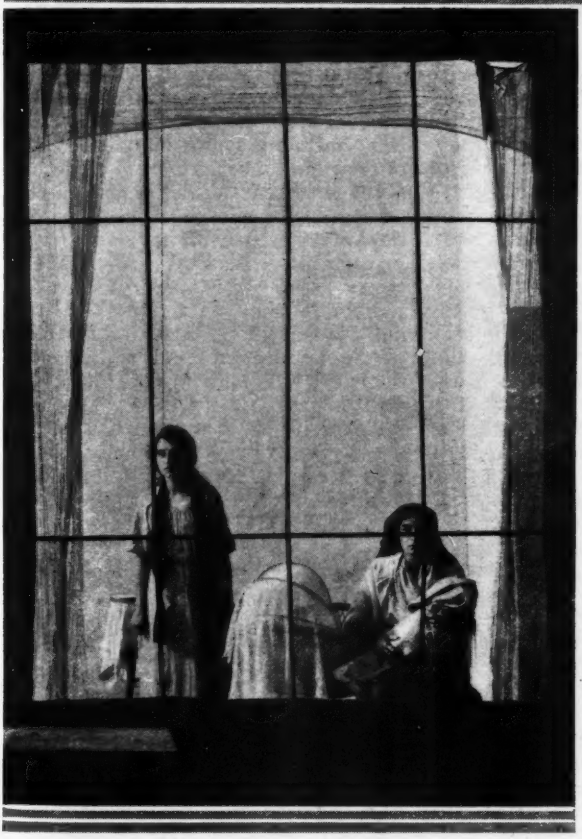
A scene from "Interior," by Maeterlinck, in the first bill

had limited previous experience in the regular theaters.

Everyone in the Greenwich Village neighborhood who was interested in the movement was invited to coöperate in the experiment, either as author, actor, scene-painter, costume-maker or stage-hand. Edward Goodman took charge of the general affairs of the enterprise, and Philip Moeller directed the rehearsals. After a month of preparation, during which all gave their services without thought of pay, the Washington Square Players made their public bow on February 19,

Edward J. Ballantine and Harold Meltzer in "Fire and Water."

Photograph by White, New York



the Washington Square Players gave at the Bandbox Theater.

1915, in a bill consisting of "Interior," by Maurice Maeterlinck; "Eugenically Speaking," a satirical skit by Edward Goodman; "Licensed," a thrust at Puritanical conventionality, by Basil Lawrence; and "Another Interior," the authorship of which was anonymous — and wisely so, since the characters were personified foods and gastric juices in the stomach of a gourmand. The level price of seats was fifty cents, and Washington Square trooped northward to worship at the altar of unshackled dramatic art, filling the Bandbox to its capacity.

To the amazement of these reckless adventurers — probably, also, to the equal sur-

prise of their first audience—the first performance was a success, but by no possible standard that ever ruled before in the professional theater. The sheer audacity of it may have been the secret of its attraction. The next night the bewildered conspirators gathered in the smoke-wreathed eating-room at "Polly's" in West Fourth Street and excitedly discussed the miracle. The novelty of it had stirred newspaper comment, though it had confounded even the lax laws of criticism. The interest of the public, ever on the look-out for a new sensation, was aroused, and in a month the Bandbox became so well attended that extra performances soon were demanded. Out of a bare idea, backed by nothing, not even by experience, a practical, self-sustaining theater had blossomed forth.

IN its serious aspect this odd adventure in the most difficult and complicated of the arts—because the drama in its ideal state involves an harmonious coöperation of all the arts—is worthy of reflection. The prosperity which has come to it certainly cannot be attributed to conspicuous superiority in the bills of plays that have been produced, or to adequate histrionic ability on the part of those who have mounted them or appeared in their rôles. Among the foreign plays which have been produced are one-act works by the Belgian poet Maeterlinck; the Russians, Andreyev and Tchekhov; the Italian, Bracco; the Austrian, Schnitzler; the Frenchman, de Musset; and the German, Wedekind.

The interest of these plays for special audiences would not be denied, even by the most commercial of the regular theatrical managers, and most of them would be admitted to the regular theater if the desire of general theater-goers were not hostile to bills composed of one-act plays. Undoubtedly if they were acted at all in the regular theater they would be much better given than by the Washington Square Players, who are amateurs in every sense, though animated by true ideals.

On the other hand, the persistent interest in the experiment and the willingness to tolerate its excusable imperfections indicate an existing dissatisfaction with a system inevitable in the commercial theater, which must result in drama of commonplace interest, since the aim of the commercial theater is to appeal only to the average taste of the crowd. The extreme novelty of an experiment which acknowledges no responsibility to the box-office and, therefore, no allegiance to the conventional practices of the stage, has been one of the strong points in its favor. But if this were the only reason that interest in it has been kept alive, the novelty before now would have worn itself out, for nowhere is a fad so short-lived as in the theater.

One secret of the success of the Players' enterprise is the intense enthusiasm of everyone associated with it, coupled with the substantial principle which lies behind it. During the first year, the company survived through the self-sacrifice of its members. Not one received compensation for the labor performed, other than the pleasure and satisfaction he derived from its accomplishment. The small but unexpected profit which was earned was put back into the theater with the view of increasing its efficiency. As this efficiency grew, others among artists and writers in New York were attracted into the movement. When, at the close of the first season, its scope demanded the entire time and effort of those concerned in it, and the increasing public interest justified an increase in the price of admission, a nominal living wage was paid to the company and its directors. All in excess of this amount was applied to the productions, with the result that while the Washington Square Players are self-sustaining, they may boast that, at the end of two years, their treasury is still empty. If their performances are art at all, it is art for its own sake.

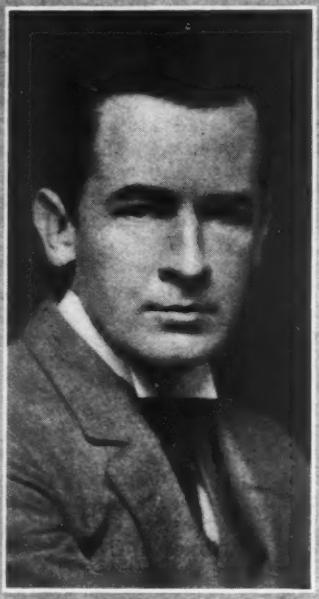
WHILE the plan is to present unusual plays by writers of all nationalities, the chief purpose in the selection of the repertory is to encourage American authors to write unconventional plays. Judging from some of

the literary curiosities which already have found their way to the stage at the Bandbox, the young enthusiasts have a dangerous tendency to confuse unconventionality with eccentricity. In this respect, however, they are perhaps guilty of no greater extravagances than are found in the various other movements that have aimed to assert independence from the conventional practices of the theater.

The intention which governs the selection of the repertory at least appears to be sound, even if it is not always carried out to perfection. Every manuscript is open to the scrutiny and criticism of every person who is to be concerned in its production. The principle of selection is threefold: (1) What is it that the author is attempting to say? (2) How effectively has he succeeded in expressing himself? (3) Is the combination of the two worthy of consideration? There is, or there is professed to be, behind these sensible tenets of judgment a realizing sense that the theater is constantly subject to change and that its entertainment must be made attractive to the public—without, however, making concession to the box-office on the score of practical commercialism.

ALTHOUGH only one-act plays have as yet been produced by the Washington Square Players, it is their intention to graduate to more sustained works of dramatic art. They have been wise until now to restrict themselves to the short forms of drama, for as in the case of Lady Gregory's Irish Players, they have thus been able to reap the full advantage of striking, suggestive and simple scenic investitures and at the same time conceal, to some extent at least, those amateurish imperfections which would have been instantly detected if they had attempted to develop character in all its detail or to sustain, through an entire evening, the mood of a play of ordinary length. Nevertheless, a company which has shown itself to be ambitious to the point of recklessness is not likely to be deterred in the future by any such difficulties. The distinguishing attributes of the enterprise from its very beginning have been fertility of ideas and self-confidence.

TO judge the work of the Washington Square Players, either in New York, where it is becoming well known, or outside of New York, where their purpose may be misunderstood, by the standards of the professional stage, would be unjust. Its value lies in the fact that it is an attempt to lead the theater out of its well-worn professional groove. It aims to accomplish new things in dramatic selection and dramatic expression, by new means, and thereby to bring refreshing influences to bear upon dramatic art. It certainly can do no damage to the theater, and it may accomplish no little good. Like every independent enterprise of the stage, attempted for a revolutionary purpose, the chief danger to it lies in the excessive adulation of its champions among the dilettanti. Too much praise from these enthusiastic champions of innovation in dramatic art, as in the case of Lady Gregory's Irish company when it paid its first visit to this country, may lead others unacquainted with its modest pretensions to expect too much. However that may be, the growing accomplishment of the Washington Square Players has given the dramatic season a thoroughly unique feature which may count its real enemies only among its too-zealous friends.



James Montgomery Flagg.

Out Among Them

Sketches and Captions by

James Montgomery Flagg

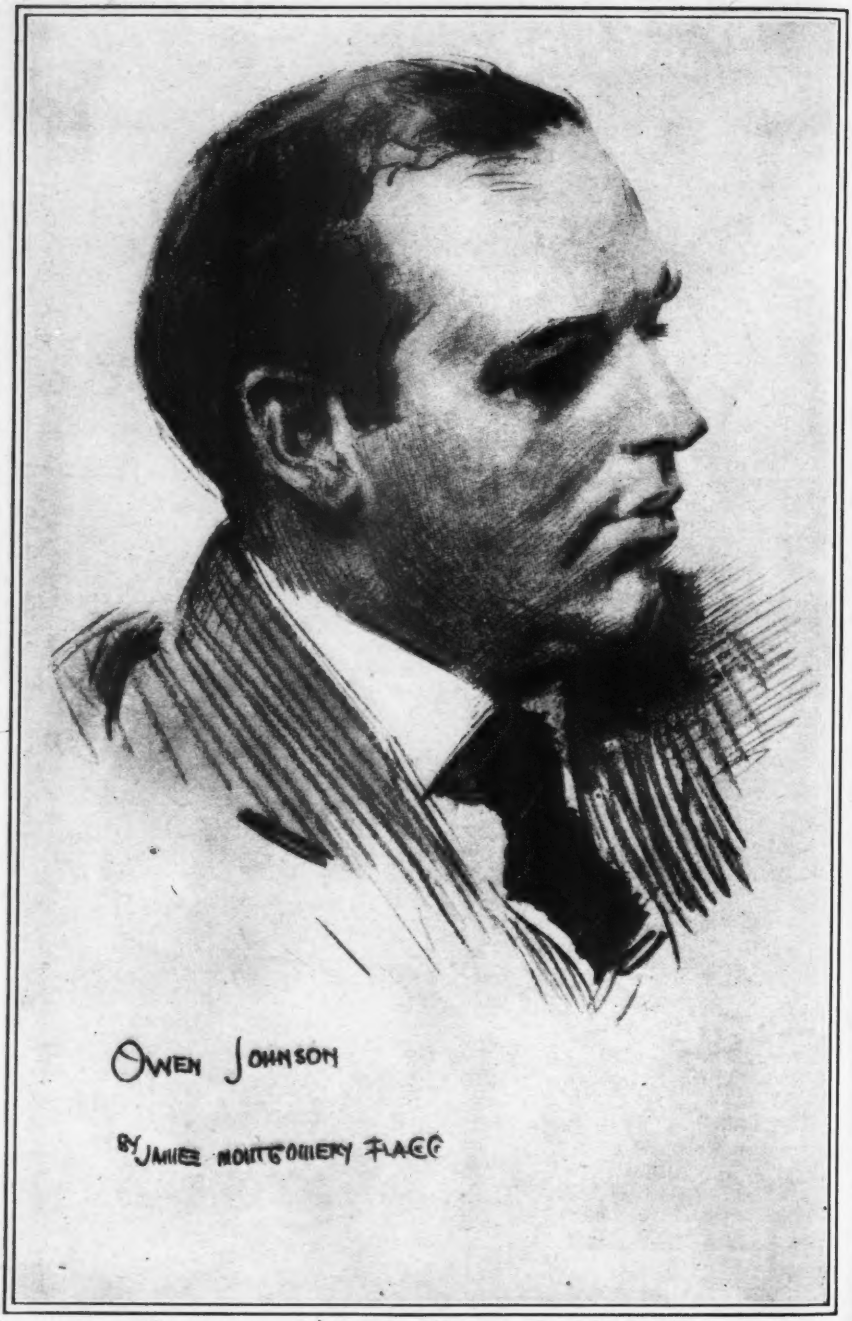
MR. FLAGG, besides being one of the most successful of all America's illustrators, is probably the most versatile. He works in any medium. He is forever sketching somebody or something, either for profit or pleasure—or, perhaps, he may take a notion to paint his subject in oils or to model it in clay.

The six sketches that appear on the following pages are in crayon, and are from Mr. Flagg's "The Well-Knowns." Each sketch is copyrighted by the George H. Doran Company. The captions underneath each sketch were written by Mr. Flagg.

"One of Tarkington's peculiarities is that he enjoys living in Indianapolis."

"Robert W. Chambers, editor of 'The Appeal to Reason.'"

"Jack says all you have to do to be an actor is to put some red paint on your nose and walk on."



"Owen can write novels. His only trouble is getting them before the public."

"Everett Shinn, author of 'More Shinned Against Than Usual.' If Owen Davis had written it, it wouldn't have seemed so funny."

"Harrison Fisher, the Prince of Newsstandvalue."

"Rose Southern" Grown Up

THE HUMAN STORY OF
A PRIMA DONNA'S CAREER

A talk with

Alice Nielsen

Photograph by Georg, Chicago
Alice Nielsen.

I HAD the advantage of an early beginning on the stage. I was eight years old when I took the part of *Nanky-Poo* in a road-touring company's production of "The Mikado." I was billed as "the Swedish Nightingale,"—why, I don't know, for I am not Swedish,—and I had a profound opinion of myself which Mother finally overcame by spanking me with a carpet-slipper.

Mother was poor and had to work, Father having died, after lingering for several years, from a wound received in the Civil War. Mother had eight children, and when Father died, five of us were babies. I was born in Nashville on the seventh day of the month, the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter. Mother, with all the superstition of the Irish,—though she was born in Boston, she was Irish through and through,—thought that something terrible would happen to me. Father was Danish.

When I went on the stage, Mother insisted that I change my name, and so I appeared as "Rose Southern." I don't remember just why we selected that name, except that I had rosy cheeks and was a Southerner.

I sang with the company for eight months, doing all of the little-boy parts in "The Mikado," "The Chimes of Normandy," "Pinafore" and other light operas of that class. And in that eight months I made enough money to care for Mother and the children for three years.

Then Mother made me go to school. I disliked it so thoroughly that to-day, when I have a bad dream, it's about school. Right now, even, I'd hate to have to go to school.

I WAS fifteen when I became a real prima donna, as *Yum-Yum* in "The Mikado," with a company playing in Oakland, California. I remember that it was the year of the Sullivan-Corbett fight,—in 1893, I think it was,—and I was terribly excited over it. I thought of Sullivan almost as a god: he was Irish, you know; and I who worshiped my Irish mother, had been told how much he loved his native country.

Mrs. Theodore Bauer, Thomas Nielsen, Alice Nielsen, George McClellan and William Reddick—on tour.

That was enough for me. When the news came that he had been defeated, I felt as if the world were coming to an end.

I studied in San Francisco—working all the time—under Mlle. Ida Valerga for three years, learning all of the grand-opera rôles in Italian. My voice, in the meantime, had "changed." It was always like a boy's, and for a year or so it would "break," as a boy's does when it is changing.

Of course I naturally considered that I was gifted with a voice. I had no fear when I was singing; it gave me a feeling of exaltation. My voice was certain—always there when I wanted it; and as for stage-fright, I had always forgotten, until I appeared as *Yum-Yum*, that I was on the stage. Even if I did not do everything right, I did it naturally. But when *Yum-Yum* came—my first appearance on the stage in skirts—I had my first case of stage-fright. The skirts hampered me, and for the first time I felt that I was myself rather than the character I was playing.

I was the stage-manager and everything else, so far as self-asserted authority went. Everyone but Mother thought I was funny. Many's the spanking she started on me before the applause which followed my exit had subsided. I blamed her then, but I don't now. Those spankings did me a lot of good.

She was strong-minded and knew what she knew when she knew it. If she had not been hampered by poverty and such a brood of children, she would have been a lecturer for Home Rule in Ireland. Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry took Mother abroad with

"I was born on the seventh day of the month, the seventh daughter of the seventh daughter."

Photograph by Victor Georg, Chicago

them on one trip, and at a concert given the night before the steamer arrived in England, the band played "God Save the Queen." Mother refused to stand up. I was terribly ashamed when I heard about it—Laurence Irving told me.

"Don't you worry," he soothed. "She has courage. 'Stand up?' she said. 'I'd rather die.'"

I WAS eighteen when The Bostonians engaged me. I had sung *Lucia* in San Francisco; and Barnabee or some other member of the company heard me. I was engaged to understudy Helen Bertram, the prima donna, in "Robin Hood." The newspapers called me "Alice in Wonderland."

Then The Bostonians did "The Wartime Wedding," and I had a little part with Barnabee in which I made a distinct success. Hilda Clarke came to us as a prima donna, and I was promoted to alternate with her. Victor Herbert was writing "The Serenade," and although I knew my hope was mostly in vain, I prayed nightly that I would get the chance to create the leading rôle.

By every right, the part belonged to Hilda. But Mrs. Victor Herbert heard me sing, and decided that I should create the rôle. She kept after her husband until she badgered him into coming to hear me sing. My performance won him over. Then the fight began.

I had the Barnabees and the Herberts on my side. The two factions had about decided that they would hold a trial rehearsal at which both of us would sing, when Barnabee announced that it would make no difference to him—that I was to create the rôle. Then Victor Herbert announced that unless I got the rôle he would take the music and the opera away with him to some other producer. I got the rôle.

William McDonald, of the firm of Barnabee & McDonald, who was not on my side, asked me what opening nights I wanted. Just in fun I answered, "All of them." He took me at my word. I opened in Chicago, and my success came immediately.

Then Mr. Herbert wrote "The Singing Girl" and "The Fortune-teller," in which I was starred in my own company. I took "The Fortune-teller" to London, to the Shaftesbury Theater, for six months, and we were immensely successful. Mr. Herbert, during my absence, wrote "Mademoiselle Modiste," for me, thinking I was coming back to America after my London engagement. But I did not.

"I held it for you, Alice, for three years," he told me afterwards.

You may remember that in it Fritzi Scheff made her greatest success.

I HAD decided to study for grand opera—my first serious study. I was ignorant. I knew nothing of the world or things. Ignorance, if we only realized it, is a great protector; it saves you from so many heartaches.

I was twenty-four. Perhaps if I had known what I was starting upon,—the work and the tears I had before me,—I would never have had the courage to attempt it. I thought I could walk calmly and placidly into grand opera. I went at it with a great deal of joy and a great deal of ignorance. When I got into it and realized what was before me, my pride wouldn't let me stop.

I was so far from my goal. I had to work—to perform—and study at the same time, for I had my living to make and my instruction to pay for. But the Duchess of Manchester took me up as her protégée and made my burden much easier. She arranged eighteen concerts for me before the nobility and the wealthy, and in due course, I was presented to the King and Queen, Edward VII and Alexandra.

My first paid concert was for Alfred Rothschild, the banker. It had been his custom every year to engage Adelina Patti for a private concert, paying her five thousand dollars. Each year she sang "Il Bacio," and it was considered treason for any other singer to attempt it at a Rothschild concert.

I knew nothing of that. I laid my music before the accompanist and proceeded to sing it. Rothschild did not stop me,—as everyone, I learned later, expected,—but came to me later and gave me a horseshoe of sapphires and diamonds.

"This is for you because you are a little duck," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "—not that you sing like a duck. But you *are* a little duck."

NEXT I went to Italy to study—something I shouldn't have to do now, for all of the best teachers are in America. And the chances are far better here—the opportunities to get before the public. Foreign study and European experience are exploded fallacies.

Moreover, if my opinion in the matter enters into this narrative, I shouldn't want a sister of mine to go abroad alone to study. To begin with, American girls are the most attractive in the world—good-looking, wholesome and full of vitality. Abroad, without the protection of their parents, ambitious, daring, often living on a small income and yearning for entertainment, they are prey.

Abroad, so many of the teachers drag a pupil along with promises of success in the future. Three years is long enough for anyone to study voice; and if a vocalist doesn't accomplish something definite before she is twenty-three,—unless she has a God-given voice,—she has cause to worry; and if at twenty-six she has done nothing—unless, I repeat, she has a divine voice,—she might as well give up. Melba didn't make her début until she was twenty-three or twenty-four, but she has the most wonderful voice of them all.

And the one who achieves success is the one who steps out and lets the public tell her what she does wrongly. It is the greatest teacher.

Now that I have digressed from my own story, let me continue for a moment. I have one or two hobbies, one of which is the belief that the American vocal student should study at home with our Bristols, our Baskervilles, our Damroschs and many others. Another is that she shouldn't be too ambitious; that she should keep her voice within range and under perfect control.

"If I am to sing a composition that comes within a note of my range," Lillian Nordica once said to me, "I put it down half a tone. I want to feel that I am singing within two notes of my range, that I am handling tones that are dependable under all circumstances—and the highest note of one's range is never so."

So I preach using the tones the singer is certain of, and pouring them out gloriously and triumphantly.

NOW I may go back to my narrative. I studied under Maestro Bevignani in Naples, and in 1903 I made my début at La Scala in Milan. Harry Higgins, director of the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, London, heard of me and engaged me. I made my metropolitan début in Italy at the Theater Bellini, Naples, where Caruso and so many others have appeared. I sang *Marguerite* in "Faust" and got ten dollars for it.

At Covent Garden during 1904 and 1905 I appeared as *Zerlina* in "Don Giovanni;" as *Suzanne* in "The Marriage of Figaro;" in "La Bohème" as *Mimi* with Caruso; and as *Gilda* in "Rigoletto" with Victor Maurel.

I returned to America a full-fledged opera-singer. I found upon my arrival that, through an error in the booking-office, no concert dates had been made for me, and so I joined the San Carlo Opera Company, alternating as lyric soprano with Lillian Nordica as dramatic soprano. We did "La Bohème," "Don Pasquale," "Rigoletto," "Gioconda" and other operas. Next I joined the Boston Grand Opera Company, remained with it for four seasons, and played with the Chicago and Metropolitan organizations.

I BELIEVE the work of which I am most proud is my concert tour of last summer, over the Chautauqua circuits. I gave one hundred and eighteen concerts during the course of twenty weeks, often to as many as four thousand persons. During that period I sang more than three thousand songs, and I never once failed an audience. I sang to thousands who had never before heard a singer of name before. I received fifty thousand dollars for the tour, and got a million dollars in kindnesses and applause. I hope to see those same people again and again. They are the real Americans.

The Second of a Series of GREEN BOOK Stories by Ray Sprigle

"Coke"

THREE CROOKS ACT UP ON A COCAINE IMPULSE

By Ray Sprigle

Author of "The Veil," "The Escape of Bill Newlands," "Hide-out" and other stories

OLD MAN SCHWARTZ stood in the doorway of his little drug-store and smoked his after-supper pipe. Smoke and bland contentment wreathed his face. He was at peace with the world. Upstairs in the cozy, comfortable living-rooms over the store, his wife busied herself and the "hired girl" with clearing away the supper dishes. In his room, Fred, Schwartz' son, prepared to go to work.

As Schwartz stood smoking there was a clatter of heavy shoes on the stair that led from the upper rooms to the sidewalk. Fred burst out of the narrow doorway and shot to the middle of the street, where he caught the rear of a car which the motorman had accommodatingly slowed down. Then the lad turned, with a smile, to wave to his father.

"S'long, Dad," he called.

"Good-by, Friedrich," called old man Schwartz.

Fred was dressed in his working clothes, the blue and brass of the Chicago police department. But four years on the force, he had been promoted to a sergeantcy. Old man Schwartz held his doorway, his eyes following the car as long as it was in sight. Pride radiated from every pore of him.

"A good boy," he exulted. "The finest boy in the world," he continued as he observed that he had Riordan, the feed-store man from down the street, for an audience.

"Never was he a good-for-nothing like these young crooks around Twenty-second Street here. First to school and nobody brighter. Then the job in the steel-mills, and then on the force. Und now, Riordan, a sergeant."

Schwartz had been so long in America that he had nearly forgotten his early dialect, the mixture of German and English, but now and then, if he was excited, a word betrayed him.

"He's a fine lad," assented Riordan, not without enthusiasm. "His is the big heart. And a smile and a word for every kid in the block. He's good enough for an Irishman," he ended with a grin. Schwartz overlooked the invitation to wordy combat and went on.

"You and me, Riordan, haf to fight hard all our lives just to make a living, no more. We hafn't had time for anyone but ourselves. It's been fight, fight, fight, all the time. We haf no time for helping anyvone veaker than ourselves. We are too busy h e l p i n g ourselves. Besides, Riordan, when you and I started here, there was very few any veaker than ve vere."

"COKE" is a story with a moral —a story that grips you from the first. It takes you from the sunlight to the shadows, into the mazes of the underworld of crime, all simply and unaffectedly; and it has as a climax one of those twists of plot which within a single year have brought Mr. Sprigle into prominence.

"Right," nodded Riordan. "It's been a fight, and you don't think very much of the weaker fellow in a fight."

"Well, now, Friedrich," insisted Schwartz, still intent on his son, "he don't look at things so. He talks about 'vision' and 'service' and things that his mother and I don't just understand sometimes. He aint goin' to stay in the Department. He will go into politics, he says. And he says too that he don't want to make money, much money—just enough to live on. He wants to help the 'little fellow,' he says.

"If we said we don't want to make money, Riordan, then long ago we would haf starfed to death. Not so?"

Riordan nodded again. Schwartz talked a little longer of his Friedrich, and then the two drifted into gossip of the neighborhood.

Shawled women passed, basket on arm, hurrying home to get supper before lords and masters arrived from work. All of them nodded and spoke.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Schwartz. How d'ye do, Mr. Riordan!" And Schwartz and Riordan called each by name. Men with dinner-pails and baskets passed, not many, for Twenty-second Street is not a workingman's district; but there was a noticeable homeward tide, as there is every evening in every part of Chicago.

AND now the real denizens of the section, those for whom it exists, began to pass. There were women in tawdry finery with cheek-bones gleaming with multiple coats of red, red on eyelids and red on the point of the chin. Riordan and Schwartz sniffed-in clouds of strong, pungent perfume. Shifty-eyed men passed to drop into open doorways of poolrooms and saloons. All were well dressed in Twenty-second and Twenty-third Street fashion. The whole district seemed to be waking up.

Most of these newcomers, these sleek, idle-looking fellows, spoke to Schwartz. Schwartz grunted grudgingly to each of them.

A block down, in Twenty-third Street near Wabash, was Mull's saloon. Most Chicagoans had read of it. Crime stories in the newspapers were apt to carry paragraphs like this:

> Detectives Ardmore and Welch arrested Talley in Mull's saloon following Black's confession. Talley also confessed.

Or:

> McArdle made and signed a confession detailing the entire crime. He described the progress of the plot from the time the plans were made in a Twenty-third Street saloon until he and Archer shot down Bellman.

Mull's, it will be seen, was not a nice place. Mull ever was on the verge of losing his license, and it was ever saved by a hair because of Mull's influence in ward politics.

In one of the half-dozen rooms in the rear of Mull's, three men were sitting, drinking. There was "Blazer" Donkin; there was Eddie Getrost, better known as "Dutch Eddie"; and there was Pete Miller. Each of the three had made many enforced sojourns in the Cook County jail and in the workhouse, and Blazer and Eddie had "done their bits" in Joliet. They were crooks. They had no calling other than that of crime, and yet they could not be called professional criminals. A professional criminal implies a man of some skill, who specializes in some particular branch of crime and who has foresight and knowledge to plan carefully his raids on the law, before executing them.

Blazer and Dutch Eddie and Pete had no specialties. Their crimes usually were the result of a combination of sudden opportunity and sudden impulse. All of them had picked pockets, but none of them had any skill in the calling. They would commit a burglary if occasion offered, and yet none of them dared essay a really big burglary. They were more apt to turn to a sudden hold-up of a belated pedestrian or the black-jacking of a bank messenger in broad daylight.

THE three had sat in Mull's the greater part of the afternoon. Between rounds of drinks one of them would take a pill-box from his pocket, sift a pinch of white powder on the back of his hand, offer the box to his

companions and then sniff the powder far back into his nostrils. Then it would have been noticed that the eyes of the three brightened; they all talked more volubly and more bombastically; they sat more erect. The white powder was cocaine. The three were "coke" fiends.

"BLAZER" DONKIN, "Dutch" Eddie and Pete were crooks; they had no calling other than crime; but they could not be called professional criminals. A professional criminal implies a man of some skill, who specializes in some branch of crime. They had no specialties. Their crimes were the result of chance and impulse.

Finally the supplies of cocaine were exhausted. Blazer took the three pill-boxes and was gone for a few minutes. When he came back all three were filled again.

It was about ten o'clock. They had been talking idly about the thousand things the underworld finds interesting, when suddenly Blazer broke in.

"Say," he demanded, "why wouldn't it be a good stunt to hold up a couple of elevated stations? We need the coin. We could make a cleanin' easy and make a get-away before the bulls got woke up."

"Sure," said Dutch Eddie. "Only one old guy watchin' the change! We could shove a 'gat' into his face and he'd drop dead from the scare."

"Well, when'll we pull it?" Blazer wanted to know.

It was Pete Miller who supplied the final spur.

"Why not now?" he demanded. "We need the money; it's waitin' for us. Let's go get it."

Blazer and Dutch Eddie looked doubtful for a moment. It was disconcerting to be snapped up in this sudden fashion. Hesitation was but momentary. Eddie and Blazer had had as much powdered courage as had Pete, and therefore he was not a whit better supplied with nerve. Eddie and Blazer put reassuring hands to hips. Pete slipped his hand under his arm. He was a devotee of the armpit holster. He said he could draw more quickly from under his arm than from his hip.

"Wait a minute," announced Pete as they were rising to depart. "I gotta get some cartridges. Wait till I run over to Abe's 'n' get a handful." He was gone but a moment. Then they started. They were on their way to commit robbery and there was an excellent chance that they would be called upon to kill before the night was over; yet not until they were climbing the steps to the elevated did Pete, who was leading, turn back with a careless:

"Say, where we goin'? Where we goin' to pull this first one?"

"Let's git an express out to Wilson Avenue," suggested Blazer. "It's quiet out that way, and it's the last place the bulls 'll be expectin' anything." And they boarded a northbound train and transferred at the Loop. That was the extent of their plan-making.

ONCE across the river and past the wilderness of freight-cars and stations, Blazer settled back with a late edition and calmly read the baseball alibis. Dutch Eddie tried to flirt with a good-looking girl two or three seats back. Pete seemed a trifle nervous.

Well out on the Wilson Avenue line, Blazer folded his paper and rose. He made his way to the platform of the car and waited for the next station to be reached. The others followed him. Half a dozen other passengers disembarked with them. The three walked down the steps with the others. They walked up the sidewalk out of the glare of light from the arcs at the entrance to the elevated station. Blazer took a generous pinch from his pill-box and passed it to Eddie and Pete. They stood for a moment longer until a pedestrian passed them and was well into the darkness. Then they strolled carelessly back and up the steps to the cashier's cage. He was a mild-featured, smiling sort of a man, rather small, so that he looked something like a schoolboy with his head just reaching above his desk. Neatly brushed white hair framed the cheery face.

Blazer was first at the little window. There was no delay, no parley.

"Up with yer mitts!" ordered Blazer. Eddie and Pete were circling around to the rear to get into the cage where the white-haired cashier sat.

Maybe the old man was too surprised by this sudden apparition of gleaming-eyed man backing a menacing revolver to heed Blazer's order. Maybe he was gathering himself to drop back of the desk or reach for a weapon. Anyway, there was a moment after Blazer's order in which the old man sat motionless. It was too long to suit Blazer. His pistol-muzzle, a foot from the cashier's face, suddenly sprang into flaming life at the crook of his finger. The explosion roared through the close confines of the little room. The blow of the bullet jerked the old man back, nearly off his stool. Reflexes still operated, and he swayed back again toward Blazer. As he did, Blazer noted impersonally how the powder from the cartridge had blackened his face. The little hole at one corner of the eye had not yet had time to redden.

The little cashier's head dropped to the desk before him. Then the whole body slumped to the floor.

Already Pete and Eddie were back in the cage hurriedly filling pockets with handfuls of nickels, dimes, quarters, larger coins, a few bills.

"Hustle," suggested Blazer, briefly.

The three darted down the steps again.

PATROLMAN HALLORAN was busied in earnestly recounting to his superior officer, Sergeant Fred Schwartz, the apparently Satanic predilection of his infant chickens to succumb to the gapes.

Schwartz was making the round of the various beats of his Wilson Avenue precinct and had stopped to chat with Halloran.

"I've thried iverything that's advertised in the dozen or more poultry magazines I take," Halloran said. "I've used up most of the older chickens in the neighborhood, and the horses are all getting so they run when they see me; I've pulled so many hairs out of their-r tails to fix up the dinguses of horsehair and chicken-quills that ye pull out the gapes wit'. An' still them chicks keeps on dyin'. It's fair discouragin', it is, Sergeant."

Schwartz knew little of any breed of chickens except the fried variety, and so his advice was not of great service to the worried chicken-physician.

Halloran was going into detail describing the symptoms that precede death by gapes, when he stopped suddenly. There was a muffled crack from down the street in the direction of the elevated station a block away.

The two men, all else forgotten, keened like hunting dogs on the trail. Then:

"It's sure a gun," said Halloran, as much to himself as to Schwartz. Gunshots are a rarity in the Wilson Avenue section.

"Come on!" ordered Schwartz, breaking into a run. Halloran followed.

As they turned the corner, Schwartz in the lead by virtue of his early start, they saw Dutch Eddie, Blazer and Pete ahead of them, a score of feet on the other side of the steps leading to the elevated.

"Halt!" yelled Sergeant Schwartz, and again, "Stop or I'll shoot!" Then he had his gun out and blazed away, not at the fugitives, however, but at the blue sky above. Schwartz had no idea what the three in front of him had done that they should flee from a bluecoat, but he was not going to risk killing or laming a man for some boyish prank.

And then, on the echo of his own shot, came a volley of answering shots from the enemy. He felt the wicked whine of a slug of lead past his head. He heard a grunt from Halloran close behind him and turned.

"Go on," panted that worthy gapes-specialist. "They winged me, but I guess it don't amount to much." And Schwartz went on. No more shooting to warn, though. Attempting to kill police officers and the wounding of one of them was no prank. It was kill or be killed. Schwartz wanted to live. Therefore one—or two—or all of the three in front of him were destined for the hereafter. Halloran still pounded a step or two behind him.

Eddie dodged into the entrance to an alley just as Schwartz was about to fire. Blazer and Pete went on.

"I'll take the alley," yelled Schwartz. "Get the other two." His was the more dangerous task. It was no light thing to thread shadows and obstacles of the alleys with a man waiting for him with hatred and a gun.

EDDIE shot as Schwartz turned into the alley, forty feet behind him. The bullet went wide. Schwartz fired at the flash, and the bullet whistled past Eddie not a foot too high. Eddie scuttled on again. Schwartz was gaining on him. Cocaine and bad whisky and cigarettes make a bad training-table for a foot-race. Eddie came to a cross-alley more littered with wagons and boxes than the one he and Schwartz were traversing. He turned and zigzagged among the obstructions and then threw himself behind a box. Schwartz turned the corner of the alley. Eddie calmly steadied his gun on a corner of his box and fired. Schwartz stopped, staggered, came on. A hit! Schwartz fired. The bullet crashed through boxes, but Eddie was safe—so far as that bullet was concerned. Schwartz was but ten feet away when Eddie fired again. Schwartz stopped short, tried to come on, and then went down on his hands and knees. Eddie heard his breath bubbling strangely. Then Eddie leaped from behind his fortress and took up his flight through the alley again.

The figure on all fours sank back until it rested on its haunches. One hand remained on the ground to steady it. The other hand came up slowly with ages of effort. It held a gun. The gun held two more bullets. Schwartz waited a moment. Then he fired. Eddie went down. Schwartz was just sinking down himself when he saw Eddie climb to his feet and begin running again, staggeringly now. Schwartz braced himself. With his sleeve he wiped blood from his face. The form up there ahead of him seemed to be dancing in strange flashes of light. Schwartz practically was a dead man now. There was only one thing about him alive; one thing had survived those two bullets through the body—that was the fixed determination to stop that man up the alley there.

For a second, less than a second, just a flash of time, he saw Eddie clearly, free of the dancing flashes of light. It was a mighty struggle to crook his finger, but it bent at last. His gun roared. The flashes of light continued dancing, but the figure that had danced with them stopped. It lay quietly. Schwartz lay down too. His last, half-formed thought was of welcome relief at the end of the struggle to hold himself up on hands and knees.

EDDIE was dead.

Schwartz was dead.

Blazer had a bullet, through the fleshy part of the thigh, that had just grazed the bone. Pete was unhurt except for a lump where Halloran's night-stick had landed. Halloran had a bullet-hole through his left arm. Blazer had begun to distance Pete and Halloran after they passed the alley where Eddie turned off, and Halloran had dropped him with a bullet. Then Halloran had run Pete to earth and clubbed him into submission. He had dragged both men to a patrol-box and had rung for the wagon. They found Eddie and Schwartz in the alley later and hauled them to the morgue. A police surgeon dressed Halloran's and Pete's wounds at headquarters, where detectives were getting statements from the two bandits.

Halloran was almost in tears as the surgeon was binding up his arm. He had heard that Schwartz was dead. Then his sorrow gave way after a time to a feeling that resembled elation. He

ought to get something out of this. The capture of two desperate gun-men ought to put him in about right with his superiors. Patrolman Michael Halloran had a vision of himself as Sergeant Michael Halloran. There was a vacancy now, and he was on the civil service list of eligibles. He stepped into the detectives' room, where Blazer and Pete were being questioned. Then his high hopes rather fell.

One of his desperate gun-men, Pete, was huddled in a chair sobbing like a schoolboy. The other one, with tears in his eyes and a sob in his voice, was screaming out confessions as fast as he could make them up. He begged the police to let him go home. He told them of his old mother waiting for him. He told how Eddie and Pete had led him astray. He was a good boy, he said. He told the listening detectives what desperate characters Eddie and Pete were. Pete by this time had partially recovered himself. Then Pete began hurling confessions right and left. Only *he* had been led astray by Blazer and Eddie. Together they made a deafening din, but that was all they accomplished.

"Oh, blazes!" burst out the captain of detectives, who had arrived from his home in an auto at word of the slaying of Sergeant Schwartz and the killing and capture of the slayers, "more of these 'snow-eaters'—the most devilish fighters there is when the dope's in 'em, and rags when it wears off. Throw 'em back until to-morrow, an' mebbe then we can manage to get some sense out of 'em."

"Say"—he almost jerked Pete from his feet as he passed him on his way to the desk sergeant to be booked—"where'd y' live?"

"T-Twenty-third Street," faltered Pete.

"Where'd y' get this damned coke that puts the hell in ye?"

"Old man Schwartz, in Twenty-second Street. D' whole gang gets it there."

The captain of detectives stood silent. He waved for Pete and his guard to go on.

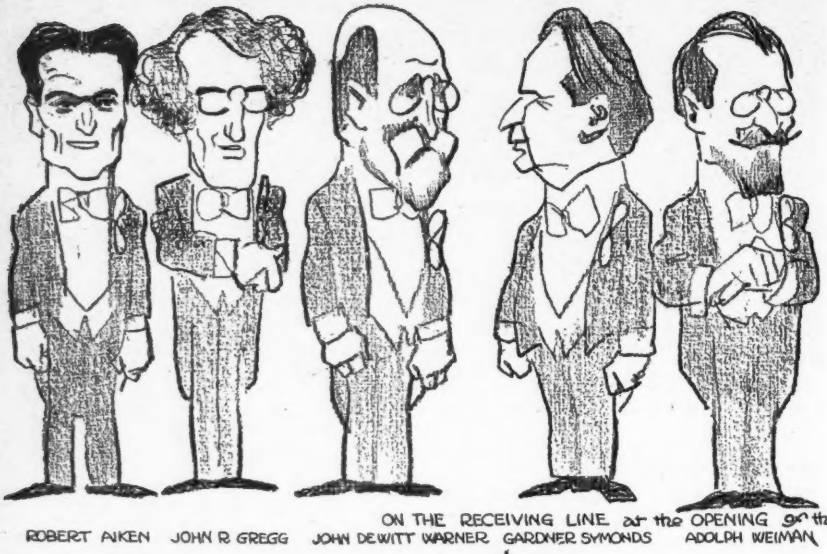
"Hell!" he said.

Manhattan Fancies

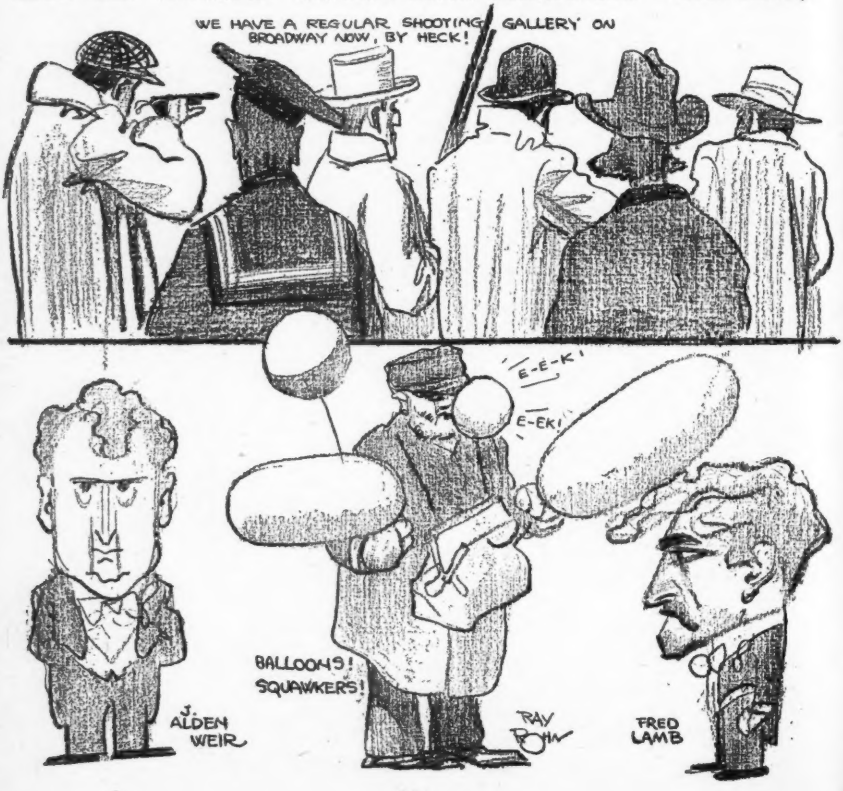
GOTHAM, winter capital of the world, is in its gayest and most frivolous mood these gadabout days of spring. More and more it is teasing fate and fortune for novelty—something new.

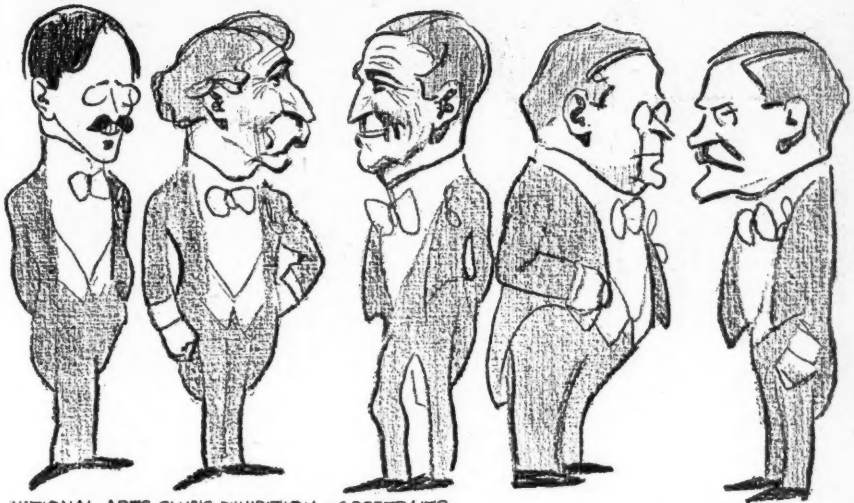
Ray Rohn, THE GREEN BOOK artist, has caught the spirit of Manhattan in the four pages of sketches that follow. He gives the high-lights, the outstanding interests, the freaks, the bizarre, in Father Knickerbocker's round-town junkets.


TYPES at the DOG SHOW, MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. OWNERS WATCHING THEIR FAVORITES PERFORM
THE BEAUTIFUL LADY SEEN WITH ROBERT WARWICK AT ONE of the RECENT WRESTLING MATCHES IN MADISON SQUARE GARDEN IS WORTHY OF MENTION, BUT UNFORTUNATELY WE DID NOT KNOW HER NAME.
SCENE AT ANY LEAP-YEAR PARTY
"M'I HAVE THE PLEASURE of the NEXT DANCE?"
HAVE YOU BOUGHT A "CHARLIE CHAPLIN" YET? THEY SELL 'EM ON B'WAY.
RAY BOHN

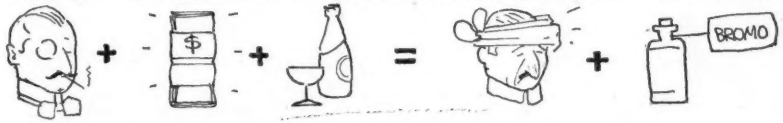


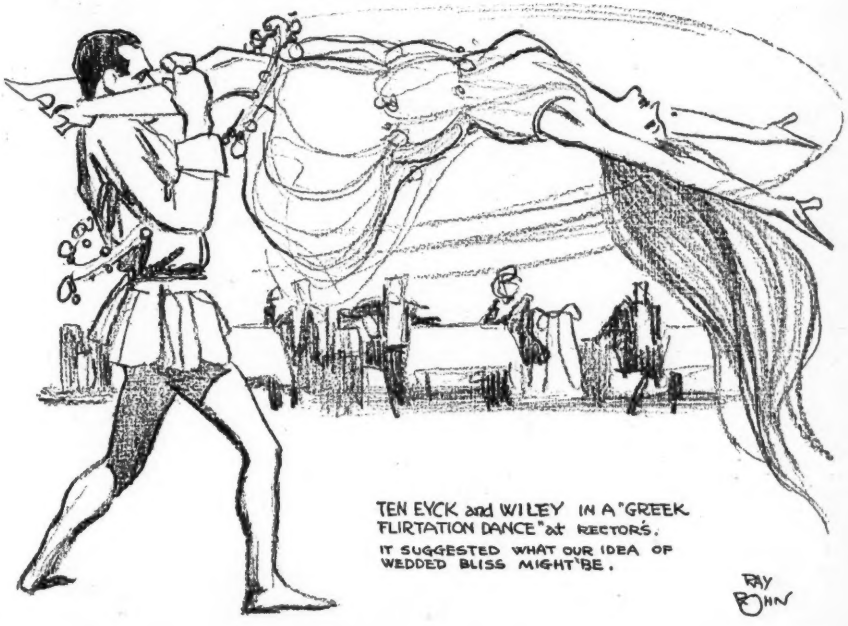
ON THE RECEIVING LINE at the OPENING of the





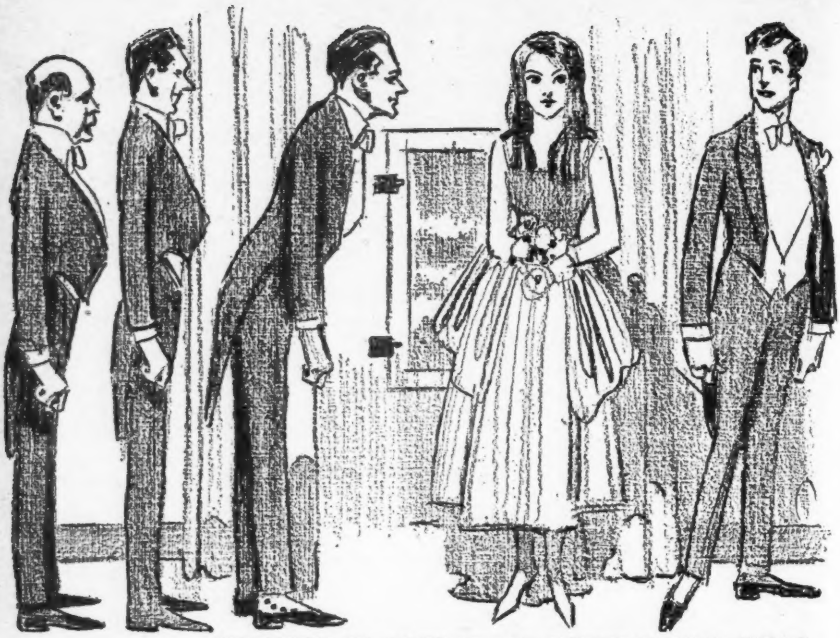
NATIONAL ARTS CLUB'S EXHIBITION of PORTRAITS.
C.C.CURRAN JOHN BROOKS LEAVITT SHUBAEL COTTELL DOUGLASS VOLK JOHN G AGAR.





TEN EYCK and WILEY IN A "GREEK FLIRTATION DANCE" at RECTOR'S.
IT SUGGESTED WHAT OUR IDEA OF WEDDED BLISS MIGHT BE.

RAY BOHN



PRETTY PEGGY GAY, FLOWER GIRL at the CLARIDGE, COMPLAINS BECAUSE SHE NEVER HAS FLOWERS ENOUGH TO SUPPLY THE DEMAND DO YOU WONDER?

SPRING HATS

RICHARD (age 11) and MARY (age 8) GRAY, WHO WON A PRIZE-CONTEST DANCE. HOTEL MAJESTIC

RAY BOHM

TALL HATS FOR SHORT GIRLS THIS SPRING

Ellis Parker Butler, Flushing's Foremost Citizen

HOW "PIGS IS PIGS" CAME TO BE WRITTEN

By John J. Rodgers

The fourth sketch in a GREEN BOOK series by Mr. Rodgers on

Prominent Authors

Interviews with Ring Lardner, Emerson Hough and Mary Roberts Rinehart have already appeared.

Next month—

The Story of Charles E. Van Loan

ONE gets a better perspective on "Pigs Is Pigs," that greatest money-maker among short stories,—which it originally was,—by going back a few years—to the time, we'll say, when Ellis Parker Butler was fourteen.

That is where the real yarn begins; thence it travels a queer literary road through a spice mill, an oatmeal mill, a crockery business, anonymous letters, a wholesale grocery; it deals with free-lancing, dips into the inner business and editorial realms of such trade journals as *The Tailors' Review, The Wall Paper News, The Upholsterer* and *The Decorative Furnisher,* and last of all it leads to an average daily output of three thousand words, rain or shine, and to Flushing's most prominent citizen.

For a professional humorist, Ellis Parker Butler (somehow you can't think of him as plain Mr. Butler) has more serious interests than almost anyone I have ever met. And they are varied. He is a director and vice-president of the Flushing National Bank, president of the County Club, trustee and treasurer of the Flushing Hospital, chairman of the business improvement committee of the Flushing Business Men's League, governor of the Tuscarora Hunting and Fishing Club, a committee official of the Niantic Club, one of the organizers and active supporters of Flushing's Associated Charities organization and Children's Playground, and—incidentally being an author by virtue of turning out nine hundred thousand words of literary effort a year—member of the council and chairman of the executive committee of the Authors' League of America.

And as if all this isn't enough, he is the father of three girls, two of them the most adorable twins you'll find in the State of New York.

It should be quite easy for you to see why I admire Ellis Parker Butler. I don't understand how he can be all these and do all this, and remain funny. And there is more to come.

WHEN Ellis Parker Butler was fourteen, as I started to say, the real story begins. His home-town was the much-sung Muscatine, in Iowa. He had had one year of high-school algebra and Latin verbs when the grip of ambition fell strong upon him. "I had always wanted to be a writer," he told me one day, "as far back as I can remember." Just what was the connection between his ambition and his first job he has never been able to solve, for he left high school because a man who ran the Muscatine Spice Mills offered him five dollars a week to help the bookkeeper!

As a bookkeeper's helper he was not above par. He quickly sought new employment and found it as a clerk in the office of the Muscatine Oatmeal Mills. Ill luck pursued. He billed a car of oatmeal to a William Smith in New York, without cluttering up the bill-of-lading with a street address. By the time Smith found, a month or so later, that he owned a shipment of moldy oatmeal, Butler was seeking a new position.

He found one, a good one this time—thirty dollars a month!—in a wholesale and retail crockery store. He was there a year in charge of the retail department; then he shifted to a place as city salesman and bill-clerk for a wholesale grocery company in Muscatine. He remained there eight years. . . . . These facts I am detailing to show his preparation for writing.

In the meantime, however, he had had, so to speak, his pen in hand.

"I wasn't more than ten or eleven years old when I began writing verse that was published in the local newspapers," Mr. Butler explained. "I had been living with an aunt, a cultured woman, fond of books and a lover of literature, as literature. Perhaps it was there that I first got the idea that the finest thing in the world would be to be a writer.

"While I was in high school and working at the spice and oatmeal mills, I wrote some stories and sent them to the local papers, just to see my name in print. The editors seemed to like them; at least, they published them.

"Then a fellow—Hank Lewis was his name—came from out West, and started *The Muscatine Mail*, a weekly newspaper. He published all of the stories I wrote and gave me a great deal of encouragement.

"I aspired, as I grew older, to break into bigger print. While I was with the crockery concern, I wrote a series of anonymous letters, one a week, on local topics, which was published by *The Muscatine News*, a daily. That made me feel pretty proud, although I was the only one who knew who was writing them. Not even the editor knew. I would sneak down to the newspaper office after dark and slip them under the door.

"George Van Horn, formerly United States consul to Marseilles, was the editor—one of those small-town geniuses who never try to do anything outside of their own communities. He found me out at last, but he didn't let the public know.

"The other daily paper in Muscatine, Van Horn's rival, began publishing the novel, 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab,' serially; and I decided that *The News* should not be outdone. So, without even planning a plot, I drew up a full-page advertising scheme for Van Horn announcing the beginning, in *The News*, of a serial to be known as 'The Story of an Unhandsome Cab.' He had the nerve; he ran the advertisement, illustrating it with old stock cuts—one of them from a Rough-on-Rats advertisement. Remember, now, I was only about sixteen.

"We started in on the novel, a melodramatic thing, and ran it, without signature, for eight or ten weeks. I would write an installment each week in time to catch the forthcoming issue. Van Horn insisted that his readers liked it.

"The editor of *The Cedar Rapids Gazette* learned, somehow, that I had been doing all this anonymous writing, and published a great puff about me. He called me 'Iowa's literary promise.' I swelled up like a toad. After that I was the literary man (at sixteen) of the town—or I thought I was."

The serial increased his ambition to become a writer, and he began turning out short verse which he sold to *Life*, *Judge* and *Truth*. Van Horn offered him the city editorship of *The News*, but the day he had planned to accept, the wholesale grocery concern raised his salary—so he stayed with it.

"A thing I have never regretted," he said. "It gave me business experience that has been invaluable in my writing."

NOW comes the chapter in which "Pigs Is Pigs" is connected most directly. After being eight years with the wholesale grocery concern, Mr. Butler found that he was making more money from his writing than he got as salary.

The editor of *Truth* had asked him to go to New York and accept a minor position on his staff. So Muscatine's literary genius went. When he arrived, he found that in the meantime *Truth* had had two other editors, and that no place was prepared for him. As a matter of fact, no one knew him.

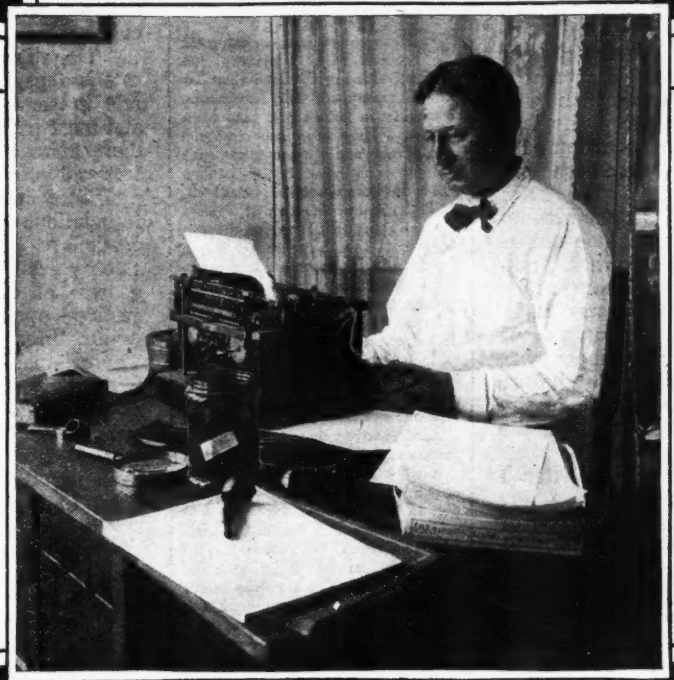
For two years he free-lanced. Then came a regular salary from *The Tai-*

lors' Review, for which he traveled over the country getting subscriptions and advertising; next he went to *The Wall Paper News;* later he became assistant editor of its sister publication, *The Upholsterer*—a position previously held by "Dug" Doty, now editor of *The Century Magazine,* and by Walter L. Dyer, formerly editor of *Country Life in America* and now an essayist and fiction writer. Then Mr. Butler went to *The Decorative Furnisher,* which he and a business partner established, and which prospered from the first.

It is rather necessary to know these things to appreciate the story of the writing of "Pigs Is Pigs."

"I was on *The Upholsterer* when I wrote the yarn," Mr. Butler related to me one day at his home in Flushing, one of the most delightful of New York's suburbs, "but the events leading up to it go 'way back; and they show how a chap will finally work a group of ideas into one plot.

"When I was traveling for *The Tailors' Review,* I made a visit to Cleveland, and I stayed at a hotel where all the patent-medicine people congregate. The patent-medicine idea struck me as good, and I sat down in my room and wrote a story called 'Perkins of Portland,' all about an advertising man who could sell anything under the sun. (In the story he sold porous plasters.) I sold the yarn to *The Century.*



Ellis Parker Butler at work.

"Ellery Sedgwick, now editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and then editor of *Leslie's,* remembered this story several years later, and asked me to write a series of them for him. I wrote four or five, which Sedgwick accepted.

"Then came an offer from the editor of *Judicious Advertising,* whom I knew out in Chicago, asking for the same sort of series for him. "Silas Boggs, Injudicious Advertiser" was the title of the first. It was the story of a man who kept guinea pigs. Two of them, a male and a female, were born with lop ears. He saw great opportunities to make a fortune out of their offspring, and began advertising them in grand style. He got thousands of orders; business was splendid. But before they gave birth to any lop-eared children, the two pigs died!

"Some time later I met Sedgwick. He mentioned that one of the chaps in his office had read the story, and had suggested that it might be worth while to have me write one about an express company's agent in a small town, on whose hands a negligent shipper left a consignment of guinea pigs. He further suggested that these pigs might multiply so rapidly that the agent, to care for them, had no time for his express duties.

"Pigs Is Pigs"

THE story starts with an argument between Mike Flannery, the Westcote agent of the Interurban Express Company, and Mr. Morehouse, to whom two guinea pigs have been shipped. They have gone into the book of rules, and Morehouse contends that guinea pigs are *pets* and that the rate is therefore twenty-five cents each, while the agent contends that pigs are pigs, and that the rate for them is thirty cents each. Morehouse refuses to pay the extra five cents, and leaving the guinea pigs on Flannery's hands, protests by letter to the company's president.

Letters go back and forth, from this department and that, to Morehouse and to the agent, as the months advance. In the meantime the pigs are multiplying. When Flannery has four thousand and sixty-four pigs on hand, he is ordered to deliver them to Morehouse. He finds Morehouse has left Westcote.

Then a clerk, thinking there are only a few, wires Flannery to ship the pigs to headquarters. Flannery does—a constant stream—until the warehouses are full. An inspector sent to stop him, finds him shoveling up the last remaining few. This is his sentiment:

"So long as Flannery runs this express office—pigs is pets—an' cows is pets—an' horses is pets—an' lions an' tigers an' Rocky Mountain goats is pets—an' the rate on thim is twinty-foive cints. . . . .

"Well, annyhow, 'tis not so bad as ut might be. What if them dago pigs had been elephants!"

"Then I came across a clipping from a Liverpool newspaper telling of a man who had attempted to take a tortoise on a train-trip with him. The assistant station-master stopped him from taking the animal on board the train, and referred the problem to the station-agent, an Irishman. The station-master tried to get some classification in the railroad's book of rules, and this was his final conclusion:

"'Dogs is dogs, and cats is dogs, and squirrels in cages is dogs, and must pay; but that there animal is an insect and goes free.'

"These were the foundations—the suggestions; and every story is the outgrowth of some suggestion—upon which I wrote 'Pigs Is Pigs.' The original title, as I sent it to Sedgwick, was 'A Dago Pig Episode.' One of Sedgwick's staff suggested changing the name to 'Pigs Is Pigs.'

"It is still bringing me royalties as a book—in its time it has made a fairly comfortable fortune; it has been translated into French and Dutch; and it has been produced twice in the movies. And I wrote it just as I would any short story—one of my 'Philo Gubbs,' for instance."

And that is how "Pigs Is Pigs," the most popular short story of the decade, was written.

The next of THE GREEN BOOK'S interviews with noted writers will be called "The Story of Charles E. Van Loan." It will appear in the June GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE—on sale May 12th.

Will She Be Another Marlowe?

RUTH BLAIR is the young film discovery whom Madam Ada Dow Currier said possessed a depth of emotional and dramatic talent she had observed in no one else but Julia Marlowe. And it was Madam Currier, if you may remember, who took Marlowe, as a young girl, into her home and prepared her for the stage.

Three photographs of Ruth Blair.

Photographs by Underwood & Underwood, New York

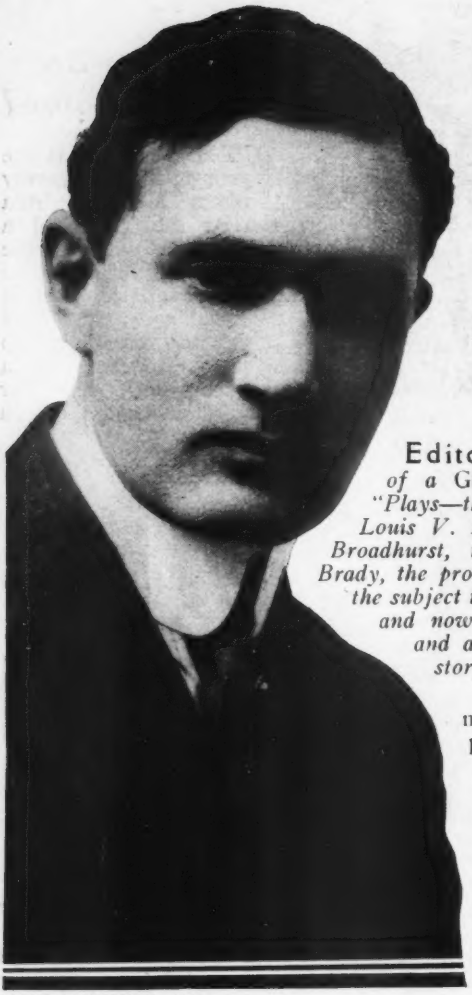
So, although she had received a preliminary education in drawing and painting, Ruth Blair wooed the new art—"for the adventure," she said—and began her studies for the stage. These brought her to the Selwyns, and she went on the road for them for a season or so as leading woman before entering motion pictures with the Fox organization.

She is from Williamsport, Pennsylvania. She is tall and slender, with a great deal of girlish attractiveness. And she is, moreover, a "perfect Parisian thirty-six" of the hipless, small-busted style so much admired these days both on the screen and before the footlights.

Plays — the Greatest of All Gambles

HOW THE SEASON'S SCHEDULE IS WORKED OUT IN ADVANCE

By Edgar Selwyn



Photograph by Mishkin, New York

Edgar Selwyn, playwright, producer and actor.

Editor's Note: *This is the fourth of a* GREEN BOOK *series of articles on "Plays—the Greatest of All Gambles." Louis V. De Foe, the play-analyst, George Broadhurst, the playwright, and William A. Brady, the producer, have contributed articles on the subject to past issues of* THE GREEN BOOK; *and now Edgar Selwyn, producer, author and actor, tells the intensely interesting story of Selwyn & Company's success.*

PRODUCING plays that will coax two dollars per human unit out of the public is one of the classic gambles, and no man in his senses will deny it—but it isn't the noble old cap-over-the-windmill hazard that you say it is before you stop to think.

It's a gamble within a gamble, and the risks of the first can be reduced to a minimum by experience, even if nothing but a first-night can ever prove anything about the second.

The first guess you make is on what kind of plays to give; the second is on whether the play you've got is good enough of its kind. Personally, I'm inclined to think that if the first guess is right, the second is apt to be, and that the gamble isn't what it's cracked up to be as a death-daring sport.

The reasons I have for hedging on the statement that play-producing is so uncertain, I have got out of my own experience—my personal experience and that of Selwyn & Company.

We have standardized our productions. We know for a definite fact that if we can get each season one good farce, one good melodrama, one good comedy and one good emotional drama, we can hold our own with all the producers in the world.

And we fell into that program without knowing at all where we would land.

SELWYN & COMPANY came into existence on one of the most spectacular gambles in the history of the theater: we bought in a "failure." William A. Brady had given a fine cast and a fine production to Bayard Veiller's "Within the Law," and had held it for several months in a Chicago theater, in the face of a distinct indifference on the part of the Chicago public. We had bought plays, as playbrokers, but only in order to sell them to somebody else for production. We all got together, when Bayard's play failed in Chicago, and decided that it was worth buying. To our profound satisfaction, we learned that Mr. Brady was willing to sell it. And having got that far, we all threw our chests out and said: "Let us buy it and produce it ourselves." So we bought it.

But the first show of bravery didn't last. It's no secret now, though it was then, that time and again we took counsel among ourselves and wondered our heads off about "Within the Law." We only managed to get through to the opening night because whenever one of us would weaken, the others would fall on him and call him a coward! It happened to all of us in turn,—the touch of the white feather,—but luckily it never happened to a majority of us at one and the same time.

The rest is public history. "Within the Law" made a big-business record—and made us a producing firm. After that, we knew one thing forever—that the public wanted good melodrama.

We concentrated on "Within the Law" during all of our first season. Then there came a chance at another melodrama, "Under Cover," by Roi Cooper Megrue. The collective mind of a producing firm progresses much like the mind of any individual. Selwyn & Company had a soft spot in its heart for melodrama. On the strength of that, even more than in our several personal convictions that "Under Cover" was a fine piece of work, we decided to put it on.

There was a period of trepidation over that, too. We took it up to a New England town for a tryout, and the disdain of that town for "Under Cover" was a caution. But we remembered "Within the Law," bolstered up our nerve and took the play on into Boston. Here again my tale emerges into known history. "Under Cover" stayed in Boston longer than any other drama that had ever played there, and it came into New York, to the Cort Theater, and played another year. Incidentally, "Under Cover" is the only out-of-town hit that ever duplicated on Broadway the year-run it had had before it came. That settled the matter of melodrama for Selwyn & Company. Whatever was destined to add itself to melodrama in our program, nothing could ever oust it.

IT is possible that we might have gone on for years, producing melodramas, letting the possibilities in other fields go by default, if an accident had not put us in possession of "Twin Beds." Margaret Mayo had written "Twin Beds" with Salisbury Field, and William Harris, Jr., had produced it. It had a few performances out of New York, and it looked like a success, but when it came in to the Fulton Theater a year ago in August, it didn't succeed!

Miss Mayo is of course by relation a member of the firm of Selwyn & Company, and she had by temperament what Selwyn & Company had got by experience—the conviction that "hanging on" was sound doctrine. She believed in her farce, notwithstanding the fact that the New Yorkers were not going to see it. But the New Yorkers were rapidly convincing Mr. Harris they didn't want to see it, and so again we all threw out our chests bravely and said: "We will buy it ourselves."

What happened then has been variously described. Miss Mayo said, "What did I tell you!" and the rest of us said, "Maybe there is something all wool and a yard wide about the Selwyn luck." For we had no sooner bought "Twin Beds" than it began to brighten up. There was precisely the same play, with precisely the same cast, that had gone along for weeks without stirring the slightest response from the public. Now, without rhyme or reason, it began to do business. The thing grew and grew, and within six weeks

Photograph by White, New York

Archibald Selwyn, who is the business manager of Selwyn & Company.

Margaret Mayo (Mrs. Edgar Selwyn), author of "Twin Beds" and other stage successes.

Photograph copyrighted by Ira L. Hill, New York

it was a "sell-out." The run elongated and elongated till it had stretched to one year, and we had a new bee in our bonnets. We said: "The public will buy good farce as well as good melodrama."

Mind you, both these conclusions of ours were arrived at in what they called off-years for such conclusions. When we bought "Within the Law," our advisers were saying: "But the public is sick of crook melodramas. They're worn out. You'll have to catch them with something new—something different is the secret of success in this business." Advice was always plentiful.

And when we bought "Twin Beds," our advisers said the same thing about farce. They said: "The reason Willie Harris hasn't made his fortune with that thing is that the public is sick of farces. We've had too many of them. Fashions change in plays."

"Well, after 'Twin Beds' we all made an important resolve. It was to the effect that last year's model, however bad in hats and dance-steps, was the right one for producing plays.

WE felt our way along as carefully as we could. We happened on the straight comedy addition to our plans by way of "The Show Shop." There again we were warned off, because "The Show Shop" was a play about the stage, and the wiseacres said "it couldn't be done." But although we had plenty of prudence in the backs of our heads, we had an adventuring streak which said: "We will try anything once—and who is there better to take a chance on than James Forbes?"

Well, "The Show Shop" not only filled the Hudson Theater for us all last year, but it expanded our horizon to admit comedy. And then we were all set, except for one thing: We had never considered the potentiality of the emotional drama, with a star. And the combination of our being able to get at one and the same time the acting of Margaret Illington and a new play by Henry Arthur Jones gave us the idea of putting a fourth corner to our yearly building.

The New York openings of Margaret Illington in "The Lie" at the Harris and "The Show Shop" at the Hudson came within a week of each other. Within six weeks after they had started, they had so established themselves that Selwyn & Company were definitely and finally committed to a scheme which should include, as I have said before, one good play following each of these types.

So when we came to make out our plans for this year, we found we were following "Under Cover" with "Under Fire," another melodrama by Roi Cooper Megrue; "Twin Beds" with "Fair and Warmer," a farce by Avery Hopwood; "The Show Shop" with my own comedy, "Rolling Stones;" and Margaret Illington in "The Lie" with Julia Arthur in "The Eternal Magdalene."

THE outside gamble has ceased to exist for us. We know, as far as we've gone, what kind of plays the public wants. Plays don't go out of fashion, no matter how stoutly the wiseacres deny us. But to the inner gamble, there is no real guide. I question if there is a man in the world who can forecast the fate of a play if its fate is not already so blackly written across its back that it is beneath contempt. You may decide to your heart's content that you intend to produce a good farce. But when it comes to deciding that the farce you hold in your hands in manuscript is going to succeed on the stage,—in brief, if your choice is going to be good enough,—you can't do much but put it on and trust to luck.

But risky as it is to produce plays at all, the producers with a standard have it all over the producers without one. The wild-cat speculators who do a musical comedy this month, a spectacular melodrama next month, a fairy play after that and an allegory for a finish, with many moving pictures in between, have the gambler's chance of losing twice what they make, all to themselves.

If you play fair with the public, it will play fair with you—and that's the best, if not the only, guarantee of stability in the theatrical business.

New Gowns Seen On the Stage

IVY TROUTMAN in "Sadie Love": She is shown (at right) wearing a white chiffon tea-gown heavily embroidered in silver. The sleeves are of the thinnest filet lace, and there is a white satin clasp caught with small silk flowers in pastel shades. The lines of the gown are extremely simple. The train is short.

Photograph by Ira L. Hill Studio, New York

Photograph by Mishkin, New York

Ivy Troutman

Photograph by White, New York

Eileen Molyneux in a striking dancing dress.

THE bodice is of deep-shaded salmon-pink satin combined with flesh-colored net and piped with light green. There are three bows of diamonds on the front of the bodice, combined with hand-made flowers of rose pink. The petticoat is of chiffon and lace, trimmed with broad bands of brilliant silver veiled in mauve net, the overskirt being of a shot double-faced satin, pale mauve in color. The small hat is of pale green satin trimmed with skunk fur and silver and flowers. The dress was designed by Lady Duff Gordon.

Photograph by White, New York

ALICE HARRIS (Mrs. Sam H. Harris) in George M. Cohan's 1916 Revue, wearing an afternoon dress of white broadcloth, draped over an underskirt of white chiffon and lace. Below and above the belt, which is of an unusual shade of blue, is an inlet of white chiffon. The collar and cuffs are embroidered.

Photograph by White, New York

FRANCES PRITCHARD, costumed in two of the gowns she swears in "Sybil." The one at the left has a foundation of yellow chiffon, with bandings and filigree of silver, and gold-lace sleeves. The girdle and overdress are of yellow taffeta brocaded with colored flowers. The gown at the right is of turquoise-blue charmeuse, with a blue chiffon overdress trimmed with a band of silver, silver-lace ruffles, and festoons of pink rosebuds. The girdle is of silver.

The Habit of

"Hello, Florence."

IT IS, CONTENDS FLORENCE, THE WORST OF THEM ALL

By Ida M. Evans

Author of "Taffy and Brine," "This Is the Life," "A Wife from the Peacock Sextet" and other stories

GENEVIEVE! My dear, how d'ye do! Did I run into you? My dear, I *beg* your pardon! But there was a stupid girl behind me, pushing. Do you lunch here often? . . . . . All the time? Really? How odd we haven't run into each other before. I've been dying to see you, to tell you all about— . . . . . Yes, I've lunched here every day for two weeks . . . . . Ye-es—the food is lovely and clean. . . . . Ye-es,—it's a cozy place, —though, my dear, to tell the truth I *could* use another word than *cozy* to describe fourteen men and women crowding with all their might against my spine . . . . . *Madam!* Great heavens! There are plenty of tea biscuits! You don't need to crawl up and over my shoulder in fear they'll all be gone before you can grab one! . . . . . Genevieve, my dear, *did* you see her? . . . . .

No, my dear, I wont do it! I wont put up the usual bluff about loving the lovely, clean food at these cafeterias and really enjoying the novelty of waiting on oneself. I do *not* like to eat at these places. I loathe it! I simply *despise* collecting my meal from a counter and then lugging it to a table. And so far, I've never been able to get *all* the dishes I collect as far as a table. Always something slips off the tray. Don't show me, my dear; I've *tried* that way of carrying it! . . . . .

Then why? Because, my dear girl, it costs less to eat here than any place else. That's the one and only reason I'm here. Your reason too? I thought so. . . . . Oh, not *really,* Genevieve? You poor girl! What a low-down shame! Just as it is time to buy summer clothes! And you've been with that firm nine years! *What* excuse could any furniture firm give for cutting a stenographer's salary in March—when March is the rush furniture month of the year? . . . . . But, my dear, what has the war got to do with it? Good gracious! All Europe—and Africa, too—could choke itself to death and tumble into the Mediterranean, but America would still go on using installment-plan household furniture! . . . . . But, my dear, I'm not surprised. I know all about that firm you work for. You can't tell me a thing. It's the meanest firm in Chicago. I know Dave Burman, a salesman in the refrigerators. . . . . You know him—a short, dark fellow with awfully nice dark brown eyes? . . . . . And they've never treated him right. They've always got some excuse for cutting salaries or not giving a raise when you're entitled to it. If it isn't war, it's something else—a strike, or peace, or a comet, or overproduction, or underproduction, or no wheat crop, or too big a wheat crop to handle with profit—or *something!* I've told Dave

Falling in Love

AS TOLD TO GENEVIEVE
BY THE VICTIM HERSELF

"Genevieve! My dear, how d'ye do!"

Scene: A Cafeteria

time and time again that he— . . . . . Mine cut? Well, I should say not! I'd like to see my firm dare—after adding my sales-slips! Genevieve, you wouldn't believe me if I told you how many medium-weight serge suits I've got rid of already this season; there isn't a girl on the floor— . . . . . Are you going to try that roast mutton? I believe I will too. I don't know, though —it looks toughish, and this new false front tooth of mine— . . . . . Uh-huh! You'd never dream it wasn't my own, would you? . . . . .

BUT the Briesheimer Coat & Suit Company isn't that kind. They have their faults, but promiscuous salary-slashing isn't one of 'em. They've treated me fair enough during the ten years I've been with 'em. . . . . Yes—it's been ten years. I was only sixteen when I first came there as extra girl for Saturday afternoons—and as green as a cucumber pickle; I thought everyone who wore a sealskin coat was a lady. That's when I first got acquainted with Dave Burman. He was stock-keeper. And if he had stuck there instead of trying different places, he'd be better off to-day. I tell him so. I don't believe in jumping from one place to another . . . . .

Then why am I cutting expenses? Well, my dear, twenty-four dollars a week isn't a mint! By the time you've paid your board at home and your car-fare—and shoes *cost!* My, *don't* shoes cost! Unless, of course, you have no self-respect and don't care what you put on your feet. I paid nine dollars for these—but they *do* look it, don't they? And then I've got this terrible dentist bill. . . . . Oh, no—I don't mind the mere loss of the tooth. At least I don't mind now. But at the time I thought I would die! . . . . . Pain? No, mortification! Really, Genevieve, I thought I *would* die!

It was the most humiliating thing that ever happened to me—not excepting the time I accidentally short-changed a customer and she went shrieking to old Briesheimer. Not the senior — the grandfather. . . . . For three weeks, my dear, I've been trying to find time to run over and tell you. There's a table with two empty chairs! Quick, before some one else nabs 'em! . . . . . Oh, isn't that a shame! *Weren't* they rude? And they must have seen us hurrying!

Don't you *loathe* eating with people so close about you? Really, if it wasn't cheaper— Oh, there! I've dropped my peach pie! Now I've got to crowd back to that crowded counter for another piece! Oh, I've got to! That peach pie was the only thing I really wanted. Really, Genevieve, I don't

know as I save much money in the long run, for yesterday I lost a piece of chocolate cake the same way, and trying to save it I tilted my coffee-cup, and there was a broad yellow dribble down the front of my new covert-cloth skirt! A dollar and a half for cleaning!

It made me heartsick—but I had to laugh in spite of myself, for a tall, heavy-haired man with a tray of boiled meat and vegetables stepped on a bit of the chocolate icing—and, believe me, my dear, if any Argentinians had been here to see him cavort, they could have invented a lot of new steps. He managed to keep his balance, but he lost a dish of steamed cabbage—that a floating-veiled brunette stepped in later; and I wish you could have seen the way he glared around for the owner of the icing. His eyes stuck out of his red face like green corks.

And then when finally he saw that I must be the guilty party—my dear, I am not any vainer than the next woman, but I am perfectly aware that none of the Briesheimers favor frumps as saleswomen. And I had on my new black satin straw with those cute white wings. The hat, I can say without excessive conceit, is becoming. I wouldn't have bought it if it hadn't been. I never do. You should have seen the glare of offense fade out of that man's eyes. And he stuttered that it didn't matter a bit—not a bit—not a bit! I couldn't help thinking what a help he'd be to some poor woman on a jury.

"A tall man with a tray of boiled meat and vegetables stepped on a bit of the chocolate icing. . . . He lost a dish of steamed cabbage—that a floating-veiled brunette stepped in later."

"Yesterday I lost a piece of chocolate cake."

WHAT was I saying? Oh yes; I started to tell you why I need money. My clothes— Horrors! I thought that woman was going to back into me. Thank goodness! At last I've got this tray on a solid spot. Look, Genevieve! Some ring? . . . . .

Did I buy it myself? Certainly not! It's an engagement ring! Oh, I *told* him to get a dinner-ring instead of a solitaire. There's more show for your money. Anyway, he couldn't have got a decent-sized solitaire unless he went in debt, and I don't like debt. . . . . His debt? My dear, I'd just as soon be in myself as put him in. How could he afford it? . . . . .

Who do you think I'm talking about, Genevieve? Carlton Rowe? Good gracious, no! Oh, I know I've been dancing and café-ing and taxicabbing eight nights a week with him for some time back, but that is all over. . . . . No, my dear, it wasn't his fault and it wasn't mine. It was what you'd have to term the intervention of Providence, I guess. It was all on account of my

losing my front tooth . . . . . Funny? Oh, I suppose it was. Though at the dinner-table that evening—really, Genevieve, it was awful! I felt as bad as when I got the notion I had tuberculosis. (That was eight years ago, and it wasn't tuberculosis at all; it was adenoids.) Anyone would feel terrible to lose— Say, Genevieve, doesn't this lobster salad taste rather ptomainey? Of course you can't expect much for a five-cent helping, but still they might—ugh! It does! That's the worst of these cafeterias! After you've picked a dish from the counter, you have to eat it or waste your money. But I believe I'll run back and get some slaw. That makes my lunch forty-four cents. Really, I could have got a hot chicken sandwich and chocolate at De Vaghn's for that, and needn't have had all this trouble. . . . .

Such a mob! The way people push you—but that's the worst of these places. Do you see that huge woman in brown voile—don't you loathe brown voile? Or brown anything, unless a woman has the red hair that calls for it? She has red hair, hasn't she? But *what* a red! It reminds me of the flannel our mothers used to make our underwear out of. Imagine living in the days when mother cut out underwear and sewed it up, just like waists! And that reminds me, Genevieve! I got four of the loveliest shell-pink jersey-silk combinations yesterday noon—and only two dollars and seventy-five cents! There was an exquisite one in pale blue, but I prefer the pink. It brings out the pink of your skin. My dear, does it seem possible that there ever was a time when wedding lingerie consisted of a dozen four-rod-wide muslin petticoats with ruffles and ruffles of clumsy stiff starched torchon on 'em? Oh, I was telling you about that woman in brown voile: She had come back for another dish of tapioca pudding—the idea of a woman with her waist-line taking two helpings of tapioca! I had a notion to warn her it was dreadfully fattening, but people never thank you for such a hint . . . . .

"The idea of a woman with her waist-line taking two helpings of tapioca. I had a notion to tell her it was dreadfully fattening, but people never thank you for such a hint."

What's that? Was that girl addressing me? This slaw is dreadfully indigestible? Well! Dear me! I never heard of such impertinence. And from a perfect stranger! I fancy I am old enough to know what food to select for my own stomach! . . . . .

Well, as I was telling you, that big woman in brown pushed me out of the way with her huge elbow, and never offered to apologize! Simply grumbled something about hating a crowd! Really, Genevieve, every year people seem to lose courtesy. Soon a really courteous person will be as extinct as a dodo—or whatever that animal is that is always extinct. I've read so many sad articles about this dwindling of courtesy in public places. If I knew that woman's name, I'd cut out the next one I read and send it to her. But believe me, my dear, I've got two elbows of my own. And I used one to such effect that she got out of the way and waited till I had passed—and then shouted that some people needed a hall to turn around in! If she feels that way, why doesn't she go to the Congress and pay three dollars for her lunch in a place that isn't at all crowded? . . . . .

OH, positively, it isn't Carleton Rowe! . . . . .

Oh, I know he is handsome. . . . . Oh, I guess I was in love with him. I will readily admit that I had just about keyed myself up to the idea that only his low, musical voice could satisfy my

"His mother? . . . . She was nice—too nice. You know—that I-will-make-the-best-of-her niceness."

ears for the rest of my life. You know, Genevieve, you hardly ever meet a man who has a good profile, interesting blue eyes and a drawling Southern accent and who gets ten thousand dollars a year besides. I used to wonder sometimes how that slow voice of his could ever drawl forth enough coat-items to command that salary. But—I've lost interest in the matter now. . . . .

Yes, I have, my dear. Wait till I tell you all about it. You see, the first time he came in to sell Briesheimer's, I wasn't busy, and the stenographer was, so I was called to take down the order. And as I didn't happen to be in love with anyone at the time—

You know, Genevieve, I've always had the most terrible habit of falling in love. And talk about your drink habit and your headache-powder habit and your drug habits, I don't know but what the falling-in-love habit is the worst of all! You can waste more time getting acquainted with a man, and then trying to forget you got acquainted. I'm glad I have broken myself for good and all. . . . . My, this mutton *is* tough! I simply wont risk any fourteen-dollar tooth in it. Wait till I run back and get a veal croquette—they're safe.

WHAT was I saying? Oh, my awful habit of falling in love. Do you know, I've always envied those cool, self-sufficient women who can go right on reading the evening paper when a good-looking man is sitting across the aisle. Life must be so simplified when it is just work and eat and read the war news. Then you don't have to fret about the color of guimpes, or your complexion, and you needn't diet so you can wear the new skirts. And you needn't always be so upset—in your feelings, I mean—wondering if he really likes you and if you really like him, or what his salary is or whether you can get along with his sisters or whether he can get along with your mother . . . . . Genevieve! That thin, long-nosed girl at the end of the table is *deliberately* listening to every word we're saying! Isn't that *cheek! How* can our conversation possibly interest a stranger? There! That made her face turn red. She's leaving. I should think she would.

Where was I? Oh, yes; I began it when I was five. He was five years old, too, and he sat four seats in front of me at kindergarten . . . . . Hs-s-sh, Genevieve! Listen to the man two places over at the table back of me. He's telling about once when his wife

"I expected them to live in that sort of place. Carleton always looked like three bathrooms."

left him, and for a long time he wouldn't take her back, but on account of the children— . . . . . Why, how dare he! My goodness! Why does he shout his private affairs in a public place if he doesn't want people to hear! Is my face red? So is yours, my dear . . . . . Gracious! a lot of people are looking! . . . . .

What was I talking about? Oh, that little yellow-haired boy at kindergarten. You know he had the loveliest yellow hair; it was a regular riot of pale-gold floss. My small fingers just itched to feel it—it looked so soft and pretty. I resisted temptation for a long time—nearly a week. But finally one day I edged up in line till I stood next to him and stretched out my hand. The little imp happened to squint back over his shoulder at the moment, and my dear, he let out a roar of anguish that would have startled the Kaiser. The teacher came running in fright, and he told her I was trying to pull his hair!

"I knew right away that I'd like Dave just as well if his teeth were gone."

Believe me, before the end of the term, I *did* pull it. . . . . What that teacher said to me! Mercy!

That was the beginning of my troubles with 'em. . . . . Them? Men! When I was nine years old, a red-haired boy with Lord Fauntleroy eyes moved in the next flat. He was an only child, and his mother didn't care how much gingersnaps and candy he charged at the grocery store. It was the first time I ever realized the injustice of life as it is lived. I decided my rights ought to equal his. Anyway, he dared me to. I charged stuff too. But you see there were eight children in our family, and of course a steamfitter's salary isn't as wide as it might be. When Pa paid the grocery bill that week—mercy, what he did to me!

Then when I was in the sixth grade—I was twelve years old then. . . . . *Did* that girl spill pork and beans over my back? The idea of anyone carrying a tray sidewise! Why do people eat at cafeterias if they can't manage a few small dishes—and I don't doubt that awkwardness is all pretense, to make people think she isn't used to eating here. I *hope* the creature heard me! I'll never get the spot off my collar! . . . . . Wasn't I telling you about that boy in the sixth grade who wrote poetry to me? You know he was one of those p a l e, delicate-cheeked, hesitating boys that you can't help feeling sorry for. He wrote me some verse every day. Well, that was all right,—not the poetry; it was punk, except what he copied from the old masters like Milton and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, — but he borrowed a tablet or pencil from me for every poem! Of course you can't help being pleased with any sort of poetry that's written especially for you, even if it is only copied, and I was as glad as anything to lend him whatever he needed, till a spiteful girl told me he was selling all those borrowed tablets and pencils to the other boys at half-price. That same day my father came to school to find out from the teacher why I needed so much paper. And the worst of it was I wasted so much time trying to understand the poetry that I got below sixty in arithmetic and wasn't promoted that term. *He* was. For a poet, he had a remarkable knack with fractions. . . . .

MY dear, I'm getting to Carleton Rowe as fast as I can. I'm just explaining as I go. If it hadn't been for this habit of mine— See that sweet little girl over there? She clerks in Kuyler's basement, and the other day I got a set of the loveliest doilies there at her

counter. She's going to be married next month, too, and she was so sweet, helping me decide on the pattern. Don't you like to be waited on by a sweet, obliging person? She's engaged to a cousin of Dave Burman's . . . . .

You know, Genevieve, it was a good thing Dave worked at Briesheimer's the first two years I was there. I never really cared so much for him, but he was always around waiting to take me some place, so I simply got into the habit of letting him look out for me, and I dare say I escaped a lot of undesirables. Those days I thought every man with manicured nails was the ideal of my dreams . . . . . Why did Dave quit? Oh, he had a row with old Briesheimer. Besides, he was wild to make more money. The man who took his place was an ex-actor. . . . . No, he wasn't old; he was only twenty-six, but the acting didn't pay. Dave didn't like it because I went to a show with him. For a long time I didn't see much of Dave. But my dear, did you ever notice that ex-actors don't care much for anybody but themselves? The volumes of autobiography that man recited at my ears!

And there was another fellow who didn't ever weary of mentioning himself —that architect, Ralph Holt. Oh, well! Genevieve, I didn't really intend to mention *him* to *you*—but since his name slipped, tell me—did he ever talk about me to you? . . . . .

Oh, Genevieve, *please* tell me! I'm sure I don't know what he could say. . . . . Why, Genevieve, how *could* he say such a thing! That I bamboozled him into spending all his salary on me for weeks and then shook him! My dear! the man never made over thirty dollars a week, and most of that went right into little Ralph's wardrobe . . . . .

Oh, slush! Him squander money! I never *saw* him. He took me to supper four times. Where do you think he took me? One of those charming little home-cookery cafés—thirty-five cents, table d'hôte! And I really think he ruined my teeth with the hard candy he bought. He said it was healthier than the soft, expensive creams. . . . . My dear Genevieve, I'm not running the man down! I'm simply telling what he did. Ever see him any more? . . . . . Oh, —last night? Oh! Oh, if you like him—

My dear, I'll tell you just what he told me. In one of his frequent soul-revealing spells, he said he'd never hamper himself by marrying anyone. His profession came first, and he never intended to spend much time on *very* attractive girls, so he wouldn't be tempted into marriage. My dear, I am not insinuating that you are not attractive! And he never said a word about you, except that you were a sensible girl . . . . .

OH, well, let's not quarrel over him. He isn't worth it. There is really nothing likable about the man except his voice. That had a certain tone—Carleton Rowe's has the same tone. I might have known—

Genevieve, there's Mabel Gorson! Positively, I dislike that girl so I can hardly speak to her . . . . . How d'ye do, Mabel! I haven't seen you for ages! Do drop into Briesheimer's some day! . . . . . My dear, if my complexion were as sallow as hers, I'd leave out the pie and pickles. Did I ever tell you about her stealing the idea of a gown from me? It was the most underhanded trick! Some people, you know, haven't a bit of originality of their own and simply nose around getting other folks' designs. That's Mabel!

It is a white crêpe. You haven't seen it. I got it to wear the night Carleton took me home to dinner to meet his mother and sister. . . . . Oh yes, it had gone that far. My, I spent a lot of money for that dress! I wish I hadn't. But I spent all the money I could raise buying clothes to wear out with that man! Well, when a man takes you to the *best* restaurants, you simply have to dress up to them! I used to wish sometimes—

But I started to tell you the terrible time I had getting the idea for this dress. I saw it—the one I copied it from—in that French shop on Michigan Avenue, and I had to go back three times and try it on before I remembered

it well enough to explain to the dressmaker how I wanted it. And that shop has the most impertinent salesgirls—you know that talk of a minimum wage hurts me! No wage could be minimum enough for some! This one almost refused to let me try it on the last time—insinuated that I didn't really want to buy it! . . . . .

Oh, I'm careful. I never sketch on anything but a calling card—you can hold that nicely against your palm—and with a tiny pencil that no one could possibly see; but this girl had the eyes of a hawk. However, I got the scheme of the tucks perfectly, and really my dress looks even better than the one in the shop. And then that underhanded Mabel copied it from me! . . . . .

Did I enjoy the dinner? My dear, I didn't expect to *enjoy* it. With a man's mother and sisters! And I didn't exactly fancy Carleton's manner, either. In the taxicab going out, he kept looking at me uneasily, as though he was afraid I wouldn't be approved of. You know—I don't mind admitting it now everything's over—more than once I had fancied that Carleton's low, cultured voice had a certain note of superiority. But I laid it to fancy. I have been fooled by my lively fancy several times, so I don't altogether trust it. . . . .

Oh, lovely! One of those twelve-r o o m s-with-three-baths apartments. . . . . No, I expected them to live in that sort of place. Carleton looked like three bathrooms. That's one of the points in him that attracted me. You'd never dream he was a coat-salesman, would you? . . . . .

His mother? She looked *just* like the superior tone that I sometimes fancied I heard Carleton use. She was tall and slender and white-haired—the kind you feel more at home with when you meet 'em through Pinero or "The Man from Home." *Wasn't* that a good play? Dave and I went to see it . . . . .

NO, she was awfully nice—too nice. You know—that I-will-make-the-best-of-her niceness. But I knew right away this was the first time she had ever seen a coat-and-suit saleslady except among coats and suits, and she couldn't understand *how* Carleton could do it!

There were two sisters. He had told me one was a Suffragist and one was a Theosophist. Both had long, slanting foreheads and light blue eyes. And my dear, the Theosophist had on *the* very crêpe gown that I copied mine from! If you'd seen the way those sisters looked at each other! . . . . .

Terrible? My dear, wait till I tell you the *really* terrible part. I suppose I was nervous—though I'd never admit it to anyone but you. And of course I'll always blame Ralph Holt and his cheap hard candy for ruining my teeth in the first place. . . . . Well, Genevieve, maybe he does buy better now, but he *didn't* when *I* knew him!—and anyway, why were olive stones ever made?

You see, those two sisters kept stealing glances at my dress, and it made me fidgety, so unconsciously I bit hard into an olive. My front tooth broke off! . . . . .

No! *Clear* off! And *fell!* . . . . .

Where? Well, I was so startled that I opened my mouth as wide—and though I've got my share of vanity, I know perfectly well how wide my mouth can open unexpectedly. My brothers have told me, and even Dave once—

And of course the tooth fell out. It might have wabbled to the side of my mouth, or backwards and given me a chance to swallow it. . . . . Oh, my dear! I'd *rather* have had appendicitis! But it malevolently fell *foremost*—and *clinked* onto the rim of my plate. Genevieve, I can still hear that awful *clink* in my dreams! . . . . .

Oh, they didn't say a word, for a few minutes. . . . . Me?

Well, Genevieve, you know I've sold coats and suits for ten years—to Danes, Poles, Assyrians, Americans, Canadians, Iowans, Dakota ranch-folks, Chicagoans and some Prairie Avenuers. Training tells. I may be startled for a moment, but I soon get over it. I finished my dinner as calmly as though it were my custom to lose a tooth or two at every meal.

But I could see their four pairs of

eyes going fascinatingly to that yawning gap, and then hastily they'd look away. And Carleton!

Now, I leave it to you, Genevieve: would *any* woman lose a tooth if she could help it? My dear, in ten years I've learned to make a pretty good guess at the interior of heads, and I saw as plain as anything that he had an irritated idea that I might have prevented it if I'd wanted to . . . . .

Oh no! He was just as courteous as he could be. And he never mentioned it while he was taking me home.

DAVE was home when I got there. . . . . Oh, he comes over nearly every other evening to play pinochle with my brothers. You see, our place is just like home to Dave. You know I always feel good when I see Dave's face light up at sight of me. Of course he saw a tooth was gone, but he thought I looked just the same without it as with it! . . . . . No, he wasn't pretending. Dave doesn't know how to pretend. That's why he can't sell goods, but has to trim windows.

Well, maybe I am lacking in the higher aspirations or ideals or whatever makes the difference between some folks and others. But I knew right away that if Dave liked me as well minus a front tooth as with it, he'd like me just as well when I got old and lost all my teeth. And as for him—Genevieve, sometimes I don't think I'm so clever, after all, for I knew right away that I'd like Dave just as well if his teeth were gone, while as for Carleton Rowe—my dear, I visioned *him* toothless, and it struck me his mouth would be awfully cold and gaping. I really don't think I could bear him. . . . . Dear me, I've got to hurry. I've got some shopping. . . . . Embroideries? Good g r a c i o u s, no! There's a sale of washing machines at Huzzard's. . . . .

Well, my dear, I guess if I can lift Briesheimer's whole coat-stock off racks and back again in the course of the day, I can lift Dave's wool underwear into a tub of suds and out again in the course of a morning. . . . . Certainly, I shall do my own washing. How much do you think a window-trimmer gets? And that's the meanest firm. . . . .

Oh, I know I could scrimp. But I don't want Dave to get that pitiful economical look some husbands have, and the Lord knows I could inflict it on him if I tried. A man that would stand for a missing front tooth would stand for anything—even to carrying his lunch in his overcoat pocket or wearing his wife's brother's old socks. . . . .

To-morrow I shall *not* eat over fifteen cents' worth.

A MOTOR CAR CHRISTENING

"IMITATION is the most sincere flattery," said David Belasco at a dinner, recently, "and Pat certainly is a shining example of this theory, as the following excellent story will illustrate.

"Mr. Hobbs, the rich man of the town, bought a large, five-thousand-dollar touring car. It was quite an innovation in the small town where he lived. Hobbs had heard considerable about the christening of boats, so he decided to do likewise with his motor-car. He therefore procured a quart of champagne, took the car out on the village green, and proceeded to do the christening. As he broke the bottle of champagne over the hood of the car, he announced: 'I christen thee Woodrow Wilson.'

"Pat had less money, but equal enthusiasm. He soon became possessed of a little five-hundred-dollar runabout, and, as the big man of the town had a christening, Pat thought, of course, it was the proper thing to do. Consequently, he drove his car to the village green, armed with a bottle of beer.

"Gazing over the villagers which had assembled to do him honor, Pat waved the beer bottle and brought it down with unnecessary force upon the car's hood. Loudly his voice rang forth in proud and triumphant tones:

" 'I christen thee Teddy Roosevelt, ye rough ridin' son-of-a-gun!' "

The second of a GREEN BOOK series by Walter Jones, who wrote the "Pembina" stories

The Passing of Pearl

WHAT LOVE AND LIFE MEAN TO SOME OF US

By Walter Jones

Author of "Mrs. Vining Intervenes," "The Girl at the Globe Hotel," "The Poetess of Putnam Center," etc.

THESE stories that play upon the heart-strings; that are true to the people we know; that are sincere and earnest; that are about living, breathing persons and real things—they are the stories that have made Walter Jones the favorite of thousands of readers.

IT was a hot, dry day in Iron City. The heat arose from the smelters in great waves vying with the scorching of the sun, and dust ascended from the parched road in clouds so thick that Pearl, from Darrow's restaurant window, could scarcely see Kate Ilick's cottage nestling close against the mountain above. She looked at it often during the idle hours of the early afternoon.

"I wish I was Kate," she told herself with a miserable sickness of heart. "Her life's lived. Her man's dead and left her with a good property, and there she can sit and give the laugh on the rest of us. It's queer, though, how hard it is to suit us women. They say Bud Ilick was the handsomest barkeep that ever came to Iron City. Yet only last week Kate was saying to me, 'Pearl, I'd give all of my married life to be back behind Darrow's counter with your chance.' She wouldn't, if she knew!"

She stopped, glanced around uneasily and began moving about, nervously straightening the dish of crackers on the bar or rearranging the castors at some of the tables that hugged the sides of the spacious room. A dozen times she started the chorus of one of the songs she had brought with her from the East, but the sentimental ardor of the refrains that so delighted "the boys" only increased her depression. She had commenced to cry stealthily into the corner of her apron when a piercing whistle outside warned her that she must pull herself together.

The four o'clock shift was on at the works. Presently the men entered in little groups till the place was full. Jake Darrow's wife appeared from the kitchen, and the two were kept busy serving drinks and passing out sauerkraut and sandwiches. Pearl, red-eyed and unnaturally quiet, twice brought wrong orders to her customers and once let Jake's best tap run over on her clean dress. Frequently she looked at the street door with a glance half expectant, half apprehensive. She was waiting for Jim Scarron.

When he came, his only greeting to Jake's patrons was an impersonal nod. He went straight to the bar. Mrs. Darrow prudently disappeared into the kitchen.

"The usual," he said to Pearl.

She had already poured his whisky. He bent over the brass rail and touched her fingers as he took the glass.

"Why, Pearl," he asked, seeing her face, "what's the row?"

"Nothing."

"The deuce there aint! This hole is ruining your health. I say, chuck the whole business now and come over the mountain to the squire's, will you?"

The girl drew away from him, flushing.

"Better come while the bucks are easy."

He put his hand in his pocket with an inviting jangle. The sound of his money maddened her. "You've got your answer coming to-morrow evening," she said, looking away.

"Have it your own way," he rejoined. "The longer I wait, the more I want you. Here's hoping!" He drank off his glass and went out.

WHEN the rush of trade was over, Pearl wiped off the bar and the tables, hung the cloths under the tank to dry, slipped out into the dusk and took the trail for Kate Ilick's. Kate was sitting on her doorstep.

"H'lo," she called sociably. "Come on in. What you up to-night?"

"Nothing," replied Pearl wearily, sitting down beside her. "I just want to drop awhile and be quiet. It's that smelly and noisy down to Jake's you can't hear yourself think."

The two sat looking out into the night — pitchy black in front of the house door, red with a deep, lurid redness below, where the molten metal of the works lay cooling. Soon Kate discerned that the girl beside her was crying. After a bit Pearl spoke.

"Kate," she sobbed in a frightened voice, "I can't stand it any longer. I've got to tell some one."

Kate put her arm around her friend. "There," she comforted; "don't take it so hard. I know things is trying down at Darrow's; but you'll soon be leaving. They was kidding Jim to-day about the wedding, and—"

"It isn't that; it's—"

She clutched Kate's arm and pulled her so close that their faces touched. Then she whispered hoarsely:

"It was Jim killed the New York Kid last week."

Before the words were fairly out, Kate clapped her hand over the girl's mouth and dragged her into the house. When she had shut every door and window, she said: "That's a nice way to be talking about your lover. Don't you know the stones have got ears around this country? Who's put this fool notion into your head? I've known Jim this twenty years, and there haint been a cleaner lad—" Her assurance fell away before the ashen whiteness of Pearl's trembling features. "What makes you guess he done it?" she stammered.

"I don't guess; I know," replied Pearl with desperate quietness. "Kate, you remember the Kid used to get his meals at the restaurant. Well, the last day he lived, he came in for his dinner. When it was time to pay, he didn't have any change—was on his way to the bank to get his wad, he said. I told him I guessed I could hang him up for it. No, he said, it was his last dinner in Iron City. I allowed I was sorry—and I was. You know I always took kind of a shine to him; he was so dapper and inoffensive. When I held out my hand for a good-by shake, he tried to kiss me. 'It's not good-by forever,' he said. 'I'll be here again in the spring. The mine's clear now. Got my papers to-day. I'm going back to New York to get my brother to come out and finance it with me.'

"Then he opened a locket on his watch-fob. 'Rather guess you'll have to take it out of one of these,' he said, and handed me a gold eagle. It was the first new one I'd ever seen in Iron City. 'That's pretty neat,' I said, looking at the fob. And what do you think he answered, Kate? 'Yes,' he said, 'those eagles have brought me more luck than any pocket-pieces I ever had, and I'm going to keep the other one *till I die.*'"

Pearl paused as if afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"A prophecy couldn't have been any clearer," she went on solemnly.

Kate Ilick laughed. "I don't see what two coins has got to do—"

"You wait," interrupted Pearl. "Sunday night Jim came into Darrow's

feeling like a king and buying drinks for the crowd—you know how tight he usually is with his money; and when it came his last round, he'd got pretty lively, and he passed me over the counter—that *other gold eagle.*"

KATE began to walk the room excitedly. "That don't prove anything at all," she announced with an effort at calmness. "There's lots of eagles coined."

"Yes; but Kate, after they'd gone, I looked in Jake's safe, and the one the Kid gave me was still there. I compared them and they both had the same date and the milling worn on one side where they'd rubbed against the case."

The widow came and stood in front of the girl. "Pearl," she said, "I don't understand you at all. It looks as if you was trying to make out a case against Jim."

"Oh, Kate! It's because I—I care so much. I couldn't bear to think of him doing it. I—I hoped you'd understand."

"There, Pearl, I do. I only meant I'd be taking a different tack, that's all. It startled me to think of there being anything against Jim—we've known each other so long. But I'd go slow before I condemned him out of a few scratches on a ten-spot."

"Yes, but Kate,"—there was a dawning note of hope in her voice,—"why did Jim want me to marry him right off and move over to West's Creek so sudden? A week ago he hadn't a thought of leaving this place. And then, the night the Kid was stuck, Jim had a date to come for me at Jake's. When I asked him why he didn't keep it, he stammered and said he was banking faro at Shanley's over the mountain and they wouldn't let him off. Next day he was only in for a minute—said he'd have to go back to Shanley's again."

"It's a lie. He was here—" Kate stopped in confusion.

"Here, Kate? I—I didn't know he came here."

"He don't, Pearl. It was the first time in ten years. I sent for him. I told him the God's truth—that if you stayed two more months in Darrow's, your health would be back where it was when you came out here. And if he was going to marry you, he'd better do it now and get you out in the open. Forgive me for meddling, Pearl, but a man doesn't see them things till—till it's too late."

For a moment they faced each other in silence; then Pearl burst out hysterically: "What shall I do, Kate? What shall I do?"

"I don't see why you need do anything. If Jim Scarron took that Kid's life, you know as well as me why he did it—to get money and a claim that'd give you comforts like you've been used to back East. Those things aint so—so unusual, out here. Why, I know lots of men that have done worse and are going around Scot free and looked up to."

"Kate Ilick! Do you mean to say you'd have me marry a man that'd killed another out of cold blood? If you do, I'm afraid it wasn't any use my coming here." She broke off with a gesture of helpless disappointment over the crude mountain woman's inability to compass her trouble.

"Why, Pearl, I've tried—"

"Oh, you don't understand what kind of a time I've had of it. If I stayed here, that boy's death'd work on me till I'd have to tell, some time."

Kate Ilick sprang toward Pearl threateningly, her face flushed with anger. "Pearl," she cried, "if you'd dare peach on Jim, I—I wouldn't be responsible for what I'd do to you. What's the life of a little dude tenderfoot 'side of the love of a man that *is* a man!"

"Why, Kate," pleaded Pearl, thoroughly frightened, "don't get stirred up

> AS they said in Iron City, Pearl did not understand their ways. She was from the East; her code of morals was different. She had odd ideas about killing and theft. . . . . And then the man she loved, to get money with which to save her from illness, killed his man; and she was the only one who knew.

so." She shrank away from her friend's ire. "I can't see why it should make such a difference to you," she added suspiciously. "But it's no matter—I'm going away to-morrow."

"Away, Pearl?"

"Yes—away for good. I love Jim—well, you'll never know how much, Kate; but just for that I couldn't marry him now unless—unless he'd give himself up and serve his term. And it isn't likely he'd do that for me; anyway, I couldn't ask him when he's shown that he don't want me to know of this at all."

Pearl burst into tears. For a moment Kate struggled between sympathy and astonishment. But the incongruity of the idea proved too much for her.

"He'd be likely to do that!" she exclaimed derisively. "Pearl, if it weren't for both your sakes being dear to me, I'd tell you to pack right back to Jersey. You don't understand our ways out here. Why, now's the very time he needs you. As for your duty—"

PEARL put out an entreating hand. "Don't, Kate. We can argue till the crack of doom, and it wont do any good. Besides, Mis' Darrow'll miss me, and I've got my things to pack up."

"You don't mean you're going to turn your back on us for all time? You don't realize what you're doing. You've promised to marry Jim. Think what it'll mean to break it off like this."

"I haven't said when—fully. He's to have his answer to-morrow night."

"What will you tell him?"

"Nothing; I'll be gone. I'll leave a note."

Kate looked at the wrinkle of determination in the girl's brow and sighed. "How are you going?" she asked.

"Darrow'll let me have his mare,—or if he don't, I'll take her,—and I'll ride through the Notch and catch the express at Larabie Station. They can send my truck after me."

Pearl stood in the doorway, miserably disheartened. The unburdening from which she had hoped so much had proved only a cause for deeper woe. Kate read something of her thoughts.

"Pearl," she said, "I don't want you should go away with hard feelings. If anyone else had come here to-night and talked to me about Jim Scarron the way you have, I'd have ordered them out of my house; but you're different—you always were different. I know you mean what's right. But if you could understand how strong he loves you, you'd see that nothing else matters."

Pearl held out her hand. "Good-by, Kate. You and him's been awfully good friends to me. I don't believe I'd ever have stopped long enough to get well, if it hadn't been for you."

"Good-by, Pearl."

The girl was already down the walk. Suddenly she turned, and, running back, threw her arms about Kate Ilick's neck. "Oh, Kate," she sobbed, "when I'm gone, try not to let him think too hard of me."

THE girl's footsteps had scarcely died away when Kate Ilick came out of her house and sped forward through a field of brush toward the West's Creek crossroads. Half a mile beyond Iron City she came upon the path leading to a cottage whose low eaves merged imperceptibly into the tangled thicket that skirted the roadside. Seeing a light within, she knocked, lifted the latch and entered. By the flickering of a dirty kerosene lamp, Jim Scarron was cleaning the barrel of a gun. He jumped up with a startled exclamation at the white face peering across his threshold. The hand that had reached for his cartridge-box dropped suddenly.

"Kitty!" he cried.

Without noticing his salutation she crossed the room in rapid strides.

"I want to know why you killed the New York Kid," she said fiercely.

Under her steady gaze, his face went white. "How in hell did you know?" he faltered. Then a sickly smile crept over his mouth. "That's a nice joke to play on a man!" he said.

Kate sat down in the room's extra chair. "I just thought I'd make sure you did it," she said quietly.

"I'd like to know what you mean, coming in here like that! Anybody

would think you had half the county behind you."

"Put down your gun and don't play the fool. After our talk last week, it aint likely I'd act the sheriff, is it?"

"Forgive me, Kate. I'm all unstrung since—" He broke off abruptly. A sudden fear dawned in his mind. "There aint anything the matter with Pearl?" he asked.

"She knows, Jim."

For a little the silence lay heavy between them.

"How did she find out?"

She told him.

"Well," he said, without looking at her, "I was intending to tell her anyhow, after the noise had blown over a bit. What difference does it make?"

"A lot. She wont marry you."

He looked at her quizzically. Then, with a smile of assurance, he said: "I don't believe it, Kate. That girl would lie down and let me walk over her."

"That's what I thought; but I found out different to-night. She's got a—a conscience, and it wont let her."

"Kate, she didn't come to you with her troubles?"

"Yes. It was queer, wasn't it? But how could she have heard about anything so far back? I did the best I could for you, Jim."

"It was awfully good of you, Kate, to come and warn me; but there aint no need to worry. I'll make it all right when I see her to-morrow night. The old hens down at Darrow's have been making her nervous—that's all."

"You wont see her to-morrow night—she's going away."

"Yes, over to West's Creek to look at a house I picked out. She'll be back before sundown."

"No, she wont, Jim. She aint going to West's Creek. She's starting back East."

"Quit your playing with me; it's no joking matter."

"I aint playing with you, Jim. It's the God's truth."

JIM sprang up. "Then I must find her, and make her see! You—you don't believe she'd do that, Kate?" She nodded her head wearily, and he sat down again, doubtful. "Women are all alike," he wailed bitterly. "A man can stake body and soul getting a home for them; then, when he needs them most, they'll go back on him."

"Don't!" cried Kate piteously. "I didn't come here to open up old scores. I came to tell you what you must do to keep Pearl. She *does* love you, Jim, more than—"

"Then why in—"

"I don't know. Maybe just because she's a woman; maybe it's the fault of them that brought her up back in Jersey."

"Well—what can I do?"

"Give yourself up and serve your term."

"What does she think I am! Why, it would mean six years for me. I aint got a drag since Johnson's sheriff."

"It does seem like madness, but perhaps she's some right. I've never heard that the Kid did anything to you."

"Chuck it, Kate. You never heard him, over in Thorp's saloon, blowing how he was cutting a shine to that swell dame from the East. I met him fair and square, and gave him a fighting chance. You know I wouldn't make off with a man underhand."

"Like enough you're right. But it aint a question of that, Jim; it's a question of what she thinks is right. You've got to go down to Iron City and give yourself up."

"What d'you mean?"

"I mean just that. If you don't, I'll tell the judge myself. I mean I'm not going to have your chances for a decent life spoiled a second time. Maybe there's a girl back some years would have acted different if she'd known what she knows now about handsome barkeeps; but we'll let that pass. You thought she did what she could to ruin your life. Now you're doing the same thing for Pearl—and yourself too. Why, it wont be so bad. They'll let you get married before the trial, and she can come and live side of the jail and bring things in to you. Even if it's a matter of six years, there's many a man would risk more than that for Pearl."

IT had been a long speech for Kate. She finished breathlessly. It was some time before Scarron spoke.

"Kitty," he said finally, "I don't understand much about this conscience business. I've always thought, if a fellow liked a girl and asked her to be his wife and bought her things and never 'lowed he'd strike her and all that, it was enough. But if it aint, why—I don't know but you and Pearl have got me between the devil and the deep sea."

He paused thoughtfully. "I'll cut a nice figure with the boys," he finished.

Kate prepared to go before he should change his mind. She put her handkerchief stealthily to the corner of her eye. "There'll be two women in Iron City wont think you're no fool," she said unsteadily. "Mind you play up before noon to-morrow, or Pearl'll be off to the Notch."

"You can count on me," he said, with a gesture of relief. "Wont Pearl be surprised! Good night, Kitty. I don't know what it is, but you've lifted an awful weight off my mind."

"Maybe it's your conscience," murmured Kate, searching for the doorknob in the semi-darkness. "Listen!" Quick parting of the brush succeeded dull hoof-beats. Without warning, the door was pushed back and into the room stumbled Pearl, wild-eyed, disheveled, breathless.

"Jim!" she cried. "Jim! The sheriff's hitting your trail. There isn't a minute to lose. I've got Darrow's mare in the lane, and you can be over the old mine road to Shanley's in two hours. He'll hide you a week or so, till they're off the scent, and—" She paused for breath.

Scarron made no move to escape. Instead, he came toward the swaying girl and said gently: "Pearl, sit down. You're all beat out. There must be some mistake. There wasn't any way they—they could suspect me."

She put her hand on his arm beseechingly. "I got it straight," she cried, shuddering. "You be off now. You've got a good start, and if the dogs get any wind of the trail, I'll cover them with this."

She took from her bosom the revolver that always lay under the restaurant cash-drawer to quiet unruly customers. It shook in her unsteady fingers.

"Jim!" she pleaded. "I tell you I know what I'm talking about. I was up to Kate's, and no more than got home when the sheriff came in with a stranger. They ordered a private room. None of the Darrows were around, so when I brought their drinks, I listened at the door. It seems the man had come through the Notch the very night of the murder, and—"

Kate Ilick stepped from the shadows.

"My God!" she cried. "This aint no time for talking. Johnson's got a scent like a ferret. Get into this coat, Jim. Pearl, you find his leggings."

"Kate! You here?"

Pearl fell back with a stifled cry as Kate moved into the flickering circle of the light. She swept the thunderstruck faces before her with one dumb, questioning glance; then she drew herself up scornfully:

"I—I see my warning came too late. I'm sorry I interrupted."

"You didn't interrupt anything, Pearl; Kate just came here to tell me—"

She did not hear him. Her mind was going back over her last talk with Kate. It needed but little aid from her overwrought nerves to throw a new light on the vivid details of that interview. Shaking with a sudden spasm of fury, she turned upon the widow:

"You—you traitor!" she shrieked. "You've made a fool of me long enough. All the time, you've let on you were my friend and led me to open my heart to you; then, like as not, you've run here and made fun of me together. I thought you had trouble explaining that call of his! Now I know why you've tried to bribe me into thinking murder wasn't any harm, and Jim'd killed the Kid to buy things for me. I haven't seen a dollar of that money. Perhaps you know where it's gone! Perhaps—"

"Pearl!" Jim's hand closed tight on her arm. "You stop this talk. Kate's been a good friend to you."

THEIR codes were different, Pearl's and her friend Kate Ilick's.

"If Jim Scarron took that Kid's life," argued Kate, "he did it to . . . . give you comforts like you've been used to back East. Those things aint so—so unusual out here."

"Do you mean to say you'd have me marry a man that'd killed another in cold blood?" demanded Pearl . . . . "If I stayed here I'd have to tell, some time."

Then Kate's:

"What's the life of a little dude tenderfoot 'side of the love of a man that *is* a man?"

She struggled away from him frantically and burst into a passion of sobs that racked her delicate throat. She put her hand to her breast to stop her choking. It pressed the cold steel of Darrow's revolver.

"It's no use!" she cried out suddenly. "I can't play your game—I can't play it."

Jim grasped at her arm—too late. She had put the gun to her breast and fired. Kate caught her as she fell, and sank to the floor with the girl's head in her lap. For the first endless moment the two confronted each other over her body.

PEARL opened her eyes. "Jim," she murmured, "Jim, can you—forgive me? I thought I'd have to tell, or go away. But there wasn't any real danger then; and I guess I didn't know—how—how much I cared."

One arm, half raised, fell back against Kate's lap. Jim seized the limp fingers. "Pearl," he cried tenderly, "Pearl, wake up. It's all our little joke—Kate's being here. There wasn't no harm. There's nothing to forgive. I—Pearl!—Pearl!"

As the truth swept over him, he caught her to his arms and kissed her cold lips and her fair hair again and again. Kate stirred apprehensively.

"Jim," she broke in, "you mustn't let them find you here. It would look black for all of us. I'll carry her outside, and they'll think she heard of your killing the Kid, and came out here to find you, and when she couldn't get in, was that crazy about you she shot herself. It's no use trying to hide her body."

As she finished speaking, Jim bore Pearl outside and laid her in the tall grass before the door. There was blood on his coat. He went back to change it and get an extra holster. Kate extinguished the light and they stole out together.

"Good-by, Kate," he whispered, seeking her hand. "You're a brick. This has been a night of the devil's own work, and I couldn't have gotten through it without you. It's awful to leave Pearl here this way; but there's nothing we could do that wouldn't make it worse. If you've news any time, just give Shanley the high sign. Good-by."

"Good-by, Jim. You—you wont let them get you? I couldn't bear to lose you and Pearl both. I—" Her voice broke. She snatched her fingers away and vanished in the brush.

TOWARD the close of an August afternoon the sheriff of Larabie County rode into Iron City bringing a prisoner. He smiled as he returned the greetings of the warden and other worthies assembled.

"I told you I'd clear up the killing of the New York Kid," he observed complacently.

"By the great toe of Buddha!" exclaimed the deputy warden, scrutinizing the unshaven features of the sheriff's captive. "If it aint Jim Scarron! I didn't think there was a man in Larabie County clever enough to run him down."

"It did take a deal of patience," admitted the proud captor. "Me and the boys covered every blade of grass in the county, and when there wasn't anything doing, I remembered how thick he always was with the game at Shanley's. We organized a picket there, but he'd slipped up to the old mine with a box full of pepperers. But we starved him out of there this morning."

Jim Scarron smiled at this picturesque account of his voluntary sur-

render. It was the first and only break in the indifference with which he had borne his arrest and incarceration. The prison walls closed over him unmoved, stolid. He neither returned nor resented the banter of his good-natured custodians. The spirit was gone out of him.

When they left him, he sank almost gratefully on the hard couch of his cell. It was good to be back in Iron City at any cost. With escape made certain by Shanley, he had put it aside. He could never exist far from the Larabie mountainside; it contained all that had made life worth living for him. Pearl was dead. But Kate—"Kate," he wondered aloud. "I hope she haint been made to suffer anyhow for—"

THERE was a sudden noise in the cell adjoining. A chair had been knocked over. When he came in, he had noticed apathetically that a woman was sitting there with her head in her hands. Now she ran to the coarse network of the bars.

"Jim!" cried a voice.

"Kate! You here?"

"Yes. . . . . I—I'm up for trial next term."

"For trial, Kate? Whose trial?"

"My own. It's a month yesterday since I was arrested for the murder of Pearl."

"Pearl?"

"Yes, Jim. They came with the dogs; I knew they would. And it—it was the blood from my dress, where I'd held her head in my lap: it gave them a fresh scent. They didn't harm me. I'd just got to the door, and—oh, I thought they wouldn't hunt you out, after that."

"Kitty, you—you did it on purpose. You blinded the trail onto yourself to give me more of a start."

No answer.

"Kitty, you did that when— Oh, I'm a cowardly brute! I should have stayed and faced them."

"Don't talk that way, Jim. I wont have it. I've been happy enough. It was always so lonesome up there in the cottage. Only I've been worried, fearing you wouldn't be able to get away and not being able to send a message to you."

"I—I thought you wanted me to give myself up?"

"I did. But that was different. There was something to come back for *then.*"

"I've been a curse to everyone I ever cared for; and now I'm a curse to myself, too."

"No, Jim. And it may have been better that she died. She was such a strange creature. I don't know as we could ever have really understood her."

"I wasn't thinking of Pearl; it's you I can never make it up to."

"There's nothing to make up, Jim. If I had 'tended to my own business she might not have wanted to go away and things would have turned out all right."

"No, they wouldn't, Kate. When Pearl made up her mind to a thing, she'd do it. Now I've made a mess of your life, and—"

"You did that when you let me marry Bud. I don't know as I can ever forgive you—unless—"

"Kate! After what's happened, you—you surely don't mean that you—that you can care for me?"

Jim Scarron sprang eagerly toward the bars. Kate Ilick bowed her head, but she did not turn away. His fingers, reaching through the lattice, caught her sleeve and drew her toward him.

"Do you mean it, Kitty?" he whispered. "Do you really?"

"I reckon I do, Jim," she answered softly.

"I LOVE Jim," Pearl said, "—well, you'll never know how much, Kate; but just for that I couldn't marry him now unless—unless he'd give himself up and serve his term. . . . ."

"You don't understand our ways out here," Kate countered. "Why, now's the very time he needs you. . . . . If you could understand how strong he loves you, you'd see that nothing else matters."

But Pearl prepared to leave. To stay meant that she must tell. So, she considered, her duty lay in leaving.

And the actors! It is always hit or miss with them. The greatest actor that ever cleared his throat can't tell whether the play will last one week or one generation. He or she is bound to wear that strained expression which goes with thinking profoundly of the ups and downs of our outrageous existence.

SKETCHES BY GRANT T. REYNARD

Wrinkling the High Brow

JOTS AND TITILLATIONS ON THE PASSING SHOW-MAKERS

By Harris Merton Lyon

Author of "A Nineteen-act Play," "The Smooth Shavian," etc.

I SUPPOSE it is only natural for people in the theatrical business to take themselves seriously. It has always been true that hit-or-miss people in a hit-or-miss business do take themselves seriously, whereas people that are definitely founded in a life-work that is pretty sure to be all hits—people like Ty Cobb, for instance, and Thomas A. Edison—are apt to treat of their work occasionally with good-humored jollity.

The very precariousness of writing a play, getting it produced and making a failure of it is enough to turn a normally jovial playwright into a deep and thoughtful thinker. The very real possibility of his going into bankruptcy next spring on his guesses at what the public will like this winter is enough to make a manager pull a long face over dramatic "art" and join clubs wherein he may discuss the passive public and the active writer.

And the actors! It is always hit or miss with them. The greatest actor that ever cleared his throat can't tell whether the play will last one week or one generation. He or she is bound to wear that strained expression which goes with thinking profoundly of the ups and downs of our outrageous existence.

It is no good telling these puzzled folk that they should not take themselves too seriously. You might as well tell a gambler not to take himself too seriously, or a magazine essayist or any other person who lives on the job-lots of chance.

As to Shakespeare's stealing stuff, this is one of the merriest traits—not only of writers, but of musicians, painters, sculptors, even those most solemn old jugglers, the founders of religions and religious sects.

SO it was that while I cast an approving eye over my newspaper report of certain refreshing doings at a meeting of the Drama League of America, I also murmured: "This is all very well, but it does not clear the air for these agonized folk." The report read, in a box heading:

Ten Theatrical Truths Told at the Drama League

The best audiences in New York do not go to the theater—they stay at home.

Some New Yorkers can't stay at home every night—they must go somewhere, and so they go to the theater.

New York theater-goers like the Ziegfeld "Follies" and the Winter Garden shows because they know what they will see—and they see them in pairs.

Next to girl-shows New Yorkers like plays with "heart interest." For hearts beat twenty-four hours, while brains work only semi-occasionally and rarely after dinner.

Shakespeare never wrote a play if he could steal one. He wrote more failures and more rotten plays than any other playwright in history.

A copy-cat is the most successful playwright.

A great play is a great accident. The accident makes the play; the play makes the money; and the money makes the manager.

Ibsen never made a dollar in America.

Success in the theater is a matter of physics—but no one is expert enough in physics to work out the success-formula.

Nobody knows what a play is.

That next-to-last remark is the usual sort of cuttlefish-juice squirted on the drama by earnest dunderheads who go in for "the bloomin' utter," but—

When I read that last remark, I sat up with a shiver like that which was felt by stout Cortez when he was not on a peak in Darien. This desperate burst of truth struck me as so unlike the sort of narcotizing noddle-spume so often sprayed out over Drama Leagues that I at once looked to see who was quoted by the newspapers.

Of course it was my old friend Rupert Hughes.

Mr. Hughes is an Irishman—yes, I know he was born in Missouri, but he's an Irishman just the same. And while an Irishman can be serious, very serious, on a number of themes, I have yet to meet or read of an Irishman who ever took the stage quite seriously. Call them to mind for yourself, and I

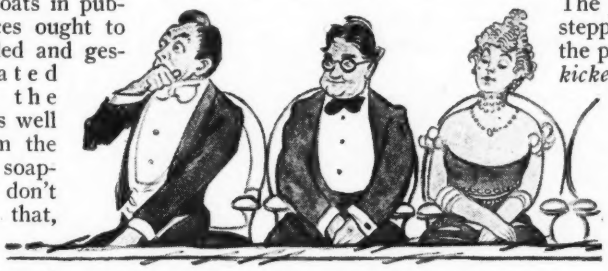
think you wont find one in ten that has not discovered the perverse humor of the game. For instance, Mr. Hughes had as opponent debater, this particular night, Mr. Brady,—he of the initials William A., not he of the constellation Kohinoor,—and to show you how seriously Mr. Brady viewed the affair, I need only mention that he declared that the only great plays he had seen in the last ten years were "The Thief" and "The Boomerang."

This is right. Plays should not be taken seriously; players should not be taken seriously; nothing having anything to do with the stage should be taken—too—seriously. This is the one great mistake William Winter made.

PLAYS are not at all important. Plays do not make or mar the course of life. Only men who have no serious purpose in life will get madly strenuous over the importance of this or that play, this or that dramatist. "Nobody knows what a play is"—except that it is an evening's entertainment—the lighter, the better.

The lighter, the better — the less moral, or purpose, to the thing, the better!

A great many folk insist that, as the theater is a public place, all the *isms* and *asms* that we are used to having hurled at our heads and gestured down our throats in public places ought to be hurled and gesticulated from the stage as well as from the corner soap-box. I don't believe that, and being common and platycephalous in my tastes, I don't believe the common and platycephalous man in the streets cares a hoot for that sort of serious stage doctrine. The chances are he goes to see Ziegfeld's beauties *because* they can't be seen leg-free and stripped for action on the corner soap-boxes, but can be so seen in Mr. Ziegfeld's hall. If this is true, we find that the theater is a private or semi-private institution, after all.



"Great Heavens!" breathed my companion (the actor), "The—! —! is stealing *all* my stuff!"

AMONG others who take the stage too seriously—that is, from the point of view of the man on the outside, looking in—are the actors.

I once went to see a show in company with an actor who had been discharged from the cast some time previously. He didn't mind being discharged, but he became a positive maniac over the man who succeeded him. It seems that long before, in one of the scenes, another member of the company had, in moving about the stage, dislodged a stone or pebble from a pile which a realist stage-manager had used as part of the setting. My companion, coming on, had naturally kicked this stone aside. Something in the action had fascinated him—perhaps the pose, as he idly kicked the pebble, pleased him, made him feel *dégagé, sang froid* and *bon soir*. Anyway, every performance thereafter he insisted on having that pebble so placed that he could come on and kick it.

He had been fairly blazing against his successor all evening, but I could see he was intently awaiting some supreme act of godlessness. It came. The new man stepped forward at the proper time and *kicked that pebble*.

"Great heavens!" breathed my companion, hoarsely. He was literally in hysteria, biting his finger-ends and beating his knees. "The—! —! —! —! —! —" (a little language!) "is stealing *all* my stuff! I originated that pebble business! I thought that out myself! That's mine!"

This sort of thing shows that actors often take play-acting too seriously.

AS H. L. Mencken has so suavely pointed out in a recent screed, over in England almost all the "new" playwrights take their work too seriously.

It seems that when they were holding their memorable meetings to do away with the censor; when George Bernard Shaw was talking so many hours at a stretch about the injustice of the censor's acts that they finally had to kick him out the door to show how deeply they sympathized with him; when every little Cosmo and Comyns and Basil who writes all this wonderful English stuff was tromboning his play-producing difficulties—the chairman, a platycephalous and earnest man of the same Early Flat Dutch type of cranium as my own, thought surely the censor was perpetrating a great wrong upon the very flower of the writing brains of the English universe; and in great alarm he sent for old Mr. A. B. Walkley, the critic for *The London Times,* to ask his sound advice as to what to do in the matter.

By furrowing a long brow they (the critics) can put on superior lugs over their townspeople.

It is recorded by Mr. Mencken that Mr. Walkley sucked his tooth, hummed a popular air, smelled of the gardenia in his buttonhole and replied carelessly: "Nothing."

"What? Do nothing about this outrage?"

"Do nothing."

Whether Mr. Walkley's advice was followed or not, it had the touch of the cosmic "What's the odds?" about it. That calm old eye saw that it made no difference in the long run to the people, to the thought of the race, if a few score tootling lath-and-plaster plays were poked back into the garret, or if even the writers thereof, a solid platoon of loligopsid dramatists, were dropped suddenly back into the sea.

I NOTICE when one assails the art of the playwright and says, "It is a small art, a nail-trimming affair; brother, go to!" then the playwright at once rushes Shakespeare and Ibsen to the fore to prove it is a serious performance. At all other times he laughs at Shakespeare and Ibsen. Says Mr. Hughes (so he is quoted) at this same Drama League meeting:

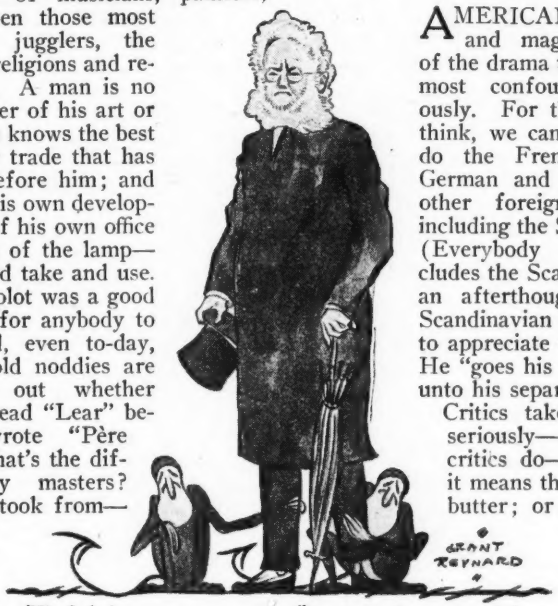
> Shakespeare wrote more failures and more punk plays than any playwright I ever heard of. In fact, he never wrote a play if he could steal one. Most people think his plays are great because some one has told them so.

Shakespeare himself was a jocund enough old dog to see the jollity back of Mr. Hughes' remarks. He would have winked down the road at Rupert with even more relish than did, according to Kipling, the poet 'Omer; for the poet 'Omer, they say, was blind, and no doubt didn't get all the real fun out of winking.

Shakespeare never took his work too seriously. When he *was* inclined to be serious, it was to curse the paltry,

scurvy trade of play-writing to which he had bound himself. He felt that it was an ungentlemanly, fly-by-night sort of business, and he would much rather have been an orthodox poet—only he tried it, and it didn't pay as well.

AS to Shakespeare's stealing stuff, this is one of the merriest traits of the most serious writers—not only of writers, but of musicians, painters, sculptors, even those most solemn old jugglers, the founders of religions and religious sects. A man is no finished master of his art or trade until he knows the best of his art or trade that has been done before him; and it is part of his own development—part of his own office as hander-on of the lamp—that he should take and use. The "Lear" plot was a good enough plot for anybody to steal; indeed, even to-day, numberless old noddies are arguing it out whether Balzac had read "Lear" before he wrote "Père Goriot." What's the difference, my masters? Shakespeare took from—who was it?—Holinshed?—and Balzac took from Shakespeare, and both left masterpieces for us to—



We find the snappy newspapers still suctioning humor out of the whiskered Gloomy Gus of Norroway.

If we are able! This partly explains the remark above about the success of the copy-cat.

THE man who could be as offhand as to suggest as names for his plays "As You Like It" and "Twelfth Night—or What You Will" was not as seriously concerned with his work as is, say, George Broadhurst with his work or Charles Rann Kennedy with his. Serious people, for that matter, find William Shakespeare an arrant unintelligible buffoon. Recall that Sammy Pepys, the little soap-boiling, hand-greasing, wife-beating ship-chandler, was highly disgusted with "Twelfth Night"—because, complained Sammy, it had nothing to do with Twelfth Night at all!

Mr. Hughes is right again, as usual: Shakespeare the dramatist is not to be taken too seriously. And the reason is because Shakespeare the dramatist did not take himself too seriously.

AMERICAN newspaper and magazine critics of the drama take the thing most confoundedly seriously. For that matter, I think, we can add that so do the French, English, German and those of all other foreign languages, including the Scandinavian. (Everybody always includes the Scandinavian, as an afterthought, but the Scandinavian doesn't seem to appreciate the inclusion. He "goes his separate way unto his separate hell.")

Critics take the drama seriously—that is, most critics do—(1) because it means their bread and butter; or (2) because it deals with something a little profounder than their own usual well-spring and hence must be approached with legitimate caution, lest their foot slip; or because (3) by furrowing a long brow—this not necessarily in smaller towns—they can put on superior lugs over their townspeople. Class Three pronounces Sarah's name "Bairn-hard-t."

The one dramaturge it is allowable to treat in a comic way is Henry Ibsen. This treatment found favor in 1895; and in 1915—or, as Dumas would figure it, twenty years later—we find the snappy newspapers such as *The New York Sun* still suctioning humor out of the whiskered Gloomy Gus of Norroway.

There *are* flippant critics, 'tis true. George Nathan elects to sport himself as such. But George gets serious in his less happy moments and says such things as: "There are two kinds of dramatic critics: those who know G. Bernard Shaw is the greatest living English playwright and admit it; and those who know G. Bernard Shaw is the greatest living English playwright and refuse to admit it."

Such oracle-tosh was undoubtedly written — seriously written — against Arthur Pinero.

What availeth it a man to make a superlative statement anywhere on this earth? Unwise is he who will throw his critical dictum into the phrase "the best," "the greatest," "the most" *anything*. And especially in such a Pussy-wants-a-corner business as theatrical entertainment!

ALL critics "pose" too much. Unless a critic be a dogmatic, downright stupid fellow, he is forever contradicting himself, and if he will only look through his own writings and judgments every five years he will soon conclude (in his heart—not for publication) that almost all the takes he has made were mis-takes. This is the result of not having one's mind in order.

Men who dream along through a sosh of sentimentality, which affords them rather the miasma of their own swampy sentimentalism than any true look at the stage, and men who stick close to stage information and rattle off their facts like clean plates in a restaurant, are not included as critics.

But most American, German, French and other critics are of either of these sorts.

It is hard for the usual dramatic critic —take him the country over—to be a true judge of anything. There are so many anythings to be seen and heard on the stage.

Moreover, if a clever press-agent were to take the trouble to tell the country at large that Strombonola was the greatest playwright since—whom? — Shakespeare? — Shaw? — it is quite probable the critics would print columns about Strombonola—all, in fact, that the press-agent could supply them.

A press-agent, at least, knows how seriously to take the passing show. He makes a substance of a shadow and looks you square in the eye as he does it. Nobody laughs during the transaction.

"HEARTS beat twenty-four hours, while brains work only semi-occasionally and rarely after dinner." True! And a further truth: the very lowest organisms have hearts, or substitutes for hearts, whereas what might be called their brain is only a hole with an impulse in it. It is much, much better to be a happy sort of chap and remember these physiological axioms when writing plays. What is the use of your being a groaning Titan of a stage-thinker when nobody will come into the theater so as to allow you to disorganize them with your thoughts? Think of the money, popularity and real happiness you got out of writing your enjoyable farce. And you, Mr. Manager, you recall all that good money; and you, you not really very good actress, who got a full season's work in New York thereby. Why shouldn't the Rupert Hughes who wrote "Excuse Me" give the laugh to the Rupert Hughes who wrote—what was the deceased's name?—"The Bridge," I believe?

"Ibsen never made a dollar for any manager in this country," says Mr. Brady. Another reason for not taking the spectacle *au sérieux*. Let me beg of you to consider "Peg o' My Heart" and the thousands upon thousands that *it* has made. After such comparisons nobody but an imbecile would take play-writing seriously.

NEVERTHELESS I would rather have written "The Wild Duck" and gone through life living off of whatever is the Scandinavian for *hash* than have put forth "The Lion and the Mouse" and rolled to banquets in my French limousine.

Photograph by Moffett Studio, Chicago

Blanche Bates.

Enthusiastic Blanche Bates

FROM IBSEN AMBITIONS, TO BECOMING A WIFE AND MOTHER

By Alan Dale

OF course, ladies who have Ibsen deeply ingrained in their constitution do not settle down in rural retreats and trot around pleasant husbands whom they introduce as the fathers of their chee-yildren! They may be many things,—and they usually are!—but they are seldom mothers. (I would hate to have an Ibsen actress as a mother, because I'd be so terribly afraid of those Ibsen inheritances.)

Fear not! This is no essay on Ibsen, but a study of Blanche Bates, who once upon a time—I shall not say how long ago—thought that she was particularly fitted for the portrayal of the Ibsen heroines. And to-day Miss Bates has achieved success as a comedienne of high rank, owns a cozy and almost ancestral farm in the malignantly named village of Ossining (*né* Sing-Sing), may be seen at first-nights with a respectable, affable and well-regulated husband, and actually talks in maternal accents of her two

The sixth of Alan Dale's articles on "The Most Interesting People of the Theater."

"At the present time Blanche Bates is accustoming herself to the novel and sparkling idea that she is a wife and mother. She is quite amusing about it..... When she speaks of 'my children,' she does it in a most embarrassed way, as though she were not quite sure of it."

children. Would she ever have succeeded as an Ibsen actress? I say no! Impossible!

Many years before all these nice domestic things occurred, Blanche Bates felt impelled to appear as that most misunderstood of all stage heroines, *Hedda Gabler*. She played the part "in the West,"—which is vague, but eminently satisfactory,—and she liked herself in it very much indeed. She told me so. What the West said of her I have no idea, although I could venture a guess. Then, pursuing her fearful ambition, she attempted *Nora* of "The Doll's House" in Seattle. The Seattleites took their children to the theater, thinking they were going to see a pretty, juvenile little play, and were delightedly mystified. Later, Miss Bates insisted that Mr. Belasco should view these Ibsen performances, and he went West to do so.

He thought that Blanche Bates in Ibsen was awfully good,—for Seattle,—but he had his doubts about New York; and the consequence was that we never saw her do the melancholy Scandinavian characters of Ibsen in this vicinity. It was the end of Blanche Bates as the dark-green heroine of the high-brow matinées. That is all the history of the subject. Perhaps she has even forgotten it. Her children have atrociously normal ailments—mumps and measles and flippant things like that—which the self-respecting heroine of the Ibsen drama despises thoroughly.

FROM *Hedda Gabler* to farm life! One day I had a long and particularly interesting chat with Miss Bates, and at the end of that chat she dared me to visit her at her Ossining farm.

"You think that we are made of powder and paint," she said, "that we have no natural moments, and that we're *not* human. That's what you think—or is it a pose? Well, I'd like to prove the contrary. Why don't you come on up to Ossining, and be a sport?"

It was a risky thing for me to do, because I had been overwhelmingly frank in my criticisms of Miss Bates, and it is rather embarrassing to break bread with ladies of whom you have told what you thought to be the truth; but the invitation was so charmingly extended, and I am such a veracity-researcher, that I accepted it and went to Ossining.

After that visit I felt perfectly convinced that Blanche Bates would never have made a success in Ibsen. She was too full of the joy of living; her sense of humor was too keen; she was too interested in her fellow-creatures; and her outlook was too optimistic. Then, she sat at her own table and carved! Yes, she carved. Years ago I should have concealed that fact, because it is a bit damaging—don't you think? But in the light of all that has happened since, there is no need to be secretive. Blanche Bates carved, and did it beautifully. That carving made me think of *Hedda Gabler's* advice to *Eilert Lovborg*—to kill himself and to do it beautifully. It seems more human—less lugubrious, as it were—in the case of chickens.

Blanche Bates, like all actresses, hates the city. You know how actresses hate the city? They spend all their time there, go to all the theaters, sup occasionally at the fashionable restaurants and then go home to the country to sleep; and they tell you that they just love the country and couldn't possibly live in the stuffy, restricted metropolis. Miss Bates does love her Ossining farm—whenever she happens to be there. She adores wide spaces. So do I—the wide space in Lobster Square.

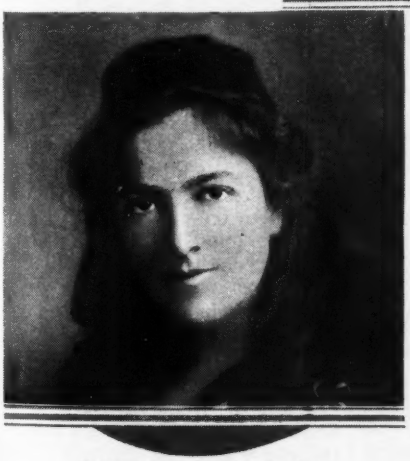
"Honestly, I am a farmer," she said to me in tones of sincerity; and Blanche Bates' sincerity is one of her most alluring characteristics. "I'm terribly interested in the question of eggs. Isn't it poetic? When eggs are seventy-five

cents a dozen, my chickens never lay. I can't induce them to do it. But when eggs are twenty-five cents a dozen, I find more eggs than I know what to do with. Chickens are perverse, but very interesting, and I love to study their little idiosyncrasies."

WE had agreed that we would not talk shop at all. I was to forget that I was a critic, and she was to disremember that she was an actress. It sounds very easy and comfortable in theory, but in practice it doesn't work out at all. We chatted around eggs and plants and commodities and ruralities for a time, but invariably we found ourselves at the theater criticising! We always pretend that we hate shop, but we don't, bless our hearts! The critic and the actress may set out to discuss the war or the economic condition of Germany or the possible effects of conscription in England or the lovely problem of preparedness, but back they hark to the footlights and the drama and all the enticing adjuncts.

Photograph by Bangs, New York

Blanche Bates and her favorite horse.



As *Cigarette* in "Under Two Flags."

Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York

Miss Bates had a house-party—and a very merry one at that. A more delightful hostess it would be difficult to imagine. She didn't fuss over us or torture us with entertaining. We were allowed to do exactly as we liked. Nor did we meet at breakfast—always a most con-

temptible proceeding, to my mind. The idea of being merry and bright, after you have just leaped from your downy couch, is awe-inspiring. People are frightfully natural in the morning at breakfast, and consequently at their worst. Miss Bates evidently knew that. We had our coffee served in our bedrooms—where it should *always* be served; and when we met, we had on our party manners and our best behavior, and were able to hide the nasty little traits that flourish at breakfast-time. I love to picture actresses reading their notices at the breakfast-hour, and perhaps throwing expensive eggs at the furniture. To do that, they must be alone. Even critics are not immune from moods in the early morn.

BLANCHE BATES has such a lovely sense of humor that some of the rôles she has played must appeal to her tremendously—I mean the emotional rôles. At the theater, though she is most charitable, she sees the comic side of everything. Once or twice I have asked her for her views of new plays, and if I could have written them, I think I should have made a hit. Only the other night she told me that the latest thing for heroines to do was apparently to "have the heaves." She was alluding to the work of two actresses who in their acute moments palpitated spectacularly. This, she thought, was something new, and it appealed to her love of novelty. She was most enthusiastic about it, as she is about everything from tragedy to wild farce.

Once she told me her idea of a great man. You are going to say that it was Belasco. Well, it wasn't. It was—Muldoon. He paid her a visit at the time she was playing in "Nobody's Widow" and told her that if she ever got fat, he would help her.

"Wasn't it perfectly sweet of him?" she asked naïvely. "Not only did he pay his two dollars to see the show, but he came to visit me with his trainer, and told me that! Any man who can look you in the eye, say convincingly, 'You are going to eat hot, juicy beefsteak though you hate it,' and then *make* you eat it, is really a great man. Of course, he wasn't tactless enough to tell me that I *was* fat, but he spoke of the future. And the future so often means fat for the actress. We all like to be prepared for the worst—or the fattest!"

Belasco of course meant a lot to Miss Bates. She was his bright and particular star, and she "realized" him as all his artists do. He affected her, she said. When he was tired and out of sorts,—with headache and ailments of the nervous brand,—she found it hard work to act. When he came to rehearsal full of enthusiasm, and rolling up his shirt-sleeves, cried, "Let's act," she was all buoyed up.

Miss Bates always thought Belasco rather an uncanny person. Although she is no longer under his management, they are still very friendly. The optimism of Miss Bates makes for the permanency of any friendship, and I am bound to say that "Hubby" has not changed her in the least.

DOES anybody except my long-memoried self recall Blanche Bates' first appearance in New York? I wonder. I saw her in a play called "The Great Ruby" at Daly's Theater, and there was a good deal of newspaper powwow at the time anent the alleged jealousy of poor Ada Rehan. Blanche Bates never stood for those stories that made such extremely readable material. Ada Rehan, she said, was always charming. She did have trouble at Daly's Theater, but it was not with Miss Rehan. It was with the august Augustin himself. She didn't hit it off with him very well. They clashed, which I can readily believe.

Still, that was the beginning of Blanche Bates' career as a metropolitan favorite, and so one may as well recall it. She came upon us very suddenly, as it were, but she stayed and achieved things!

The real Blanche Bates cropped up more frequently in "Nobody's Widow" than in any other play she has offered. In that piece she was, of course, accused of playing herself, for she is light, frolicsome, amusing and flippant. She *can* be serious. She can talk about

suffrage and stage children,— both alarming topics,—but it is then that she is least interesting.

At the present time Miss Bates is accustoming herself to the novel and sparkling idea that she is a wife and mother. She is quite amusing about it. The theater doesn't seem to worry her inordinately. She has acquired a town house, so that she can appreciate Ossining all the more. She has a governess, maids and all the rest of the alleged household requirements. When she speaks of "my children" she does it in a most embarrassed way, as though she were not quite sure of it. But—and I emphasize the *but*—she never alludes to *Hedda Gabler* and her former ambition to vitalize that artistic abnormality.

She has a mania for grand opera, and that I really *cannot* understand. Think of an actress with a sense of humor sitting through those endless operas from start to finish, and arriving at the Metropolitan early, so as to enjoy the overture! That she does regularly, and it is the only genuine eccentricity I can discover in her nature. Ibsen, eggs, children, suffrage, I can cope with, but grand opera is quite beyond my ken.

"I love it," she said one night. (I saw her leaving the Metropolitan.) "I sit through it entranced. I don't mind what opera I hear. I am just as fond of Wagner as I am of Puccini. My pet opera is 'Tristan.'"

THERE was some talk of Miss Bates' adding to the joys of the Shakespearean tercentenary, and efforts were made to induce her to join in that celebration. They were fruitless. She felt that the Bard was outside of her instinct. She amused me immensely on the Shakespearean subject, but as this is tercentenary year, I shall not quote her remarks. There was one rôle that she didn't mind, because she said it was almost human. Don't imagine that she has never dallied with Shakespeare.

MR. DALE, in past issues of THE GREEN BOOK, has discussed: Ethel Barrymore, Alla Nazimova, Marie Tempest, Frances Starr and Olga Petrova.

There is no form of stage work that is foreign to this actress. She played Shakespeare years ago "in the West," but she was kind enough to oust it from her repertory in New York.

"It was a good thing I didn't begin in New York," she told me once. "I have really worked very hard in my day, but I did all the thankless work away from Manhattan. New York critics never saw my early attempts, and I am grateful for that."

Remember this: When I first met Blanche Bates, I had given her some hard knocks, as they say in the vernacular. Many a woman would have resented this, or at least would have declined to let me forget it. Not so Blanche Bates. I hate to call any woman a "good fellow,"—it is bad enough to say of a man,—but the phrase is not inappropriate. Her capacity for friendship, as I hinted before, is enormous.

She loves to call herself a cat. It is her favorite expression. Whenever she criticises, as it is sometimes possible to induce her to do, she prefaces her remarks with, "Well, you know I'm a cat, and so—" You couldn't possibly imagine anybody less catty if you made an effort to do so. Her house in Ossining is nearly always filled with friends. Of course, that isn't remarkable. I believe that if the Devil himself had a country house, he could fill it with friends. And what Blanche Bates particularly cherishes is a game of bridge—auction bridge!

I think I have said enough to make it clear that Miss Bates was wise when she abandoned Ibsen. The heroines of "Little Eyolf," "The Master Builder" and "Rosmersholm" would have lived happily ever after and have ruined the pointlessness of the Ibsen plays if they had indulged in bridge. Miss Bates found herself in time. She is now living her life, and it is something very unlike that enjoyed so miserably by *Hedda* and *Nora*.

Next month Mr. Dale will write about Marie Doro.

NEW FACES ON THE SCREEN

Some of Those Who Have Recently Come to the Films

Photograph by White, New York

Mae Murray (above) was a Broadway musical-comedy favorite for many seasons, principally with the Ziegfeld attractions. She is now appearing in Lasky photoplays. Her first picture was "To Have and to Hold."

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

Photograph by Celebrity Studio, New York

June Daye is one of the reorganized Lubin Company's new players. Sigmund Lubin has sold out his interest in the company for one million dollars to Thomas F. Ryan, the sugar magnate.

Margaret Landis (Balboa).

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

Anita King
(Lasky)

Photograph by Strauss-Peyton, Kansas City

Stafford Pemberton

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

Gretchen Lederer
(N. Y. M. P. Corp'n.)

Photo-
graph by
Apeda Studio,
New York

Lucy Blake (above), who is playing character and heavy parts for the Balboa organization, was introduced to the screen last year in "Neal of the Navy."

Photo-
graph by
White,
New York

Edna May (Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn), who came out of retirement to appear in one photoplay for the Vitagraph Company. Her greatest stage success was in "The Belle of New York."

Myrtle Gonzales

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

Betty Compson

Photograph by Hartsook, Los Angeles

William Desmond
(N. Y. M. P. Corp'n.)

Photograph by White, New York

Fannie Ward
(Lasky)

Photograph by Hoover Art Co., Hollywood, Calif.

At right: Myrtle Reeves (Balboa)

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

Photograph by White, New York

Helen Jerome (above) is seventeen years old and still attends high school in Los Angeles. She has appeared in Pallas and Morosco film-dramas, and is now with Bosworth, Inc. She was made a stock-company member after her first photoplay.

Lois Meredith (at left) is eighteen years old and has been called the speaking-stage's youngest star. She was featured in "Peg o' My Heart," "Help Wanted" and "Everywoman." She has become a Pathé photoplayer.

Marie Wells has been featured in the Frohman photoplays.

Photograph by Celebrity Studio, New York

Henry W. Pemberton (Gaumont)

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

Lillian West (Balboa)

Photograph by White, New York

At left: Olive Fuller Golden, a new screen recruit.

Photograph copyrighted by Hartsook, Los Angeles

At right: Jose Collins, star of the musical-comedy stage, who has entered Pathe motion pictures. Miss Collins was born in England and went on the stage when she was thirteen years old. Her mother, Lottie Collins, was an actress.

(Above) Charlotte Walker (Mrs. Eugene Walter) began her career as an actress with Richard Mansfield. Miss Walker has appeared in Lasky Photoplays in the film versions of her stage success, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and other plays.

A Complete Résumé of the Previous Installments

NOW the man-hunt was on. It had flung itself into the Syrian Desert — No Man's Land — through London, Paris and Vienna, with merciless vigor.

These two—Lorraine Roth, who had waited until she believed her beast-husband dead before she went to the man she loved, and Dirck Mead, to whom for only a few short days she had happily believed herself wedded—fled before it. They were the prey.

EVERYTHING had been strange from the beginning. When her father died, Lorraine married his friend Aaron Roth, because there seemed little else to do. She was eighteen, willowy, girlish; Roth was forty, beefy in mind and body, gross.

Roth was preparing to set forth on his monthly business-trip "*for* Detroit." Lorraine guessed the difference. But she had long since ceased to concern herself with her husband's morals.

And Roth was in an ugly mood. He called her chilly. He said she did not know the meaning of love. As if to answer a spoken accusation, he fiercely asserted that he *was* going to Detroit. He would prove it.

Dirck Mead came in upon Lorraine only a few hours later. Mutual confessions of love followed. Then, in horror at herself and him, Lorraine bade Mead go. As Dirck departed, Aaron Roth eased his bulk from behind concealing portières.

He struck Lorraine full across the face with his open palm, the blow sending her crashing to the floor, bleeding, half-senseless. "I'll break Mead," Roth snarled, "body and spirit and bank-account." Then he left her —for Detroit.

MEAD sat before the fireplace in his apartment. He viewed his wasted years and his hopeless love. There flashed to him the text from the Prophecy of Joel:

"And I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

He looked up. Lorraine stood in the doorway. . . . . In a lifeless, jerky voice, she told him Roth had struck her. His desire to kill Roth, she restrained.

Summoned to her the next morning, Mead found Lorraine had received a long-distance telephone message from South Bend, Indiana, saying Aaron Roth had been killed in a train-wreck. It seemed to prove that he had not gone to Detroit.

Lorraine and Dirck Mead were married that day.

THREE happy days they stayed in New York. Then came to Lorraine a letter addressed in Aaron Roth's handwriting.

"I *am* in Detroit, after all," she read. "I'll be home in a day or two." And it was dated from Detroit the morning *after* the train-wreck.

Lorraine reserved staterooms on the steamer sailing for England that day. She and Mead were at sea before she told him of the letter from Roth.

At their London hotel they found a red-faced man inquiring for them.

The chase was on.

In Paris they were pursued. It was the same in Venice. Then they fled into the Desert, little knowing that the Yankee detective who had been trailing them had followed their caravan.

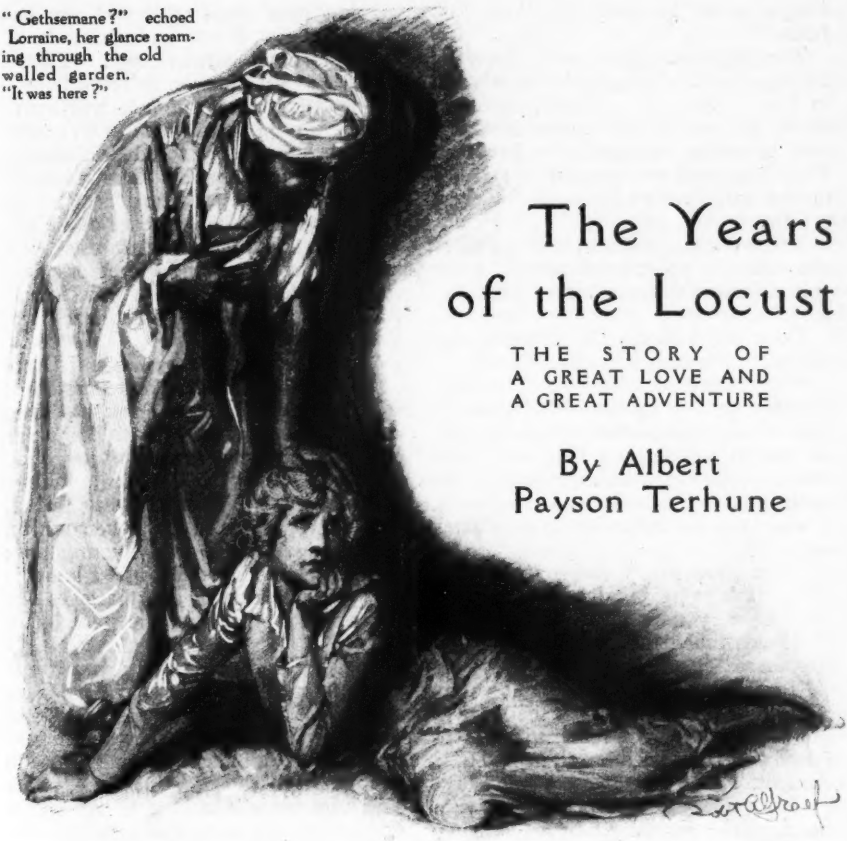
And now, besieged by marauding Bedouins, they were prisoners, together with other Americans, in a crumbling rest-tower. Saul Venable, an American youth in the party, had wounded a Bedouin, and the tribesmen had demanded one life in atonement. Dirck Mead had offered his, but Lorraine claimed his life as hers.

Then the assault by the Bedouins began. They formed and flung themselves at the tourists' shaky refuge. Mead and his party prepared to make their final stand on the tower's roof.

At the height of the battle, when capture or death seemed inevitable, the attack suddenly stopped. A white-clad figure appeared among the Bedouins; at his command they rode off. It was Halil, the holy man.

In Jerusalem they encountered him again. . . . . Lorraine, her brain afire with her troubles, went out into the night, alone, for a walk. At last she wandered into a garden. Of a sudden she cried out her unhappiness. A voice came out of the darkness to answer and soothe her. It was Halil. He asked her if she knew where she was. She did not.

"This," he told her, "is the Garden of Gethsemane."



"Gethsemane?" echoed Lorraine, her glance roaming through the old walled garden. "It was here?"

The Years of the Locust

THE STORY OF A GREAT LOVE AND A GREAT ADVENTURE

By Albert Payson Terhune

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT A. GRAEF

CHAPTER XXIV

"GETHSEMANE?" echoed Lorraine, her glance roaming with frightened reverence through the old walled garden. "Gethsemane? It was *here?*"

"It *is* here," the grave, sweet voice made answer, "here and wherever the human heart breaks. Each heart, one day or another, knows its Gethsemane—as, I think, you already know yours. There was no need to cross the world, into Judæa, to find it. Yet this is the Garden, the Garden of Gethsemane where He suffered. Centuries ago the monks walled it in, and they tend it lovingly, in memory of His betrayal night."

"The Garden of Gethsemane!" she repeated, raptly, understanding at last the strange attraction that had made her seek out blindly the sad peace of the spot. "The Garden—where they slept while He prayed; where His best loved disciple—Saint John, the Beloved—'could not watch with Him one hour,' but left Him to suffer alone."

"Yes," said the Stranger, his deep voice for the moment stifled as though by a stab of pain. "Yes. And here they all—even his beloved Disciple—'forsook Him and fled.' Even your sinning fellow-journeyer, Raegan, would have

fought more gallantly for a mortal friend."

The poignant sorrow that tinged the Stranger's voice brought the tears again to Lorraine's eyes. Making a sharp effort to recover self-composure, she rose somewhat unsteadily to her feet. The Stranger's strong arm helped her to rise and steadied her as she swayed a little.

"How did you chance to come here?" she asked in sudden curiosity. "I left you talking with the others, on the terrace."

"You went alone. I followed, for you were in need of comfort."

"Yes," she said, a lifetime of conventionality coming to her aid; "it was a foolish thing—a foolishly rash thing—for me to wander out here alone like this at night, in a strange land, especially in the East. It was dangerous. Thank you, for following to look after my safety."

"You were in no danger," he said. "The Unhappy are always safe; and you are very unhappy. Why? Your life holds much that should bring you happiness."

"I *am* happy!" she lied.

"Do the Happy weep in the Garden of Gethsemane? I followed, not to guard you from peril but to help you, if I might."

"Help me?" she repeated hotly, a fierce grief stirring within her. "Help *me?* Who can help me? If you knew, you would see there is no help. It must go on and on—worse, more unbearable, every day, every night. Can you imagine what it means to be harried and driven and hounded across the whole world?—always goaded on, never allowed to pause to rest, to be at peace—always forced on—on—on!—wandering forever, with no safe home, no refuge?"

"Yes," said the Stranger, and his voice was very solemn. "I can understand; I can understand it all."

His words, baldly simple in their seeming, yet carrying to her a nebulous meaning she could not grasp, stilled Lorraine's outbreak of wrathful rebellion. And she stared at him in mute wonder through the flickering shadows.

"You have suffered, too!" she exclaimed at last, lamely enough.

"Yes," he assented simply. "I have suffered. Yet He who suffered here—He whose name I am not worthy to speak—can be an example to us others who suffer. He suffered for all the world, not for Himself. Mankind suffers only for itself, and oftenest for its own sins and follies, oftener and more keenly, in this life at least, for the follies and the cowardice and the errors than for the actual sins. With you, it was folly, cowardice, error—not black sin. Yet you suffer."

"How do you know what I have done?" she demanded, a superstitious fear touching her raw nerves. "Who are you—*what* are you—to know or claim to know my story?"

"Who am I?" he evaded. "Your friend if you will let me be your friend, your helper if it is in my power to help. I do not 'claim' to know your story; I do not ask to know it. All I know is that you are unhappy and that eyes like yours are not set in the face of a sinner."

"Professor Venable says you are a professional 'holy man,'" she said, resenting the strange effect his words and his presence had upon her, and speaking with unintended rudeness to counterweigh the new influence. "He says you were educated at Al Azhar and probably learned medicine there as well as English, and that your knowledge of medicine and the superior power your education gave you, account for these ignorant people regarding you as a saint or a miracle-worker, and that there is really nothing extraordinary about you."

"He is a wise man," said the Stranger, as she paused, a little ashamed of her own childishly cross outburst, "—a wise man and better read in the customs of the East than most Western folk."

"I was rude," she pleaded, contritely. "I am sorry. Please, I *am* sorry. We owe you so much. And I was abominably rude. Wont you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive," he said soothingly, as to a little child. "You are tired and in grief, and that would

excuse far more than you have said. Yesterday I came upon a sparrow caught in a bird-lime trap. As I freed it, it was so frantic with fright and pain that it did not know friend from foe. And it pecked sharply at my fingers, blindly, in panic rage. Should I have crushed that little ward of God for attacking me? Should I be angered when your own terror and pain made you turn sharply on one who wished to help you? There is no cause of offense in that, most surely. And if there were, it would be forgotten. Will you let me help you?"

"How can you help me?" she asked, still outwardly incredulous, although her stricken soul was clamoring within her to run to him for healing.

"Even the Almighty bids us take our troubles to Him, before He heals them," was the reply. "Can the doctor cure one who will not be his patient? You have not brought your trouble to me. Do you desire to?"

THERE was a moment's hesitant pause. Then—whether moved by the human impulse to share with one who would understand, a mortal burden too heavy to carry alone, or whether impelled by something outside of herself,—she could never tell which,—Lorraine began to speak.

Incoherently, brokenly, at first, then gathering confidence as she talked, she told him her story. That she, a somewhat reserved woman, should thus be laying her most close-guarded life-secrets at the feet of a man with whom, until to-night, she had never spoken, did not seem to her strange. Nor did it in later days. She could never make it seem other than the most natural thing in the world.

And so, in the night, under Gethsemane's olive-shade, the woman who suffered told her tale of shame to the white-robed Stranger.

She told him of her marriage to Aaron Roth; she told of her hell-life with him; how she and Dirck had fought off their mutual love; of the final degrading scene when Roth had struck her; of her madness and Mead's chivalric wisdom; of the glad news that had set the lovers free; of their moment's bliss; and of the tidings that proved them outcast, fugitives, bigamists—joint sharers in a crime whose guilt was not theirs.

To her overstrained fancy, as she laid bare her soul to this Stranger, it seemed almost to her that he listened with the air of a father who knows in advance every word of the pitiful confession his erring child is making, and who waits only to hear the culprit's full admission of wrongdoing before bestowing aid and pardon. Yet this made her but the more open in her speech.

She told of Dirck's forced flight with her; of their stolen happiness; of their achieved dream of throwing away all the world for love and for each other; and how that once-golden dream had grown warped and tarnished by their hourly fear of arrest, of punishment, of public degradation. At every hour of the day and night, she told her silent hearer, the fear was upon them both, blotting out the sunlight and the stars. And, in her own case, the agony was tenfold more unbearable through the knowledge that—knowingly or not—she had sinned; that, even before she had heard of Roth's death, she had fled to another man.

"We love each other so," she wailed, carried at last far beyond her wonted barriers and reserve, "—as much as ever we did—*more* than ever we did. But always—there is that black cloud over us. Our dream has come true—the dream that one day we might be together and be all in all to each other. Yet every time I look at him—every time his kisses wake me—I remember only that we have sinned; that we have broken man's law—perhaps God's, too; that the doors of prison are waiting, open, for us both, not only for me, but for the man I would give up everything to save, the man who has always known sorrow and disappointment and whose life I wanted to make so beautiful. It's—it's horrible to stand shivering like this, under the Law's hand, waiting for the iron grasp to close on us and crush us. We've shaken off the chase, for an hour, perhaps, but who knows how soon it will find us again? Oh, it

"Have you the courage to return and take up your cross again?" . . . . "No!" she sobbed, wildly. *"No, no!"* yearning to escape from the awful and gentle

And, blindly, she ran across the grassy stretch of moonlit orchard, her dazed mind possessed by but one mad voice that had sought to guide her aright.

is a nightmare. And—and he said God would restore to us the 'years that the locust hath eaten!' But the Locust Years are still so heavy upon us! Must it always be like this? Tell me what to do. You are wise."

"What does your heart tell you to do? That will show you what God tells you to do. For the two are one."

"You mean I must—I must—?"

"There is but one thing to do, my child," he said with sad firmness.

"You—you mean I must go back—back to that hell I have left?"

"It is you who have said it—you, your heart, God—not I."

"You mean I must go back?" she blazed in fiery rebellion, "back to the beast who calls himself my husband? What good would that do? What good would that do to anyone? He'd take me back—yes; though I've told Dirck he wouldn't. Yes, and I know I have enough power over him to make him spare Dirck, too; but it would be on terms that both Dirck and I would rather have me dead than accept. I've soiled my lips trying to tell you the type of man Aaron Roth is. What good would be gained by my going back to him? Who would be the gainer? Dirck?—it would be like a death blow to him; it would leave all the rest of his life marred and crippled. Myself?—even an ascetic like you—born in a land where woman is a chattel—can imagine the horror-life it would be to *me*. Would it benefit Aaron Roth? Would it really benefit him?"

SHE paused; the Stranger did not answer. Again, through his dim-seen gaze at her, Lorraine had the weird feeling of being a willful child whose father waits in patient silence for her to decide for the right. The thought stirred her resentment afresh.

"How would it benefit Aaron Roth?" she demanded. "He used to say I exert a sort of queer spell over him—heaven knows I don't want to—a beastly fascination of some kind that draws him to me. But that is all; and it isn't enough to warrant my breaking my life and Dirck's by going back. It's never been strong enough to keep Aaron decent, to keep him true to me, to keep him honest, to keep him from drinking and from all the wretched pursuits he craves. Years ago he turned from me to the class of women who were his own kind. Let him turn to them now, and not drag me back to the inferno that would be so much worse than ever, since I've escaped from it. What worthy end would I serve by returning? Tell me that. I would be sacrificing Dirck; I would be sacrificing myself—and for a man who isn't worth the sacrifice of a sick pariah dog. Would that be right? Would that be doing the honorable, the *good* thing? It would not, and you know it would not. You dare not say it would!"

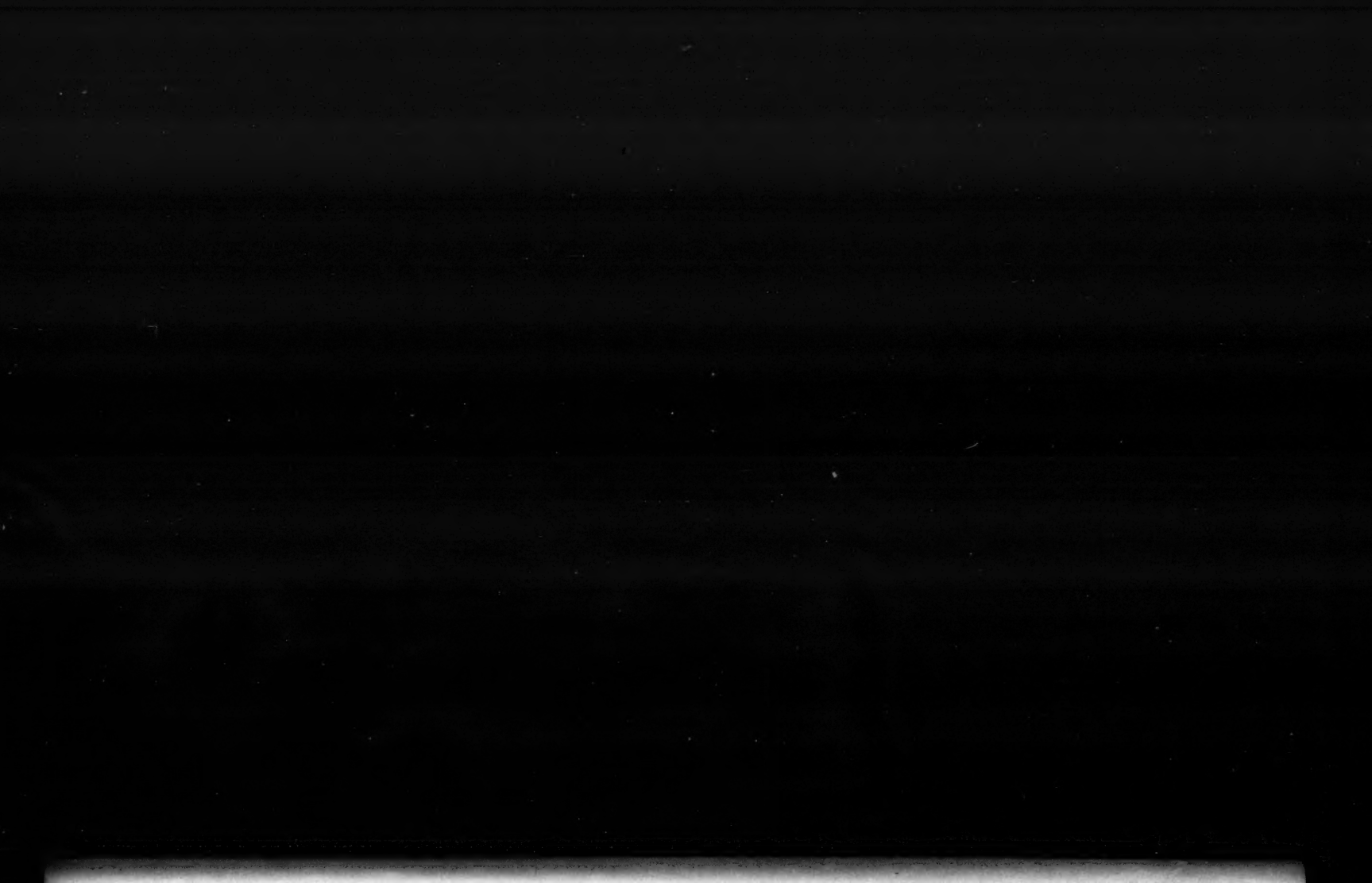
"It is you who have said it, not I," was the calm answer, the Stranger's deep, measured tones falling in keen contrast to her fierce tirade. "It is you who say it in your heart every time your lips deny it. If your conscience did not say it, would your voice trouble to deny it?"

"I do not say it!" she denied, indignant; then, her lips a-tremble: "Oh, it is so hard—so fearfully hard to know what is right, to know what is one's duty."

"It is never hard," he contradicted, gently. "Right and duty are always plain. You can no more miss them than on a clear night a Desert wanderer can miss the pole-star. It is only when he willfully closes his eyes that he no longer sees the Star. It is only when we willfully turn away from the right and from duty that we find them hard to recognize. Duty never needs to be explained, even to a little child. Trying to explain our duty, means trying to explain it away."

"But we did no conscious wrong, Dirck and I. As God judges us both, we meant no sin, no wrong, no evil. We thought he was dead, that we were free. What sin was there in our marrying, in claiming our happiness, when we thought he was dead? If that is sin—"

"That was not your sin," returned the Stranger's even voice. "You did no wrong in reaching out your arms happiness when it seemed to be yours by right. That was not your sin. And you know it was not. Your first sin



was in leaving your husband—in seeking to leave him—in divorcing him in your heart—and in going to the protection of another man, while you still knew he lived."

"You mean, when I went to Dirck's rooms that night, after Aaron struck me? When I went to Dirck and offered him myself? But he didn't take me. He—"

"Your own sin was no lighter for his being a brave man and honest. You left the husband you had sworn to God to live with 'for better or for worse.' You left him as soon as you found the bond was 'for worse.' You did not even invoke the laws of man to free you from him. You offered another what was not yours to give. That was your first fault, my unhappy child. And it made the second easier."

"The second? I—"

"Your refusal to go back and take up again the load from which neither God nor man has yet set you free, the burden that you assumed of your own will, years ago, when you married the man you did not love. You wronged your husband more cruelly than you wronged yourself, in giving yourself to him without love. And now, it is yourself and all that is best in you that you are wronging when you refuse to abide by your compact with him."

"But I thought he was dead! I thought—"

"You had a cross to bear," went on the sweet, deep voice, unchecked. "You flung it from your shoulders that you might rest for a time by the wayside and to wander through the meadows of forbidden happiness. Then you thought you heard a Voice say you would never again have to raise to your shoulders the cross' crushing weight; that you were free; that the meadows of forbidden joy were no longer forbidden to you. And when, in the flush of your new rapture, the Voice said again, 'Take up your cross,' you refused. You would not resume the burden God had appointed for you."

"But I couldn't! I *couldn't!* Its weight would have killed me."

"No burden that God appoints for us is ever too heavy for us to bear. No man or woman was ever yet crushed under the weight of the cross God inflicts. It is only when we seek to shake off that weight or refuse to take it up that it grows heavier than we can bear. It is we—not He—who must be blamed if we are borne down to the earth by it."

"I have not—"

"This new burden that is torturing you was bound upon your shoulders by your own hands. You have bound it there in the place of the cross that God ordained for you. Is this new burden of yours so much lighter—so much easier to bear—than was His? Is life so much sweeter than once it was? If you had not cast aside the cross appointed to you, you would never have been bowed down, as now, under a burden that is greater than you can bear. The first weight was bearable, because God laid it upon you. The second is of your own making. That is why it is a torment to you. Daughter, have you the courage to cast aside this new burden, as once you cast off the cross—and, if need be, to return and take up your cross again and bear it to the end of the journey?"

"No!" she sobbed, wildly. *"No; no!"*

And, blindly, she ran across the grassy stretch of moonlit orchard, her dazed mind possessed by but one mad yearning to escape from the awful and gentle voice that had sought to guide her aright.

CHAPTER XXV

A FAT sun was waddling up the sky and sending a blinding shaft of light through her bedroom windows, when Lorraine awoke late next morning after a troubled sleep that had not begun until dawn.

Dirck had already finished dressing, and he was lounging in a stone window-seat, looking out through the open casement and sucking at a before-breakfast cigarette.

It was not alone the glare of light that had roused the tired woman from twitching dreams of Aaron Roth trying to drag her, by the hair, back across

the world to Chicago and howling like a wild beast as he did so. It was the howling itself that awakened her. And when she came to herself with a jump and realized that Roth was not drawing her along by the hair, she noted that the hideous noises he made in the dream had not stopped when the dream stopped.

They were continuing with a clamor that filled the room. The sound was as of a battle royal between two dogs whose vocal range was abnormal.

Lorraine jumped up and started toward the window.

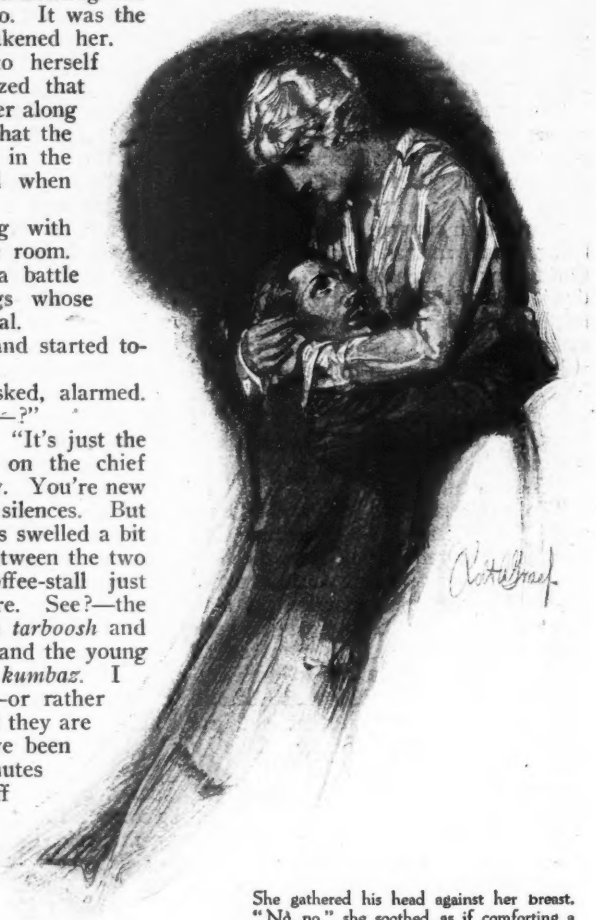
"What is it?" she asked, alarmed. "Is there a massacre or—?"

"No," laughed Dirck. "It's just the normal morning sound on the chief street of an Oriental city. You're new to it, after the Desert silences. But you'll get used to it. It's swelled a bit just now by a quarrel between the two men who run the coffee-stall just beneath the window here. See?—the lean old fellow with the *tarboosh* and the blue European suit, and the young chap in the *abieh* and *kumbaz*. I gather from their talk—or rather from their screams—that they are father and son. They've been squabbling for five minutes as to which shall get off for breakfast while the other minds the stall."

A deafening basso roar drowned his words, and an ear-splitting treble answered it. Whereafter, a grateful silence prevailed—at least so far as the two coffee-venders' share in the morning's cacophany was concerned.

"Are they at each other's throats?" asked Lorraine. "I can't see from here."

"No," reported Dirck. "The quarrel reached its climax and there was nothing more to say. So they seem quite friendly again. That's the way over here."



She gathered his head against her breast. "Nô, no," she soothed, as if comforting a frightened child. "I can't leave you. . . . . We'll see it through, together, my husband."

"What was the climax?" queried Lorraine from the dressing-room.

"Oh, the son said, *'In-al-din-ak!'* That means 'God curse your religion!' It's the second most deadly insult in all Arabic. The father's religion of course is the same as the son's,—not that either of them thought of that,—and the old gentleman came back at his loving son with the very deadliest insult the East knows, *'In-al-abuk!'*—'God curse your father!'"

"He—he cursed *himself?*"

"He didn't seem to notice that. A sense of humor isn't known in the Orient. But now that each has said the last possible thing in the insult line, peace is declared. Ready for your Arabic lesson?"

"Yes. You'll find my new list of words on the table by the bed."

Dirck picked up a paper from the table. He was teaching Lorraine Arabic from his own scanty store, by the simple method of enlarging her vocabulary every day by the memorizing of a random group of ordinary words and phrases. Her memory was excellent; and in spite of the faulty teaching, she was making a little progress in a tongue that can never be learned with any fluency or correctness in less than two years.

"Good morning," he now began.

"Naharik said," she said promptly. "That isn't in the list. I learned it a month ago."

"No," he corrected. "You mislearned it. It's *'naharik'* when you speak to a woman, *'naharak'* to a man. I always catch you on that. *Ak* is the masculine possessive; *ik* is the feminine. And—"

Just then pandemonium again broke out in the street directly beneath their window. Forgetting her laboriously feigned zeal for acquiring the new language, Lorraine ran in and joined Dirck at the window, fastening her waist as she came.

"What is it?" she demanded, looking out. "I'm *sure* it's a riot, this time."

AROUND the bend in the narrow, high-walled street just beyond, emerged a throng of men. On the outskirts of the crowd hovered veiled women in coarse blue robes and a swarm of children in very few clothes at all. Everybody seemed to be shouting or squealing. And, on close listening, the sounds were found to blend into a rudely rhythmic chant.

In the center of the jostling crowd and borne high in air upon the shoulders of a dozen men, was a long box covered with vivid scarlet cotton, banded with eccentrically crossed bands of white.

"It is a funeral," said Dirck, at sight of the box, "a Moslem funeral procession."

"Is—is that awful red thing the—the—?"

"Yes. They have a fine lively taste in colors out here. See, they carry it cater-cornered. That's to indicate the deceased's regret at leaving his friends and going to the grave. And see how the men in the crowd joggle the pall-bearers and try to take their places. They do that to show their respect, and their wish to help along the obsequies. Once in a while one of them manages to shove a bearer out of the way and put his own shoulder under the box. I remember our old dragoman, David Jamal, explained it all to me when I was here with my father."

The other passers-by either took the wall as the procession passed or else joined themselves to the crowd of yelling mourners. Presently the gruesome cortège was gone, and once more the street was given over to the kaleidoscopic-hued loiterers and venders and camel-strings and donkeys.

Venerable Jews in gaberdines and with long white beards and lank sidelocks shuffled along the narrow footway. Moslems with whom they ventured to share the too-scant space shoved them as unconcernedly into the running gutter as though the patriarchs were street dogs.

A line of mángy yellow camels padded by, in single file, heavily laden, a tiny gray donkey with a bell around its neck leading them, and a bare-legged porter trotting ahead to scatter the traffic and clear a way.

A woman in dark blue and veiled to the eyes and with tattooed brow—a brass tube strapped above her nose (that Mohammed might whisper Koran texts into it)—scuttled by close to the wall, bearing easily upon her head a brimming water-jar which, with its contents, must have weighed ninety pounds.

A public letter-writer with ink-horn and hair-bunch pens squatted in an angle of an opposite wall and proceeded to take down a missive at the shouted dictation of a hawk-faced and ragged

Bedouin who hailed from somewhere in the Land of Moab.

Melon-boys, water-sellers, hawkers of sweets and of pomegranate seeds were lustily crying their wares. In the doorway of an open-faced shop across the way, three men were noisily chaffering with the hump-backed storekeeper—whose nose had been wholly eaten away by one of the fifty skin-diseases prevalent in the East. An obese and gaudily robed money-lender jogged past athwart a donkey that weighed scarce half as much as himself. The donkey, indignant at the pressure brought to bear upon him, halted at every few rods to bray right hideously.

A sentinel in the uniform of a Turkish infantry regiment came off duty from the near-by Tower of David. He strolled down the street with a sullenly contemptuous look at the folk about him. Two well dressed Syrians stepped respectfully aside into the gutter to give him room—and spat at him after he passed by. For the Syrian hates his Turkish master with a deathless hatred.

A muleteer on a holiday swaggered along, bravely decked out in a new brown-and-white *abieh* and gorgeous scarlet leather slippers. Coming to a muddy stretch in the road, he stopped, took off his beautiful new slippers, strung them on a cord around his neck and splashed barefoot through the puddles.

"And last night," mused Lorraine, disillusioned, "it was all so silent and beautiful and—and holy! And now it's like nothing I ever saw or heard or—"

"Or smelled," finished Dirck.

A ROLYPOLY child of perhaps three toddled out of a shop opposite them, and tried, with little squeals of delight, to make friends with a most evil-looking scavenger dog. The child's father, evidently a Mohammedan zealot, dashed out into the roadway and hauled back his offspring, with many and high-pitched cries of admonition, very evidently less concerned over any danger from the possible bite of the snarling dog than from the spiritual contamination that must ensue from touching an animal which the Koran declares unclean.

The youngster philosophically submitted to be lugged away on his parent's shoulder. But looking back, he waved one pudgy hand in farewell to the new four-footed friend whose acquaintance he had so early been forced to drop.

"Oh, the darling!" exclaimed Lorraine. "Isn't he adorable?"

"Looks to me as if he had mange," said Dirck.

"Mange?" she echoed, indignantly. "That little friendly fluff of humanity! What nonsense!"

"Oh," he grinned, sheepishly. "I thought you were talking about the dog."

"His hair was just one perfect fluff-ball," she went on; "and did you see the dear way he snuggled his head down into his father's neck?"

She caught her breath in a sharp little sigh.

"What is it, dear?" asked Dirck, in quick concern.

"It's that baby we saw," she made dreamy answer, her eyes wondrously soft and brooding. "It—it must be so marvelous—so unthinkably wonderful—to feel one's baby's warm, plump arm around one's neck, to feel its head nestling against one, that way!"

"Lorraine!" he whispered, breathless.

The hand he had so impulsively caught, trembled in his own, and the woman's lips parted as if to speak.

At the moment, a tall, snowy-robed figure came out from under the archway of the hotel and moved down the street with a peculiarly majestic grace. The crowds made way for him with eager and welcoming reverence. Even a passing Turkish soldier grudgingly raised a dirty hand in salute.

"Why," said Dirck, following Lorraine's gaze as it rested on the dazzlingly sunlit form, "that's Halil!"

"Yes," she breathed, like one waking reluctantly from a sweet dream. "It's —Halil."

"Listen, sweetheart," went on Dirck, earnestly, as he looked into her troubled eyes. "You were saying—you said just now—"

"Oh, I'm all sane again," she retorted, her voice metallic, her eyes hard. "What right have *I* to dream of such things? Aren't there enough fear-driven wanderers, already, on the face of this miserable old earth? And what a heritage we— There, there!"—as he winced at her words. "I'm sorry I spoke crossly. I didn't mean it. Kiss me; and let's go down to breakfast."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE breakfast-room was empty when they entered, most of the few off-season guests having already eaten and set forth on sightseeing tours.

Dirck clapped his hands, and from the kitchen quarters appeared a yellow-faced waiter in a red fez and the worst fitting garments to be found anywhere save in the near-East, where tourists have a saying that the Turks and Syrians wear all the misfit clothes of Europe.

After the waiter departed to get the late-comers' breakfast, a constrained silence fell between Dirck and Lorraine. Both of them were secretly relieved when Raegan, going past the breakfast-room door on his way from the street to the stairs, glanced in and saw them. Uninvited, the little West Sider lounged in and took a chair across the long table from them.

"Morning, people!" he hailed them, cheerily. "The late bird gets what the chef wasn't hungry enough to eat. The rest of us stoked an hour ago. I was up at the screech of dawn. Some guys under my window were holding a ratification meeting. I leaned out with a water pitcher, to abate them a whole lot. And I'm blest if they weren't just sitting lazy-like with their backs to the wall, gabbling and doing nothing. Think of a city where folks are so lazy they get up before daylight to loaf! *Some* burg, believe me."

He remembered his hat, took it off and continued unabashed:

"I just been to the bank to have a little amputation done on my letter of credit. What d'ye s'pose happened? The president of the bank asked me into his own office, and he had an Arabian Nights fancy-ball servant come in and serve candy to us on a tray. Candy! Honest! And then coffee and some kind of jelly—at nine o'clock in the morning—in a bank. Why, I'll bet if these coons have got a stock exchange, they serve fudge sundaes every half-hour to the floor traders. By the way, folks, friend Halil dropped in on us here for a spell, just before I started out to-day. He's a bird, that feller, a he-wonder."

"Yes, I saw him," said Dirck. "He was just leaving as we were looking out of the window before we came down. I wish I'd been here to meet him again."

"He's worth it," vouchsafed Raegan. "I'm sure strong for him. If ever he needs my vote to carry his district, it's his for the taking. 'Twont cost him a cent. He and old Venable had quite a chat. Say, you know the Prof doesn't make any very turrible hit with me. Well, it's worse and worse. He gets on my nerves. The more I know him, the less I want to kiss him. Why, there's times when I look at old Venable that I get to hating members of his family I never even heard of. When he was seven years old he promised his dying grandmother he'd never smile, and he's kept his oath, real grand. Manners was invented, too, quite a spell after he was born, and he's always kept just that far behind 'em. And he never speaks his own name without taking off his hat first. I never did take to these professor guys who have all their facial space south of the meridian under high cultivation. And he's about the worst of 'em. Not that I've ever known many professors before," he added, conscientiously, "except the ones who whang a poor defenseless piano for a living, and between times, have to trust to some souse's liberality for their drinks. Venable managed to get in bad with a bunch of strangers here at the table before we'd half finished breakfast."

"What was the matter?" asked Lorraine, feeling a little uncomfortable at the thought that one of their party had fallen foul of another of the hotel's guests.

"It's a queer yarn," said Raegan, carefully filling his short black pipe as he spoke, "though it hasn't got much of a point to it. You remember that woman who sat opposite you here last night, Mead—the roan dame with the perishable face, the one whose clothes looked like she was trying to grow old, disgracefully? I took her for Mrs. Emperor Some-one-or-other; and I took her for a rich widow. You can always tell a widow. (Even if you can't tell 'em much.) But it seems she aint. She's just the hired companion of an old English lady who's been alive something like ninety-two years. The hotel man told me about it before breakfast. The old lady didn't show up at dinner last night because the companion tucks her away in the alfalfa about six P. M. But she was on deck for breakfast. Nice old lady, and real spry, too, and friendly. The hotel man says she came here on her honeymoon back seventy-three years ago. And her husband,—he was an English captain, or something, —he took sick and died of Asiatic cholera the week after they got here. They had to bury him quick, so they tombed him out in a cemetery about a half a mile from here instead of shipping him back home. That was seventy-three years ago, like I was telling you. And every year his widow comes back here to put things on his grave—every year. Hasn't missed one. And she's ninety-two now. That's why she's here now, for the anniversary of his burying, seventy-three years ago. Mind if I smoke, Mrs. Mead?"

"Not at all," said Lorraine. "But what has all this to do with—?"

"I'm getting to that. While we're at breakfast this morning, Halil walks across the terrace out there. And what does this little old ninety-two-year dame do when she catches sight of him, but bolt from the table and patter out there onto the terrace and catch him by the corner of that nightshirt robe of his as he's passing, and begin to kiss one of his hands and jabber away at him? He talks back real soothing-like, and pretty soon she begins to look all happy and smiling. Her wrinkled-up old mummy-face got to looking like it was reflecting back a sunset. The companion-person persuades her after a while to come in here to finish her breakfast. And when they sat down again, what does that locoed old lady say to the companion-dame but: 'You must excuse me, Sarah. He was so kind and sweet to me when my dear husband was taken from me. I think I'd have gone mad if it wasn't for his goodness, then.' What d'ye know 'bout that?"

"When her *husband* died?" put in Dirck, puzzled. "Why, man, what are you talking about? You just said her husband died seventy-odd years ago. And Halil can't be a day over forty. Surely, neither he or any other living man could have been old enough seventy-three years ago, to—"

"That's the same notion that hits us all," said Raegan. "And we just sits and stares at her. Why, it must 'a' been pretty near a minute before I even remembered to take my knife out of my mouth. The companion-person sees how googly-eyed we are, and she says, explanatory, in a swishy whisper: 'That Arab must be some one Mrs. Denzel has seen here during the past few years,' says she, 'and she's mistaking him for some other Arab who did her a service at the time of her great sorrow. All of these Arabs look so much alike to us foreigners. And she is very near-sighted, of course, too.' The companion forgets, I guess, that she's whispering so loud. For the old lady hears, for all she's kind of deaf. And she catches her up, real indignant, and snaps at her: 'It *wasn't* anyone else, Sarah. It was Halil. Do you think I could mistake him for anybody else? I haven't laid eyes on him since that dreadful time. But he hasn't changed, and—' "

"Did she call him 'Halil,' too?" asked Lorraine, incredulously.

"She sure did," returned Raegan. "And just then is when Prof. Venable horns into the talk and starts the row."

"The row?" queried Dirck, still blankly amazed at what he had just heard. "What row?"

"The row I sailed in to tell you about. He makes toad-pie of everything, that old dodo does. I'm flattering him a whole lot when I call him a dodo-bird,

at that. I guess he's gone dotty, trying to think forty-four-caliber thoughts with a twenty-two-caliber brain. His head's outgrown his halo. Why, that time, out in the Desert, when he was telling us how old Miles Standish used to stir his punch with his sword, and I said then the punch must 'a' tasted of Injuns, he—"

"But the row?" insisted Dirck.

"Well, I'm telling you, aren't I? When Venable hears the old lady talk about Halil by name and say she remembers him seventy-three years ago (when Halil aint forty yet)—why, it stirs up the poor fool's idees, something turrible. He sails right in and says: 'Madam, you are entirely mistaken. It is a very common hallucin—hallucin—' "

"Hallucination?" prompted Dirck.

"That's it. 'A very common hallucination,' said Venable, 'to see a face and imagine one has seen it before. James touches on that error in his 'Psychology' as does Hudson in his 'Law of—of—something—' "

" 'Law of Psychical Phenomena,' " supplied Dirck.

"Thanks," said Raegan. " 'But,' the Prof. goes on, 'it is hallucination, pure and simple. You cannot have seen this Arab, madam, as long ago as that, because he was not born then. It is barely possible you met his father or grandfather, who may have borne his name and a strong likeness to him. But—' 'But *he* remembers *me,*' declares the old lady, sort of teary. At that the Prof. just shrugs those bone-rack shoulders of his, and he whispers to Saul: 'Mad! Quite mad, the poor creature! Senile dementia.' The old lady hears him, and she bursts right out crying like a slapped baby, and friend companion flares up and tells the Prof. he's a beast to say such things. And the two of 'em leaves the table as mad as wrath, leaving us scowling at Venable. Nice breed of cur, aint he, to hurt an old dame's feelings that way?"

"Oh, what a shame!" said Lorraine. "The poor old lady! But—"

"Didn't anyone speak to Venable about it?" asked Dirck.

"Who was there to?" countered Raegan. "*I* couldn't. Him and me don't speak lately. We spend most of our time thinking up things not to say to each other. Young Saul's too busy getting mush-headed over that Millicent kid—and she's too busy letting him get so—for either of 'em to notice anything so trivial as a scrap. And Mother Millicent was listening with both her folding ears to a woman on the other side of her who was telling her about a shop outside the wall where she could get eighty cents' worth of grand lace for ninety-seven cents. So no one calls down the old doodlewit. Say! If there was a masquerade ball, to-night, Venable could put sugar on his head and go as a pill."

"I wish I—"

"I wish so, too, ma'am. Well, after breakfast, old Venable's still so full of the idee that he has to go out on the terrace and look up Halil and tell him all about how foolish this poor Mrs. Denzel had been in thinking she remembered him."

"What did Halil say?"

"Just said in that big, soft voice of his: 'I am sorry she was made unhappy by you. For she has had much grief. And if she was happier with her eyes closed, was it needful to tear them open?' And he said something then in a queer foreign sort of language that sounded like it was music. And Venable gives a jump and stares at him and burbles: 'That's Aramaic. Where did *you* pick it up?' And Halil just smiles and says: 'Is it more strange that I should know it than that you should recognize it? The well of learning is open to all who will drink of it.' Say, Mead, what does 'Aramaic' mean? Do you know? Is it a dog or a bird or a patent medicine? It's a new one on me."

"Why," replied Dirck, "I believe it's the language that was spoken here in Judæa in the New Testament days. It's one of the very deadest of the dead languages now. Of course, Professor Venable would know something of it, for dead languages are his specialty in the University. But Halil—well, I suppose Halil picked it up when he was studying at Al Azhar. These Orientals

study strange things—when they study at all. And, as you say, he told Venable 'the well of learning is open to all who will drink of it.'"

"What does it all mean?" cried Lorraine. "Oh, I can't understand it-at all! Who is he—*what* is he—this man who has not changed in looks for more than seventy years, who speaks the tongue of the New Testament, whose simplest words carry such strange power, who seems to read hearts like print, of whom some of us felt, from the first, that we had known him before—who is he—what is he?"

There was awe, almost fright in her tone.

"I'm glad somebody's had the pluck to put it in words," grunted Raegan. "I'll bet nine dollars it's what the three of us have been thinking right along. And Mead and I was ashamed to say it. Who is he?"

DIRCK started to speak. Then he checked himself and, with a manifest effort, curbed his impetuous impulse and forced himself to say, judicially:

"Oh, let's use common sense, sha'n't we? Out here, so many things seem supernatural, but none of them really are. As for his speaking Aramaic, that is nothing unusual. It is still taught, and dozens of these 'holy men' have learned it. As for poor old Mrs. Denzel—at ninety-two, many illusions get into the brain. I remember, for instance, my grandfather used to insist I was the same little boy he had played with eighty years before, and used to ask me about things that had happened three-quarters of a century earlier. It's just a common old-age delusion."

"But," interposed Lorraine, "how about our thinking we had seen him before? All three of us thought so. And—"

"And none of the four others in our party thought so. Professor Venable was right about that, too. We had it as one of the 'phenomena' in our psychology course in junior year, I remember. I forget the explanation. But the thing is perfectly normal. Have you never, in the street or on a car in a strange city, seen some one you were certain you'd met before, only to find out afterward that you'd never met him or even seen a picture of him? That's happened to all of us, scores of times. It's some brain-quirk. We were all three excited—tremendously excited—the day we first saw Halil. And one form of the brain excitation was an idea we knew his face. Looking back, now, I realize I'd never seen him before. And so will you two, if you'll be honest in your own minds."

"Maybe," said Raegan grudgingly; "but—but say, I read in a book once about a feller that's been chasing around all over the world, ever since the Crucifixion. The Wandering Jew, they called him in the book. And—"

"And the old-time Christians used to believe that Saint John, the Beloved Disciple, was to remain alive on earth, doing good, until the Second Coming of Christ," said Lorraine. "There's even a reference to it in the last chapter of St. John's Gospel, the twenty-second and twenty-third verses. I looked it up again last night."

"Why last night?" queried Raegan.

"I—I just happened to," she said, confused.

"History and legend are crowded with such stories," scoffed Dirck. "There's the Wandering Jew and Saint John and Cagliostro and the Chevalier de St. Germaine and a host of others. Where the men themselves weren't quacks, like Cagliostro, the whole thing rested on silly legend. There's nothing in the Bible or anywhere else to justify the belief. Everything about this man Halil is explainable on perfectly natural grounds. Why try to vamp up a mystery about him? He is a highly educated Oriental mystic with a warm heart and wise brain and an undue amount of magnetism and a striking personal appearance. That's all."

"That's all," grinned Raegan. "Gee, Mr. Mead, but you talk fine! You'd 'a' made a dandy gold-brick artist."

"Perhaps," mused Lorraine, under her breath, "—perhaps we three alone noticed anything strange about him—we and the old women he comforted—because we were the only ones that

needed him. The rest have neither sinned nor sorrowed."

CHAPTER XXVII

BACK to the sitting-room of their little suite, breakfast over, went Lorraine and Dirck. They had arranged to go out together for a walk through the city, and Lorraine moved listlessly to a mirror, where she proceeded to skewer her hat into place.

Her back was toward Dirck, as he sought his pith helmet and stick and gloves in a far corner of the room. But as he turned, he caught a glimpse of her mirrored face. Off-guard, the woman's big eyes were haggard and hopeless. As she caught Mead's mirrored reflection, she smiled brightly.

Dirck laid aside his stick and helmet and crossed the room to her. His hands fell gently on her shoulders, and he turned her about to meet his gaze. The memory of her strange words earlier that morning was strong upon him. And the chance glimpse of her eyes in the glass seemed to make plain speech a necessity.

"Dearest," he said, "we can't go on like this, you know."

"Like—like what?" she evaded.

"Miserably, heartbrokenly, misunderstandingly," he returned. "Don't deny it, sweetheart. It isn't worthy of you not to be honest with me. You are the most honest woman—about the only absolutely honest woman—I've ever known. Wont you be honest, *now?*"

"I *am* honest. I—"

"Is it honest to bear pain and to try to keep me from sharing it and even from knowing about it?" he accused. "Is it fair to spoil your own happiness and mine by morbid brooding over—?"

"Don't, dear!" she begged tremulously. "I'm afraid I can't bear a scolding just now."

"A scolding!" he laughed. "Why, you precious little girl, I wouldn't scold you for worlds. I'd as soon think of sticking pins in the Milo Venus. Just the same,"—more anxiously,—"we can't go on like this. And we must come to an understanding, you and I. I'm no good at talking, and I'm powerless when it comes to making you change your mind. But you *must* change it, Lorraine. You *must* stop regarding yourself as a cross between Mary Magdalene and Lucrezia Borgia. You're torturing yourself, and you're torturing *me*, all for nothing."

"For nothing?" she cried, her hard-won self-control again crumbling, and her high resolves of reticence all at once flying to the four winds. "For *nothing?* Is is 'nothing' that we're fugitives from justice—?"

"From injustice," he amended; but she went on, unheeding:

"Is it 'nothing' that we are outcasts, crime-smirched, driven like wild beasts? Is it—?"

"We aren't," he disclaimed. "The pursuit's shaken off. We're safe here, as safe as if we were on Mars. The chase was lost at Venice, and no one was able to pick up the trail from there. I looked out for that. And even if we had been followed to Bagdad—which we weren't—there was no way to track us over the Desert or down here. Get the 'fugitive' idea out of your mind, dear. We aren't fugitives. We're safe, I tell you—*safe*. I don't wonder the strain of it all has given you the obsession of being hunted. But we aren't hunted. That's over, for good and all. We'll loaf around the East, comfortably, for a year or so, till it's wise to go back home. Meantime, I'll write to one or two influential men I can trust and have Aaron Roth approached in the right way. His anger is bound to cool in time. If it doesn't, there's sure to be pressure that can be put on him by the right people—"

He paused. He could see she was not listening.

"I tell you," he reiterated, raising his voice a little, as if he were speaking to one slightly deaf, "I tell you we're safe from any pursuit."

"Safe?" she repeated, drearily. "From the pursuit of paid detectives who would take us back to prison? Perhaps we're safe from that, perhaps not; but it's all we *are* safe from."

"What else is there to be afraid of?"

"Ourselves, for one thing," she mur-

mured, "—ourselves and—and consequences."

"Consequences? I don't understand."

"What we have done, we have done," she said, half-shyly. "And what penalty there is, we are ready to meet, if we must. That is fair. But—but is it fair to damn some one who has done no wrong—some one who is sinless and innocent and—and helpless? *That* is what I am afraid of, Dirck. That would be the real punishment, the real hell. And—and I think I should kill myself sooner than to let that happen."

"You mean—?" he asked, still bewildered.

"I mean," she faltered, that, whatever the Bible says, it is a wicked, *wicked* thing that the sins of the parents must be visited on the children."

"Children? Oh!"

"Can't you see?" she burst forth, reserve swept wholly away by the dam-break of feelings too long pent, "—can't you *see?* Oh, I thought even a man could realize all it means. In the night they creep close to me—in the night and the desert places and the loneliness. They creep close to me in the dark and flock all around me, with their baby arms outstretched and their baby eyes all full of hurt wonder that I thrust them away from me. And they keep whispering to my heart, there in the darkness: '*Why* do you turn away from us? Can't you see us? Can't you hear us? We love you. We want to come to you, to nestle in your lonely arms, to comfort you, to have you lull us to sleep and sing to us and cuddle us. You are our mother. Why do you leave us out here in the night, all uncared for? Don't you love us? Don't you *want* us? And oh, Dirck, I want them so! My babies, my beautiful babies that need me, that cry for me out there in the dark!"

"Lorraine!" groaned the man. "Oh, Lorraine, my wife! I—"

"*Now* perhaps you understand some small part of it all," she hurried on, fiercely. "You can understand what it means to me to have to utter forever the blasphemy: 'Suffer *not* little children to come unto me!' Oh, I verily believe *that* is the Unpardonable Sin against Love, against Love, whose true name is God!"

"But Lorraine—*Lorraine!*"

"No!" she railed, hotly. "No! What would a son of mine be born to? To fear, to lawlessness, to an outcast lot, to—to namelessness!—to be helpless to resent or deny the unforgivable insult—to—"

"It is a lie!" shouted Dirck, gray with fury. "A lie! His name would be as clean as—"

"As ours?" she cut in with dreary satire. "And what *would* his name be—Roth or Mead—or—"

"Hush!" he commanded harshly. "No one shall speak so of a child of ours—not even you. As for his name and his birthright, you are my wife. I married you, in the sight of God and man. You are my wife and—"

"And the Law is tracking us down because I am not," she finished, miserably. "The holy Law that soon or late would part us and that would leave any child of ours nameless and fatherless. Dirck!" she went on, her lips twisting, yet her voice very steady, "do you know, sometimes I think—for that reason, if not for any other—you and I ought to—to say good-by and—"

"No!" he panted, aghast.

"What I've been saying means nothing to you, then?"

"You mean—you can't mean—you would go back to—?"

"Go back to him? Not while there is a breath of life left in me. I thought you knew that. But mightn't it be best for us to go on—apart—until it is safe (if ever it is safe) for us to be together again? Until Aaron dies or—? I mean it, Dirck; I've thought of it so often. It seems almost the only way."

"You can't be in earnest, girl!" he gasped, wretched, unbelieving. "You can't!"

"I'm afraid I am, Dirck," she made brave answer, albeit her chin quivered piteously.

"You can't!" he declared. "Why, Lorraine, we belong to each other. We belong! We can no more get on, apart, than heart and body can get on without each other. You are the very heart of

me, my darling. Without you, I should be nothing but just a 'body of death.' Why, you *can't* leave me, Lorraine. Don't you—have you stopped loving me?"

"Stopped?" she repeated in stark wonder. "Stopped loving you? Why, I couldn't stop loving you if I wanted to. You know that. Love can't die, any more than God can die. I've got to keep on loving you, more and more, as long as I live, and afterward."

"Yet you talk of leaving me."

"I ought to. I know I ought to."

"You ought not to!" he flashed, "and you're not going to. No man who wasn't all cur would hold a woman he loved for one instant after she'd stopped loving him. But no man who wasn't all fool, would let go of the woman he loved, so long as she still loved him. And I'm not going to let you go."

"But—"

"Dear, we took the oath—the solemnest oath in all the world—the oath before God—to cleave one to the other, through sickness and health, through good and ill report, for better, for worse, until death do us part. Nothing can absolve us from that oath so long as we love each other—nothing!—even if we wish it. And we don't wish it. Lorraine, you *can't* leave me, sweetheart! You're my whole world, my heaven, my hell. Everything is black without you. Say you wont! Say it!"

HE had fallen, unconsciously, upon his knees in front of her, in the mad ardor of his plea; and he caught her about the body, drawing her tight to him. There were choked-back sobs in his imploring voice.

She hesitated, irresolute, but only for a second. Then with a quick sigh she surrendered. She gathered his head against her breast.

"No, no," she soothed, as if comforting a frightened child. "I can't leave you. I wont leave you. Whether it's right or wrong—whether it's for wisdom or criminal folly, I belong to you. I know it now. I think, all the time I was planning to, I knew clear down to my heart that I couldn't. You need me, you *need* me so, Dirck, just as a lonely, sick baby needs its mother. You're so big and strong in some ways, dear, but in others you are only a child. And you need me more now than ever before. We'll see it through, together, my husband."

When he could speak, he said, brokenly:

"And—and sha'n't we force ourselves to look forward—only forward—and never back, as we agreed to on our wedding day? What is behind us is behind us. Sha'n't we take the gladness and not mar it with fear or remorse? Some day, God willing, it will all come out right, all our heart's desire—freedom, safety, the right to go home—the—the children—and *all*—all 'the years that the locust hath eaten.' Sha'n't we look forward to that? We're safe, at least, from any more pursuit. *Surely, that's something.*"

"I'VE got to Damascus at last," wrote Ezra Belden, in the same hour, finishing a lengthy report to his employer in America. "I'd have been here two weeks earlier, only our extra racing-camel broke his leg in a sand-hole halfway across the Syrian Desert from Bagdad to Damascus. I had to go the rest of the way, taking turns with the mail-carrier as to which was to ride and which was to walk alongside. Worst walking I ever struck.

"I couldn't ride on alone and leave the mail-carrier, because I didn't know the way. The mail-carrier couldn't ride on alone and leave me, because I kept my service revolver leveled on him the times he was riding.

"But I'm here at last, just as I said. And, what's more, I've picked up their trail. They've gone south, Jerusalem-way. I'm starting after them in half an hour. This time, I'll *get* to them if I have to go the last half of the way on my hands.

"I'll cable you inside of ten days. And, what's more, I'll cable you that we're starting back for America—the three of us."

The concluding installment of *"The Years of the Locust"* will appear in the June GREEN BOOK MAGAZINE—on sale May 12th.

MRS. Gerard Kendall decides to return to the stage — because her husband is no longer her lover: he is only her husband.

In turn he argues that "a man can't stay an absolute madman all his life."

"And I," she says, "am going back to the stage to keep you from taking too much for granted."

That is the basis of this amusing story.

Holding a Husband

SHE WAS BORED TO DEATH AMUSING HERSELF

By Winona Godfrey

Author of "The Lemon," "Johnnie Nobody," "Two Kinds of Girls—and the Boss" and other stories

ONCE in a while even a woman will get a fancy that the business of life is not love. Men never had that curious obsession. Mrs. Gerard Kendall was entertaining that fancy on this particular morning.

As she descended to the breakfast-room of her more than luxurious home, she regarded its artistic rooms, its wonderful rugs and hangings, its pictures and sculpture, its whole elegance (including the ornate butler), with speculative eyes. Now, when a woman looks about her upon everything that is supposed to make life not only worth living but a continuous festival of pleasure—when she looks upon this *speculatively,* it is a dangerous symptom. It denotes a peril to some unsuspecting husband's peace of mind quite as upsetting as Barrie's justly celebrated "twelve-pound look."

Mrs. Kendall was so beautiful that even her maid admired her. She wore a negligee so lacy and so silken and so delicious generally that it would have warmed a wax figure—the combination of the negligee and Mrs. Kendall, therefore, was adorably irresistible.

When Mr. Kendall entered, he said "Good morning" a little absently, but immediately came around the table and took the lady by the shoulders.

"How dare you?" he demanded. "A decent married woman, look like this the first thing in the morning? It's not respectable! How dare you be so distracting when I came down here merely to breakfast peaceably? Kiss me."

Mrs. Kendall kissed him, or rather allowed him to kiss her, without any undue excitement, and they sat down to breakfast. Mr. Kendall propped the morning paper against the sugar-bowl and occasionally dispensed a headline for his wife's benefit.

She devoted herself healthily to her breakfast, glancing at him with a smile that was more in her eyes than on her lips. And that speculative symptom did not seem to subside. She looked at her husband as if she were affectionately dissecting him, which indeed was the case.

GERARD KENDALL was a little brother of the rich, also first cousin to good fortune and godson to all the deities who bear pleasant gifts. He had never been denied a kiss (literally) or (figuratively) a key or a kingdom. He was handsome, intelligent and honest.

Never having been denied a kiss, he had not married until he was thirty, and then instead of espousing a princess, a society-beauty, or his second

cousin, Cecile Travis, he married an actress just acquiring a little fame (largely on account of her face and figure)—to wit, Shirley Hart.

And Shirley Hart had whispered to herself that she was the happiest and the luckiest woman in the world. Being very much in love, she had given up her "career" (poor, maligned, overworked word) and devoted herself wholly to the pleasant business of being Kendall's wife. This consisted (boiled down) of clothes, of amusing herself, of entertaining his friends.

They had been married three years.

"Gerard," said Shirley in her rose-leaves-and-honey voice, "has Oliver Nollain told you about his new play?"

"'A Question of Possession?' Yes. Sounds like great stuff, too. Have you seen him lately?"

"Yes. Brackett is going to produce it. They want me to play *Delight.*"

"What!"

"Yes. Isn't it flattering?"

"I should say so." He laughed. "Did they actually make you an offer? What did you say?"

"I said yes."

"My dearest girl!" He stared in amazement; then relaxing: "But you're not serious, of course."

She smiled. "Oh, perfectly serious," —serenely.

"Shirley!"

"Gerard?"

"You *mean* it?"

"I mean it." She smiled into his eyes. "Now, let us reason together."

He pushed back his plate and squared himself. "By all means. I have never been unreasonable with you, Shirley, have I?"

"Never, my dearest boy. Now, I suppose we may as well start in by taking it for granted that you object to my returning to the stage?"

"Certainly I object. Why in heaven's name should you dream of such a thing! Why, you have *everything* in the world—"

"Except something to do."

"Something to do! The resources of civilization are in your hands."

"To amuse myself. I'm bored to death with amusing myself. And I don't care for social work, or slumming or politics. I want to get at my own particular job—which happens to be acting."

"Good Lord! Now, look here, Shirley, you were willing enough to give up the stage when we were married. You were contented—"

"As long as you were my lover. Any woman is. Any woman is contented with anything as long as the man is her lover. And I am only a woman."

"But, my—"

"But you are no longer my lover, Gerard dear. You are only my husband."

"Shirley!"

She smiled without any trace of agitation. "Do you know what you used to do? You used to tremble when I touched you. You used to turn white when I came into the room. Do you turn a hair now? Not you, my husband!"

"But, my darling wife, a man can't stay an absolute madman all his life! Why, I was crazy about you—couldn't eat, couldn't sleep, couldn't do anything, think anything, dream anything, but you!"

"Ah," breathed his wife with a half-amused, half-ecstatic sigh.

"Now I'm just as mad about you, but—but in a different way."

"Exactly! I am the caught car, the grasped star, the realized desire. You pursued and captured, put me in a cage, filled my seed-cup and said: 'Perch there, beloved; I can now go serenely about the real business of my life.'"

He grinned. "Little divil! I really didn't suspect you of anything so platitudinous as the gilded-cage stuff. Shirley—"

He rose to come around the table to her.

She promptly rose too, and retreated behind the bulwark of her chair.

"None of that, sir! Don't go muddling this thing up with kisses. I know you. And I'm not to be fixed that way."

HE stopped, for though her words were playful, there was that behind them that was not in the least

playful. He looked at her a moment gravely.

"You are really serious about this, Shirley?"

"Absolutely." She waited.

"Suppose I forbid it?" he suggested slowly.

"Would you do that?" she asked quietly.

"If persuasion failed."

"I'm very sorry, Gerard."

"You mean—you mean you would—go on just the same?"

"Am I your slave?"

"Dearest—"

"Don't you trust me?"

"Shirley—"

"Am I a flighty little fool?"

"Of course not. But—"

"Then, just because you're a man and I'm a woman, must you say to me 'Do this' or 'You sha'n't do that'? Why not say: 'My wife, you have brains of your own, a will of your own, a soul of your own—do as you think best'? Why aren't you willing to do that, Gerard? Are you afraid of what people will say?"

"Damn," said Gerard.

Mrs. Kendall had not raised her voice; she had not called upon heaven and earth to witness anything; she had shed no tears; she had not wound herself around his neck—in short, her behavior would have frightened any husband.

"I am going back on the stage," she stated sweetly, "because I adore it and my soul yearns for it, and also—for other reasons."

"What are they?" inquired Gerard gloomily.

"To keep you from taking so much for granted."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't care for a regular husband; I—want my lover back."

"You may lose both."

"That will be my business," she purred. "Want to—kiss me now?"

She came out from her barricade. He kissed her—thoughtfully.

NOW, if Shirley had shown her strength in refraining from the emotional, Gerard had also displayed a sweet reasonableness seldom met in husbands. Of course he had protested, but he had not done what Shirley called "biting the scenery;" he had not kicked up the fearful row men have been known to do on such occasions.

Shirley's mother was quite shocked, however.

"Have you thought what you are doing, child? Shirley, you can't possibly be tired of Gerard?"

"Mother, I adore Gerard."

"Then what are you thinking of to tempt Fate in this way?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mother." Shirley's smile had a hint of mischief. "Gerard is getting to be a *regular* husband. He is following that same old winding brook that husbands always follow—he is taking me as a matter of course. And I positively refuse to be taken as a matter of course."

Mrs. Hart groaned. "My dear, you're crazy!"

THUS the stage once more knew "Shirley Hart." And the fact that Shirley Hart was none other than Mrs. Gerard Kendall made her press-agent's job a sinecure. It also afforded much interesting discussion for everybody. Was she tired of him? Was he neglecting her? Why are actresses always like that? Why do men marry actresses, anyway? What was that old affair of hers with somebody? What was that old affair of his with somebody? Was she still living with him? Didn't they even speak? Why, when a woman has simply *everything,* does she act like that? Oh, did you see him? How did he seem? Oh, did you see her? How did she look?

Much of this filtered to Shirley's ears. She shrugged her shoulders. Much of it was conveyed, more or less delicately, to Gerard. He set his mouth.

On the play's première, Gerard sat in the star's dressing-room. He was very grave, very quiet, very silent. As she made up, she flashed an occasional glance at him; he was always looking at the floor. But she felt his eyes returning to her every moment.

When she was ready for the first

act, she was a gorgeous thing, but he did not comment.

So she said: "How do you like me?"

He swallowed hard. "All right."

"Brute!" said she. "Don't you think I'm nice to look at?"

"Yes."

"What enthusiasm!" She made a grimace. "Going out in front?"

"Yes."

The orchestra came distinctly to their ears; and a confusion of thuds and rustlings, excited questionings and greetings and whisperings and nervous laughter, and then Nollain and Brackett: "Miss Hart, are you ready? How's your pulse, Shirley? Sa-ay! but you're gorgeous! This time we've got 'em sure! Haven't we though, eh? How are you, Kendall? There, she's going up! Come on."

GERARD followed his wife to the door which shut her from that glare of lights, from the world—just for this last second left her his.

She put her hand in his. "Wish me luck," she whispered.

And his hand closed tight on hers. "Of course I wish you luck, my—"

Brackett seized him. "Quick, or we'll miss her entrance."

"A Question of Possession" was the high-wave mark of Nollain's talent; it was the crown-jewel of Brackett's productions, but Shirley Hart's personal triumph overreached both. On the first night electric signs proclaimed "'A Question of Possession' with Shirley Hart;" on the second, "Shirley Hart in 'A Question of Possession,'" a nice but significant distinction. The play settled to a long run with Shirley Hart the popular idol of the hour.

The first draughts of success were like wine to Shirley—not that she was intoxicated, but she was perfectly happy; and happiness is likely to be a bit heady.

She was radiant. Every need of her nature was fed and satisfied. Having something else to think of, she was no longer morbid about love. She fell naturally into a man's attitude toward it. Unconsciously she began to feel toward Gerard exactly as Gerard had felt toward her. She took him as a matter of course! He was hers: she trusted him—so why worry?

If the change in their mode of life, however, had a tremendous effect upon Shirley, it also worked a subtle change in Gerard. He could no longer go about his own affairs with the serene assurance that she was exactly where he had put her. She might be there, and she might not.

She no longer questioned him after the manner of wives as to where he had been, whom he had seen, why was he this half-hour later than usual. She had been about her own business, and she had no objection to his having been about his. Her society was not now a thing to be had for the merest taking. It had to be sought, snatched, scheduled. One could no longer have it in large regular doses; it came diluted, fought-for—and therefore precious.

She introduced him to the loveliest of her contemporaries and coolly left them, to get into an argument over a phrase with Nollain, who adored her (confound him!).

Once from an impulse he did not try to explain to himself, he invited a certain lady to lunch with him, and quite by accident Shirley happened upon them. And never mentioned it! So, of course, he started to explain.

And she said: "Why, you're not falling in love with Mabel, are you?"

And he, loftily (thinking that he had started something at last): "Don't be absurd, Shirley."

She came close, not touching him, but looking at him in that way of hers: "Don't you—love me—just the same as ever?"

And when he murmured, "You know it," a little hoarsely, she melted into his arms, smiling: "I guess I can trust you, laddie-boy."

HE began to wear an unwontedly thoughtful look. Men said: "Kendall must have a big deal on," or "Wonder if he's worried about his wife?" It seemed to him that he never picked up a magazine without seeing Shirley's picture, or a newspaper without an interview or an anecdote. He was al-

ways overhearing matinée girls gushing: "Isn't she *wonderful!* Don't you *adore* her!" Or some idiot to another: "Shirley, the peach! Some little girl that, Algy, some little girl." Faugh!

It did not help much that among intelligent people she was spoken of with respect, with admiration, with the real affection such a woman invariably receives from her public. The trouble was that she was no longer *his!* she was everybody's. He had even seen himself referred to as that "Fortunatus, the husband of Shirley Hart."

He did not know what was the matter with him. He was not unhappy—not at all unhappy. There was, indeed, surely nothing to be unhappy about, but he was restless, in some vague way dissatisfied. Perhaps *dissatisfaction* is hardly the word, either, for that implies some displeasure. And whatever displeasure he had felt in the beginning at his wife's determination to live her own life, had soon been erased by his pride in her achievement. Strangely enough, he would now no more have asked her to give up the stage, as he had done when they became engaged, than he would have advised her to enter a nunnery.

Then one day he asked himself point-blank: "What is the matter with me about Shirley?" (People do such a lot of beating about the bush with themselves. Even if you *do* ask yourself a direct question, Self usually evades or tells you a lie.) Said Gerard to Gerard: "What is the matter with me about Shirley? I am—er—sort of all stirred up about her, somehow. I don't feel as I did—as I used to. Jealous? No—honest—no more than reasonably so. I used not to think of her—well, so much; but now—it's queer; I don't seem ever to get altogether away from her. I wonder—" He stared off into space.

She was his wife—yes: the intimacy, the sweet possession, the serenity of realization, but—minus the familiarity, the matter-of-fact-ness, the monotony. She had regained the magnet of inaccessibility, the mystery of the never-wholly-revealed, the lure of the ever-to-be-won-afresh. She was no longer just his wife. She had become a human being, free, courageous; never suppliant, she could bestow or withhold. Her love was not inevitable—*it could be lost.*

THAT night Gerard did not appear in his wife's dressing-room, but after the second act a florist's boy did, presenting an offering of marvelous orchids and lilies of the valley.

"Dear me!" murmured Shirley the star, examining the enclosed card.

Will you have supper with me tonight—please.

G.

With a little gurgle of laughter she turned it over:

MR. GERARD BENNETT KENDALL

"Tell the gentleman 'Yes,'" said Miss Hart.

He met her at the stage door with elaborate gallantry, handed her into his limousine, took her to a famous restaurant, into a private dining-room upon whose decoration an artist had spent the day and a check in three figures. He dismissed the servants with that jerk of the head which says so significantly: "Leave me alone with the lady."

"Ah!" she breathed, clasping her hands. "What a beautiful place! How lovely of you, Mr. Kendall!"

"You really like it?" he sighed. "Allow me."

He came close, slipping the cloak from her bare shoulders. She stood motionless; laughter, the dear laughter of perfect happiness, radiant on her face. But in her eyes, a warmer radiance, a little flame—

A quiver crossed his face and for a second whitened it—the hand that touched her shoulder was not steady.

She saw, and put a hand like a lily upon his breast.

"I'm so glad," she whispered, "you've come back, my—*lover.*"